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20 QUESTIONS WITH HALLE BERRY

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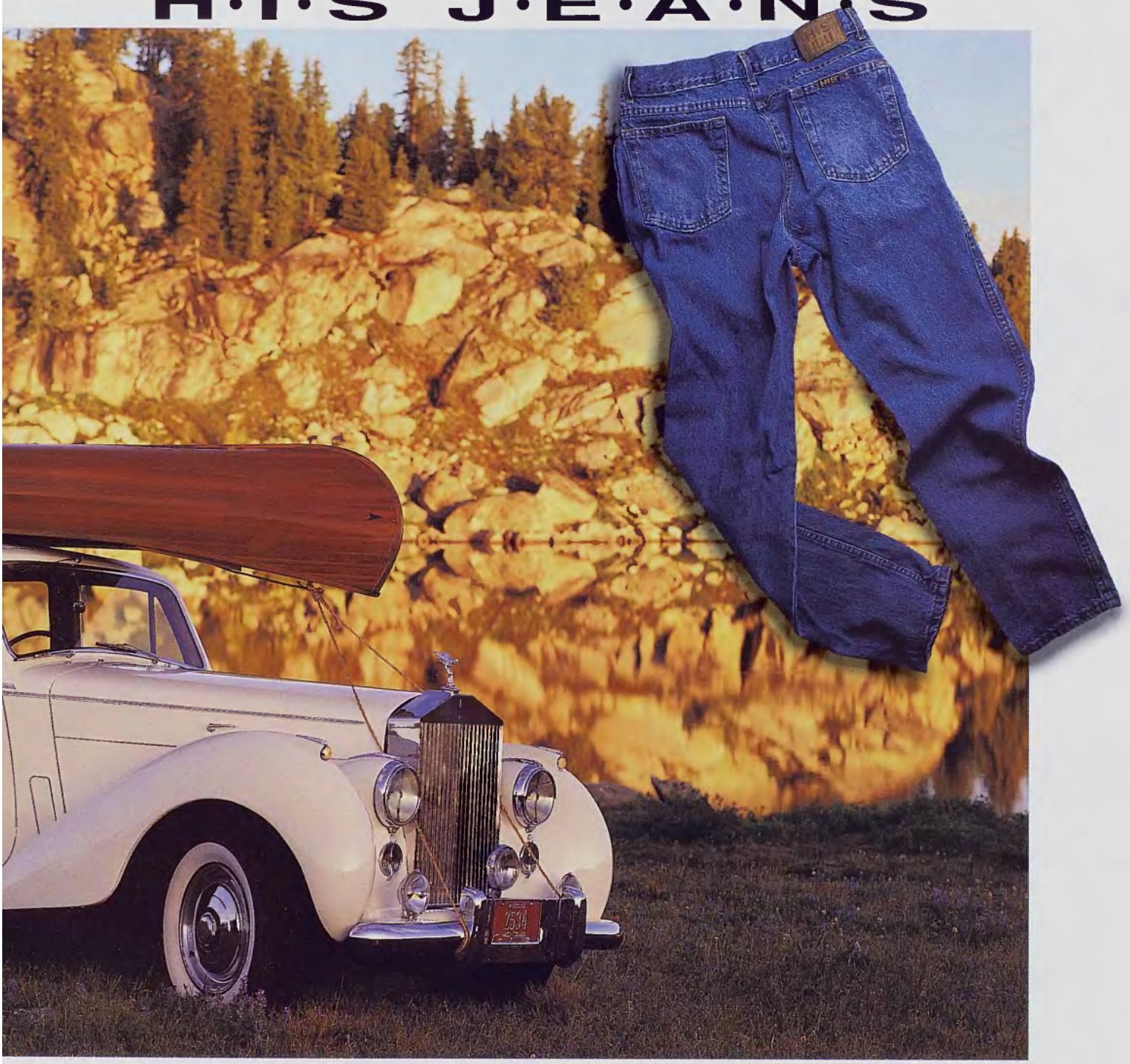

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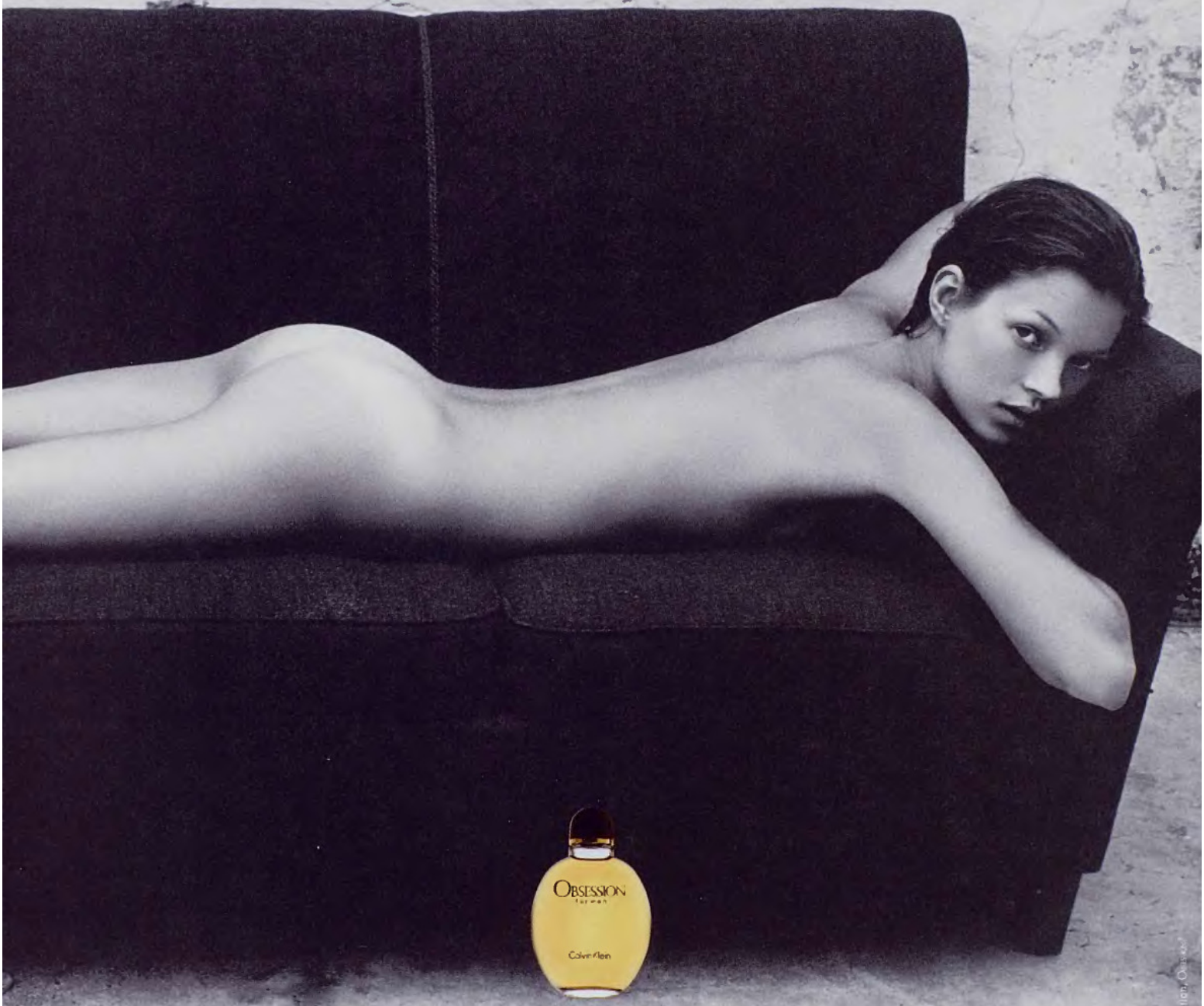

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PLAYBILL

ALTHOUGH AIDS has frightened and divided us like no other disease in modern history, our desire for intimacy—for deep, satisfying sex—has never waned. That steadfastness inspired photographer **Michel Comte** to devote nearly a year to the photo essay *Safe Sex, Great Sex*. The portfolio has a twofold purpose: to celebrate life's greatest pleasure and to raise funds to fight AIDS. By publishing the photo collection and donating $100,000 in its name to the American Foundation for AIDS Research, we at PLAYBOY support Comte's mission and continue our commitment to the battle against the disease.

This month marks the debut of two new PLAYBOY columns: *The Music Biz* and *Fitness Smarts*. In the first, which tracks trends in recordland, *Los Angeles Times* entertainment reporter **Patrick Goldstein** covers catalog reissues—also known as a way to make big bucks off yesterday's artists. The second, by **Jon Krakauer,** celebrates ice—the best and cheapest way to mend damaged ligaments and muscles. We also have good news for S&M fans: **Dean Kuipers** provides the kinky details in our *Nightlife* column, "Bondage-a-Go-Go." In our *Hollywood* column, Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** wonders why penises are either branded NC-17 or lost on the cutting-room floor.

"We said penis." Yes, that's a Beavis and Butt-head imitation, and no, we won't make a habit of it. But in commenting on Nineties humor (*The Golden Age of Stupid*), **Joe Queenan** points out that MTV's teenage delinquents, and other ambassadors of idiocy, reign supreme.

Contributing Editor **Craig Vetter** has been numbed by Court TV. As he told us after writing *All Eyes on Court TV*, it started with a well-publicized rape trial. A few petty criminals, a cannibal and a pair of mom-and-pop trust-fund murderers later, he was hooked. Speaking of over the edge, this month's *Playboy Interview* is with Welsh actor **Anthony Hopkins.** As we learn from Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel,** the Academy Award winner has a dark past, a no-nonsense manner and a knighthood. He also has another crack at an Oscar for his work in *Shadowlands* and *The Remains of the Day*.

If they handed out Oscars for cartoon humor, by the way, ours would go to **Shel Silverstein,** whose Sixties menagerie is reprised with love and affection.

British racer **Nigel Mansell** is a nice guy who has finished first, with both Formula I and Indycar championship titles. For the inside track on Mansell, check out the profile by veteran race writer **Sam Moses.** Also in the way of sports, we offer a short story about a ski bum, *The Courting of Molly Swenson*, by **Ray Dean Mize** (illustrated by **Bryan Leister**). And for duffers, **Bob Sloan** takes us on an amusing round of *Literary Golf*. On this course, the fairways read as well as the authors who inspired them.

America's preeminent sex researchers **William Masters, Virginia Johnson** and **Robert Kolodny** are back with *Masters and Johnson: Adultery*, an excerpt from the book *Heterosexuality*, to be published by HarperCollins. The trio explores the impulses that lead to infidelity—including some trysts that have actually strengthened marriages (illustrated by **Rafal Olbinski**).

In this month's *20 Questions*, writer **Margy Rochlin** spotlights actress **Halle Berry's** real-life role as wife and her performance as a Stone Age sexpot in the upcoming *Flintstones* movie. Also, Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** previews **Calvin Klein's** 1994 spring and summer collection by taking you down the runway in *Calvin Klein*. Finally, to show what else we've been up to recently, we present *Playboy's World Tour '94*, a look at Playmates from our 17 foreign editions. Of course, we've saved the best for last: homegrown beauty and March Playmate **Neriah Davis.**

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KUIPERS

COOK

QUEENAN

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MOSES

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MASTERS, JOHNSON, KOLODNY

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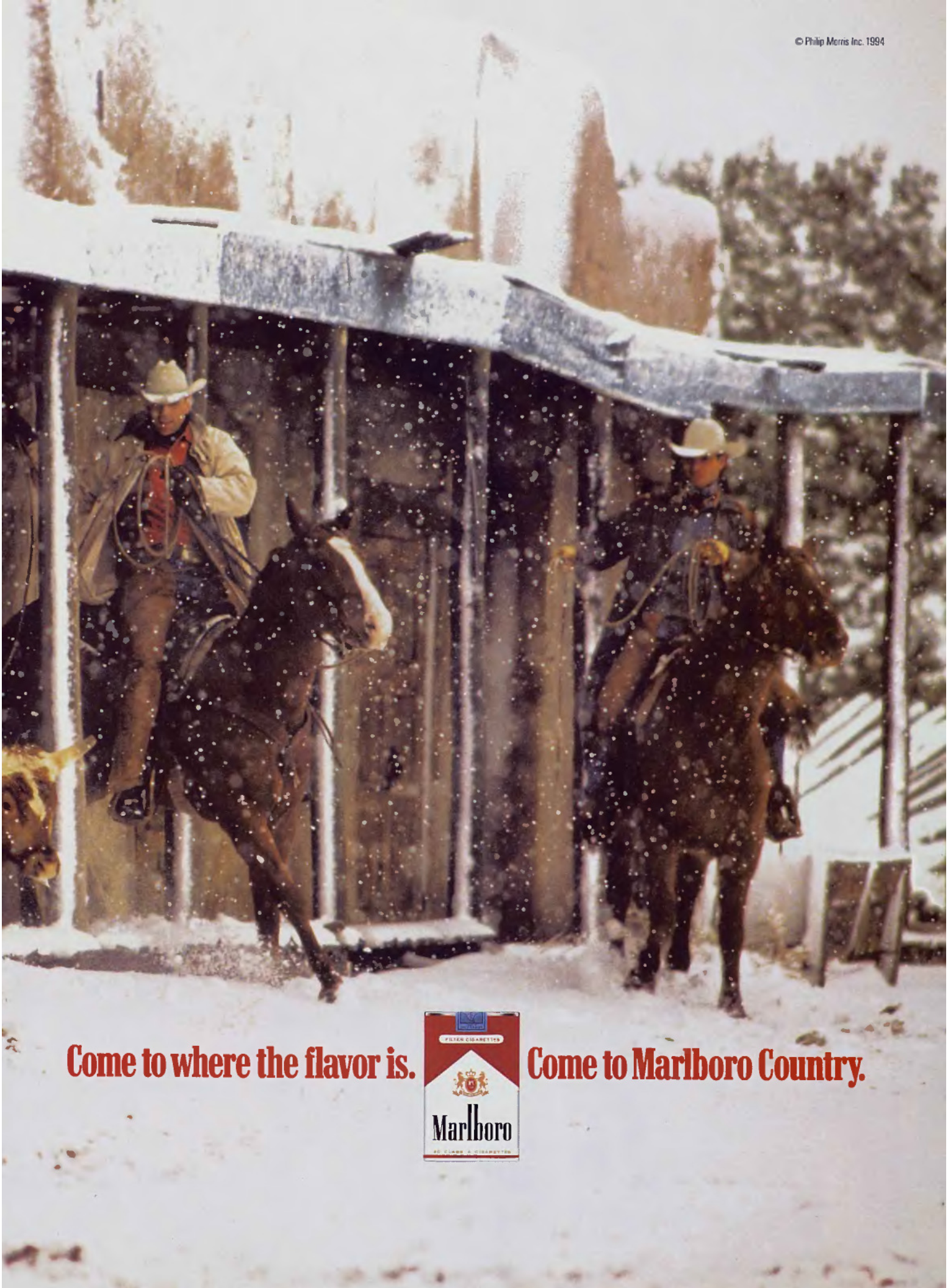

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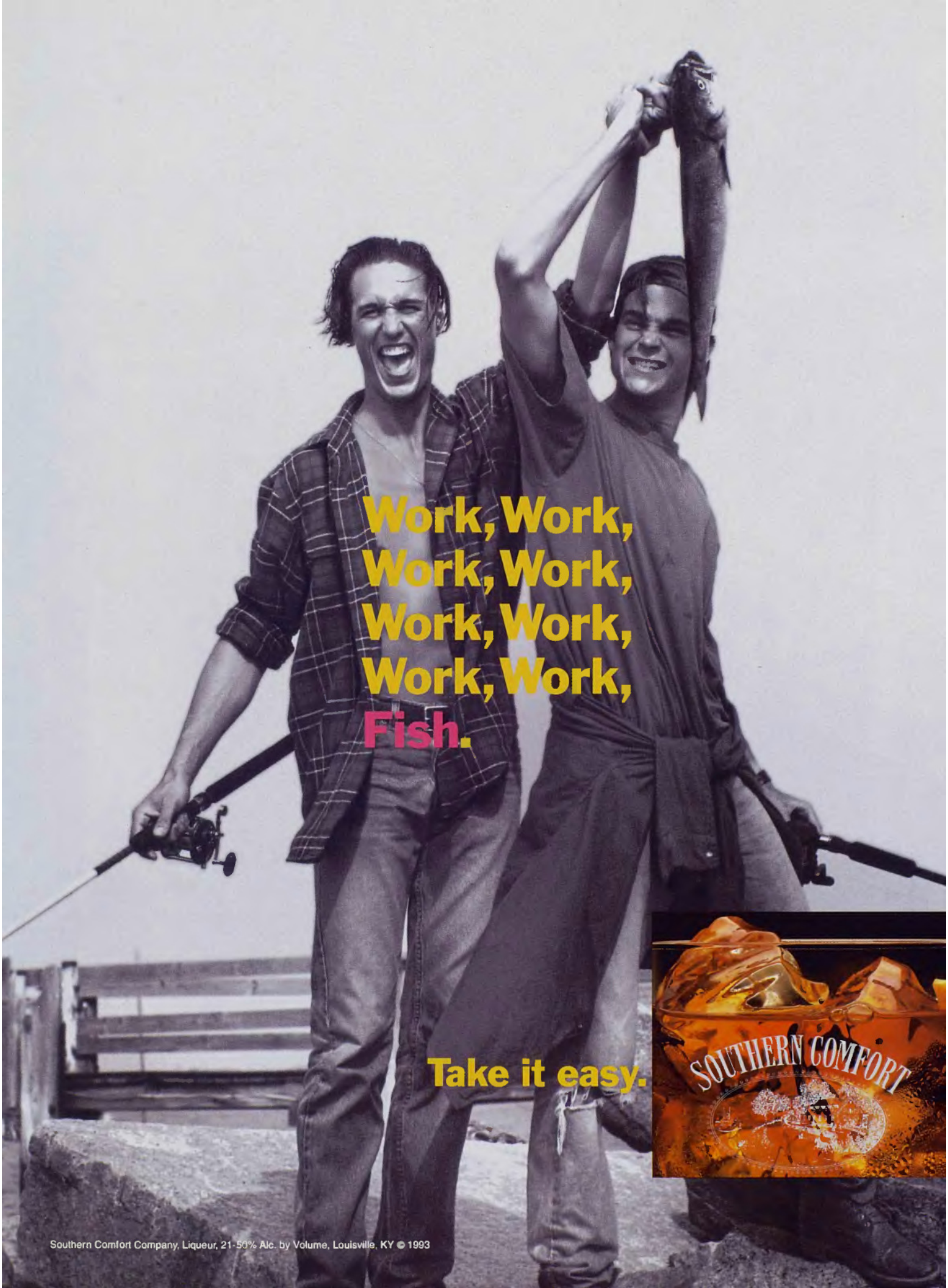

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	17
VIDEO		20
MUSIC		21
THE MUSIC BIZ	PATRICK GOLDSTEIN	24
HOLLYWOOD	KEVIN COOK	25
STYLE		26
NIGHTLIFE	DEAN KUIPERS	27
WIRED		28
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	30
FITNESS SMARTS	JON KRAKAUER	31
MEN	ASA BABER	32
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	33
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		35
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		37
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK	ROBERT SCHEER	45
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANTHONY HOPKINS—candid conversation		47
MASTERS AND JOHNSON: ADULTERY—article		62
SAFE SEX, GREAT SEX—pictorial		66
THE COURTING OF MOLLY SWENSON—fiction	RAY DEAN MIZE	78
THE GOLDEN AGE OF STUPID—humor		82
NATURALLY, IT'S NERIAH—playboy's playmate of the manth		86
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		98
ALL EYES ON COURT TV—article	CRAIG VETTER	100
CALVIN KLEIN—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	102
NIGEL'S WILD RIDE—playbay profile	SAM MOSES	108
LITERARY GOLF—humor	BOB SLOAN	112
PLAYBOY'S WORLD TOUR '94—pictorial		114
20 QUESTIONS: HALLE BERRY		124
SILVERSTEIN'S ZOO—satire	SHEL SILVERSTEIN	126
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		149
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		157

Great Sex P. 66

Butting In P. 82

Neriah, Naturally P. 86

Spring Threads P. 102

COVER STORY

Safe Sex, Great Sex started out as a shoot for PLAYBOY and turned into a project bigger than photographer Michel Comte could have imagined. He shot almost 200 men and women, creating intimate portraits to encourage safe sex; those photos have been auctioned, featured in PLAYBOY or put on exhibit in return for donations to AIDS foundations. On our cover this month, *Beverly Hills 90210*'s bad girl, Shannen Doherty, lends her image to the cause.

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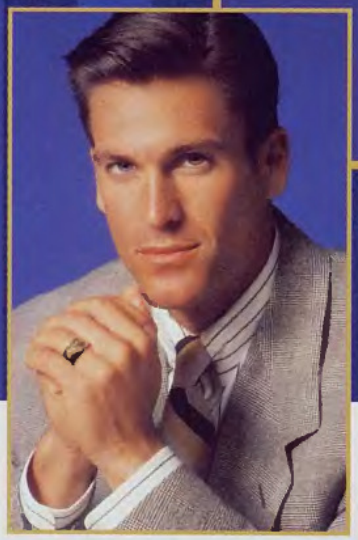

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RUSH LIMBAUGH

I appreciate D. Keith Mano's interview with Rush Limbaugh (PLAYBOY, December), but calling dittoheads (Limbaugh's fans) "unthinking clones" is an insult. Burning Los Angeles to the ground is unthinking. Beating a truck driver half to death is unthinking. Comparing the removal of an unborn child with the removal of a corn is unthinking. Finding someone who believes in the same things one has believed in for years does not make one a part of a group of unthinking clones. It takes a lot of thinking, a lot of intellect, to be a conservative. We actually have rules, guidelines, moral laws. All it takes to be an unthinking liberal is to know one phrase: Anything goes.

Mark Denton
Ypsilanti, Michigan

Let me get this right: Rush Limbaugh is incapable of a successful relationship because he feels he must act disinterested in order to appeal to a woman? Skewed logic, that. Let me get this right also: Nice guys never get laid? So Rush is a nice guy because he never gets laid?

My guess is that Limbaugh has never had a successful relationship with a woman. Ever. Limited sexual experience, little relationship experience.

Wayne Wilson
Portland, Oregon

The most pathetic thing about Rush Limbaugh is that he actually believes what he says. Be that as it may, let's set a few things straight about this guy.

First of all, he's not middle class. The middle class is made up primarily of blue-collar people who saw their American dreams pummeled during the Reagan–Bush years. Limbaugh has never worked a day in his life, so what does he really have to say to people who work 40-plus hours a week and who need unions to protect them from corporate skulduggery?

Second, the guy's not believable when he says he doesn't listen to other radio shows because he doesn't want to pick up any ideas. Anybody who has listened to the Greaseman, a disc jockey who found fame at a Washington, D.C. radio station in the Eighties, can't help but suspect that Limbaugh may have ripped off his voice characterizations, music and sound effects.

Last, the guy's not a conservative. When a college dropout says that *Roe vs. Wade* is "bad constitutional law," real conservatives turn the dial.

Laurance A. Wright
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Your interview with Rush Limbaugh is a credit both to PLAYBOY and to Limbaugh himself. Much of what he says deserves serious consideration and discussion. On one issue, however, he misses the point, and I cannot allow that to stand unchallenged.

Limbaugh states that abortion "is a moral choice to be determined in a democratic fashion by the people." He ignores an important part of what makes America so great: Although majority rules, the higher calling is to protect individual rights. We cannot live in a country where personal rights can be denied to half the population of any region only because that region can muster a slim majority of votes representing intolerance for others and still call ourselves free. And this is regardless of whether the intolerance is based on race, religion, sexual preference or any other factor.

David C. Barber
San Diego, California

Many thanks for the Rush Limbaugh interview. As a liberated African-American woman who has read PLAYBOY for more than 20 years and who strongly espoused Limbaugh's philosophy long before first hearing him in the mid-Eighties, I am hardly your typical dittohead. But I am living proof that a person (even

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a black woman) can enjoy the quality of the world's finest magazine and, at the same time, thoroughly agree with and ardently adhere to the wholesome and vital message promulgated by Limbaugh. Mega dittos, Rush! This country needs many millions more like you.

Claudette Spillard
Oakland, California

Rush Limbaugh gives two reasons for doing the *Playboy Interview*: "Men and women of great stature" have done it, and, as the "epitome of morality and virtue," he was heeding the words of Jesus: "Go to where the sinners are."

I'd like to offer a third reason: Rush Limbaugh will do almost anything for money, and doing a *Playboy Interview* that coincides with the publication of his new book is a wise marketing strategy. Rush Limbaugh is truly the epitome of morality and virtue, and his motto is "You go to where the new customers are."

And let's consider this gem from the interview: "Nice guys never get laid." Since Rush has staunchly maintained that he won't engage in sex outside of wedlock, shouldn't his stance be: "Nice guys who want to be the epitome of morality and virtue never want to get laid unless they're married"?

Tom Frangicetto
Langhorne, Pennsylvania

Rush Limbaugh says that his size is not the reason he doesn't own a pair of blue jeans. For a man who has an ego like the Sahara Desert, a heart like a flea and a butt like an elephant, I can recommend a pair: Lardache.

James L. Hunt
Tuscumbia, Alabama

BABER'S AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

Condolences to Contributing Editor Asa Baber on the loss of his friend, Ronald Hering, and thanks to him for PLAYBOY's compelling December *Men* column, "An American Nightmare."

No doubt child abuse, abusers and victims exist, but false accusations of abuse have become a prime choice of those who wish to exploit the law.

The Department of Human Services liaison for the Iowa Access Enforcement Project reported that about 65 percent of abuse reports in Iowa were unfounded and that, where divorce was in progress, 80 percent of the allegations were unfounded. Too often, fathers are presumed guilty until proved innocent, with nary a penalty for false accusers. (Recently, though, a San Jose man won a $43,900 award for emotional distress after his ex-wife and her husband wrongly accused him of child molestation and kept him from seeing his children.)

It is difficult for many separated parents to deal with the custody issue. But what should not be difficult is to admit that a child, except in extraordinary circumstances, should maintain access to both parents and vice versa, and that the law should reduce conflict by requiring such access.

Bruce Kaskubar
Coordinator, Children's Rights Council of Minnesota
Rochester, Minnesota

Hats off to Asa Baber for once again telling a poignant story unsentimentally.

Eric Johnson
Cleveland, Ohio

ARLENE BAXTER

Your trend toward featuring women who are out of their teens is the best thing a 30-something male such as myself could hope for. December Playmate Arlene Baxter (*Northwestern Exposure*), who is just a few days younger than I am, is gorgeous. She continues in the fine tradition of women such as Leisa Sheridan and Julianna Young, who prove that they are as sexy as—if not sexier than—their younger counterparts.

Rodger Haley
Hercules, California

ERIKA ELENIAK

Can there be a more beautiful and sensuous woman than Erika Eleniak (*Beverly Hills Hot*, PLAYBOY, December)? Her beauty and radiance leap from the page just as much as they did back in July 1989.

Brendan Duignan
Dublin, Ireland

FEM 2 FEM

I thought I identified with the PLAYBOY mentality, but after the *Fem 2 Fem* pictorial in the December issue, I have doubts.

Why would you think that men want to look at the bodies of a group of male-hating lesbians? If the members of Fem 2 Fem are typical, they despise everything I am as a male, or any desire I might have for them. No amount of lipstick, quasi-glamour or commercial marketing will change that.

Dwight Stewart
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

When PLAYBOY approached Fem 2 Fem I thought it a perfect opportunity to be heard. I was surprised, actually, that such a mainstream, basically "straight male's" magazine would be interested. When we did the interview I was excited because we expressed all our thoughts.

I revealed my sexuality, my feelings on discrimination and prejudice and my own personal struggle with my family. In essence, I revealed my soul. So you can imagine how saddened I was when I saw the issue for the first time. I was quoted as saying "gay rights can be glamourous."

The fight for gay rights is anything but glamourous. It is a seemingly endless battle with homophobia. It is a struggle to gain acceptance by your friends, family, employees and the world.

Discrimination and hatred, I believe, stem from fear. Fear of the unknown, fear of the unfamiliar. Education and awareness are the only ways to diminish these fears. We are not bad people. We are your sisters, brothers, neighbors, teachers and friends. We are everywhere. It is time to recognize and listen. It is time to open your mind.

Lynn Pompey
Los Angeles, California

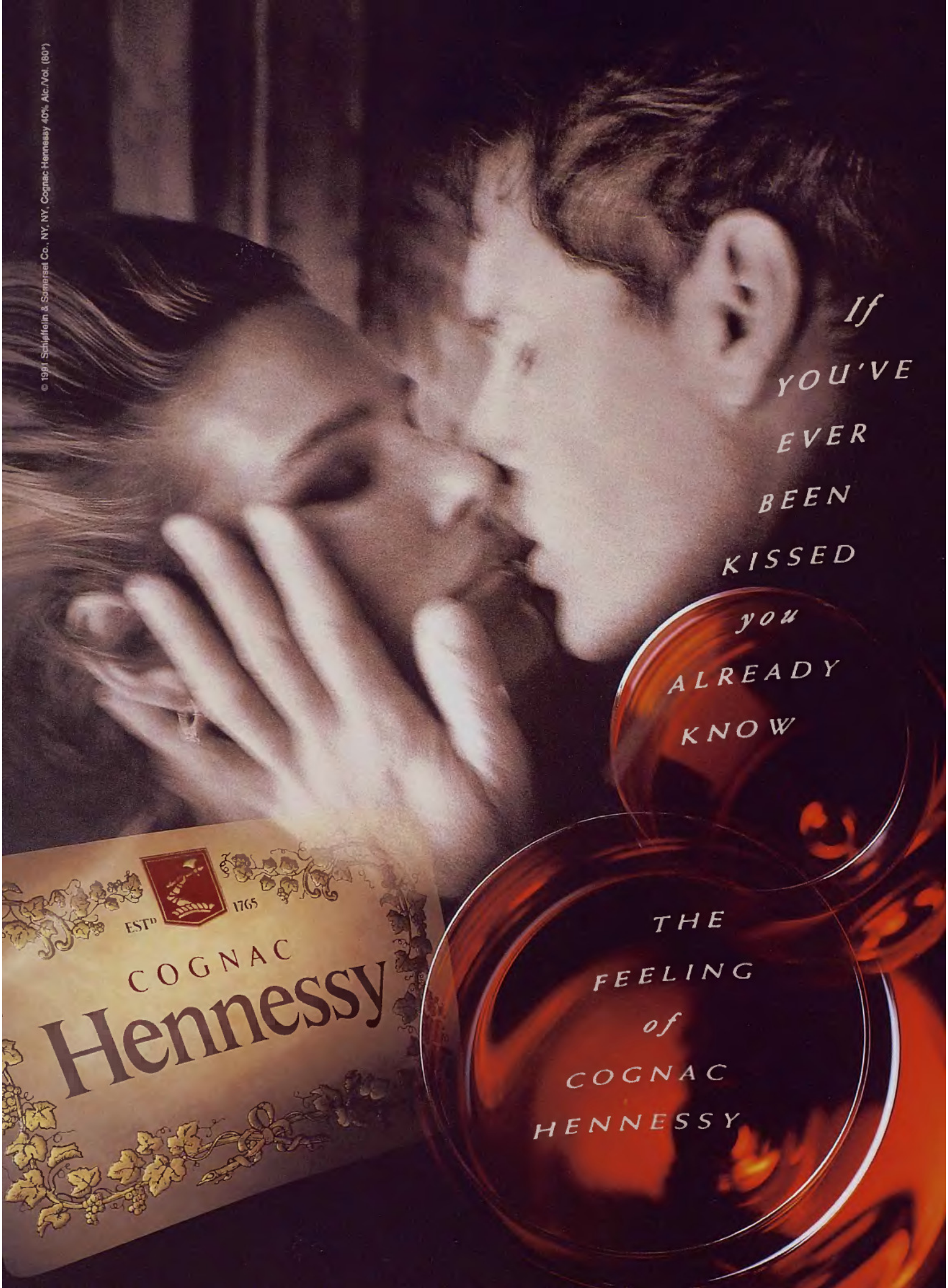
The pictorial with Fem 2 Fem, which venerates their openly sexual lifestyle, is definitely a crotch-buster. Their music and stage performances take risks, and women sorely need these kinds of risks in this age of political correctness. The group serves as a role model for other women in rock and for young women who wish to pursue an unashamed sexual lifestyle, be it lesbian or hetero.

Cliff Johnson
Lexington Park, Maryland

SEX: AN ORAL HISTORY

As a sex therapist and psychotherapist, what intrigues me most about your excerpts from Harry Maurer's book (*Sex: An Oral History*, PLAYBOY, December) is how normal the people in his profiles seem. Stories of multiple partners, random affairs, same-sex encounters and other erotic adventures are commonly heard in my practice—not because my clients are disturbed by them but simply because these experiences are part of many adults' sexual lives. I enjoyed looking through the bedroom windows whose curtains Maurer has pulled back, just to have a busman's holiday.

William A. Henkin
San Francisco, California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U.S.NEWS & WORLD REPORT May 10, 1993

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MEN'S HEALTH December, 1993

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MEN'S JOURNAL December, 1993

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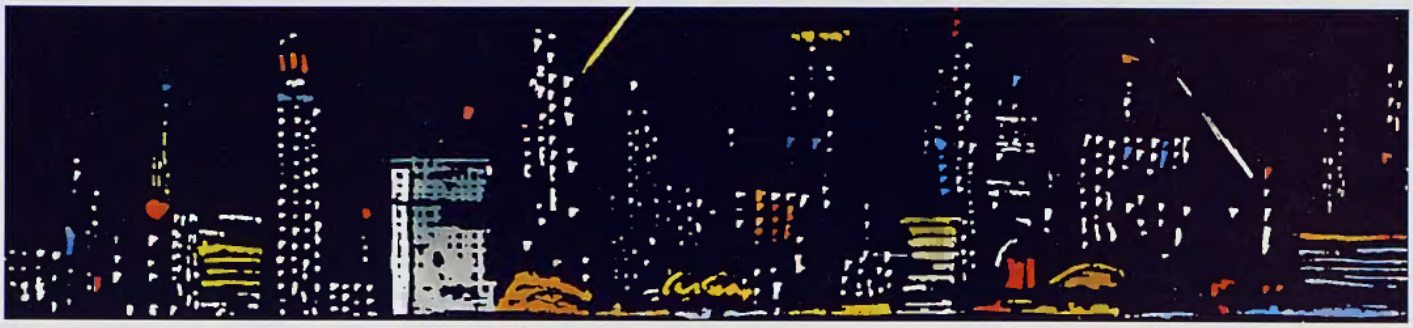
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SHORING UP SCRIPTURE

According to its brochure, the Institute for Creation Research in Santee, California is an evangelical organization devoted to "spearheading biblical Christianity's defense against the godless dogma of evolutionary humanism." Feeling kind of devolved and inhuman ourselves, we stopped by the institute's Museum of Creation and Earth History to examine its creationist version of time—from "Let there be light" to the present. The museum's exhibits offer tortuous proofs of the validity of the Great Flood, Christ's resurrection and the Tower of Babel. The Fallacies of the Big Bang Theory display illustrates the problems with carbon 14 dating. The Flood Room—complete with thunder-and-rain sound effects, flashing strobes and a model of the ark—attempts to offer scientific explanations for such questions as "Why would it stay afloat?" and "How could all the animals fit aboard?" Our favorite demonstration includes two trees and the fruits they produce: Nazism, bestiality, homosexuality, abortion, child abuse and humanism are the fruits of evolutionary thinking; in contrast, the creationist tree produces hope, morality, Americanism and family life. Balderdash and boneheadedness didn't show up on either one.

CARJACKER OF THE YEAR

A California woman's 1979 Chevy Camaro was such an undrivable wreck, she was amazed when someone was able to steal it. She was even more impressed when the police found and returned the car to her four months later, running smoothly and boasting new doors, battery, grille, major body repairs and even new locks. Apparently, her auto mechanic believed in the car more than she did: He was the guy who stole it.

•

Mmm-mm good: In a report about word-of-mouth marketing networks for new products such as Replenz vaginal cream, readers of *The Wall Street Journal* found a bit of tongue-in-cheek humor in the article's headline: "They Put Their Money Where Your Mouth Is."

AN EXCEPTIONAL PERFORMANCE

While the Colombian government has its share of problems on ground level, things don't get much better up in the air. The Washington, D.C.–based International Airline Passengers Association reported in a recent *Travel Safety Alert* newsletter that no nation "had a worse fatal accident record than Colombia in the past ten years" and blamed a dangerously ineffective air traffic system and "questionable pilot training." The Colombian government responded with a report of its own that stated: "Excluding 1983, 1986, 1988 and 1990, fatality risk in Colombian air travel is very low compared with other countries." Excluding the U.S., Canada, Mexico, Australia, Western Europe and most of Asia, that is.

SLAM DUMP

When Dr. Stanford Shulman, chief of infectious diseases at Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago, discovered a new strain of salmonella last winter, he decided to name it *Salmonella mjordan* after the Bulls' former star guard. The organism causes diarrhea, severe headaches and abdominal pain. Jordan's agent, David Falk, was more than a little bewildered by this and suggested that in the future, doctors seek names for organisms elsewhere.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

NIT PICS

Scratching your head about what to give that special someone? The National Pediculosis Association has just come out with its *Latest Greatest Coloring Book About Lice*. As an extra bonus, the book includes the rules and regulations for the NPA's annual Head Lice Awareness Poster contest. The number to call is Pyrinate A-3000.

•

A bumper sticker seen making the commute around Washington, D.C.'s Beltway: WONK IF YOU LOVE POLICY.

NEW BULL MARKET

The University of Michigan's economics club is offering—for an economical $5—*Economist Greats*, a series of 29 trading cards that pay homage to the number-crunching nerds whose work we don't understand but whose influence on our lives is profound. One card lauds Gerard Debreu for giving "formal conditions for the Pareto optimality of an economic allocation, for the local uniqueness and (with Kenneth Arrow) the existence of general equilibria." So be the first on your block to get 'em, trade 'em or just forget the whole damn thing.

SHORT CUT OF A LADY

Gee, the things a woman will say to flatter a man. Actress Illeana Douglas has documented 30 expressions of feminine self-deprecation in her directorial debut, *The Perfect Woman*, an eight-minute movie screened at the New York Film Festival. After some dreary roles (as a rape victim in *Cape Fear* and a plane crash survivor in *Alive*) and boorish

RAW DATA

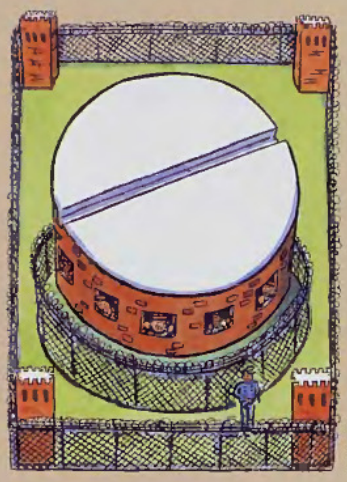
SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Fifty-six percent of all inmates in federal prisons in 1991 were there on drug convictions.

QUOTE

"The idea that black people can tolerate crime in their neighborhood just because the suspects are black is such bullshit. Yet you have an Al Sharpton who would do just that. He has that racist attitude that as long as you're black, you're OK."—ACTOR JAMES EARL JONES, IN AN INTERVIEW WITH *Steppin' Out* MAGAZINE, ON THE REVEREND AL SHARPTON AND REVERSE RACISM



LORDY, LORDY

According to the American Muslim Council, percentage of Americans who believe that Muslims are religious fanatics: 43. According to the International Social Survey Program, percentage of Americans who support prayer in public schools: 64.

LET FREEDOM RING

Number of foreigners who applied to the U.S. for political asylum in 1992: 100,000. Percentage who are from Cuba and Haiti: 7.6. Percentage from Guatemala: 43.8. Number of applicants on waiting list to see an asylum officer: 250,000. Number of asylum officers: 150.

DOWNHILL SKIING

Estimated number of Americans who skied in 1988: 18.2 million; in 1991: 14.8 million. Total sales of ski equipment and apparel in 1988: $1 billion; in 1991: $600 million.

TALKING TRASH

Current number of garbage collectors in the U.S.: 60,000; in 1980: 77,000. Number of economists in the U.S.: 152,000; in 1980: 95,000. Percentage decrease in garbage collectors since 1980: 22; percentage increase in economists: 59.

HARD FACTS ON SOFTWARE

The percentage of computer software in Thailand that is not pirated: 1; in Japan: 8; in the U.S.: 65.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF HARASSMENT

Number of complaints about sexual harassment and racial or age discrimination filed by employees at the National Institutes of Health in 1992: 242; number of complaints that have been resolved: 62; number of employees at NIH: 14,000.

GERMAN UNITY?

Number of right-wing extremists in Germany: 40,000; number of Jewish citizens in Germany: 40,000.

PRICE OF PEACE

Cost of United Nations peacekeeping operations from 1945 to 1992: $8.3 billion. Estimated cost of UN peacekeeping efforts in 1992 and 1993: $6 billion.

BELT TIGHTENING

As of 1992, percentage of Americans who wear seat belts while driving: 62; in 1982: 12. Number of states that require drivers to wear belts: 42.

DATING GAME

Odds that a dating service will go out of business within two years: 3 out of 4. Number of Americans who are members of Great Expectations video dating service: 150,000. Average cost of a three-year membership: $2000. Number of married couples who met through Great Expectations: 9000.

FRANK AND STONE

Record price paid at auction for a movie poster of 1931's *Frankenstein*: $198,000. Price paid for the ice pick used by Sharon Stone's character in *Basic Instinct*: $3750.—PAUL ENGLEMAN

ex-boyfriends (current beau Martin Scorsese not among them), Douglas was inspired to lighten up. With an array of actresses, the film features perfect women sweet-talking in their most genuine deadpan delivery. "God, I love the Three Stooges," says one woman to a man off camera. Then she's nailed in the face by a lemon meringue pie (one of the flick's few slapstick moments). Without losing her smile, she says, "Your college buddies are so great." "You're not mistaken," another perfect woman squeaks, "mustaches do run in my family." And: "I hope it doesn't bother you that I'm a virgin." One forgiving woman gently says, "Honey, the thing about birthdays is, I have one every year." Another vows, "I'll support you for as long as you want to be a rock musician." And to think that we always thought they meant it.

SOYLENT BROWN

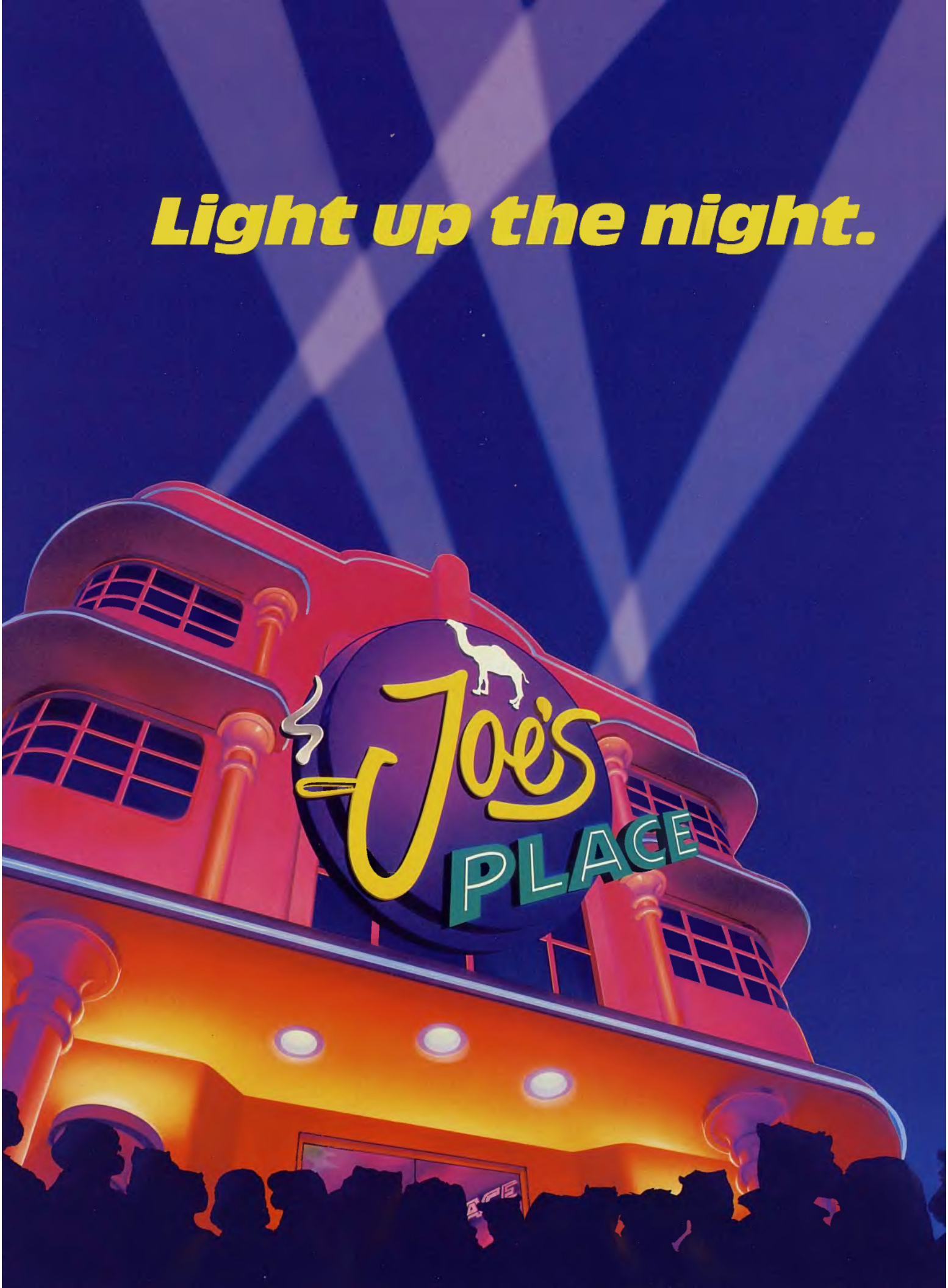
Japanese scientists have created a new taste sensation: a protein-rich mix that resembles beef in texture, taste and smell. Unfortunately, the burgerlike product is derived from raw sewage. Scientist Mitsuyuki Ikeda explained: "We wanted to show that what comes out of the body can be recycled to go back into the body." But for how long?

POINT HEADS

In a recent issue of *Mileage & Points*, a newsletter for frequent fliers, a reader wrote in with several suggestions on how to triple your mileage earnings. She suggested buying an airline ticket on an airline affinity card and transferring the balance to your American Express Optima card to earn mileage from the flight, from the charge and from the transfer. Or you can earn seven miles for every dollar spent by making long-distance calls on MCI, paying the bill with the affinity card and transferring the balance. We admire her ingenuity, but this woman should use her frequent flier mileage to get out a little more.

POSTER BABES

Cheesecake never spoils. In the tradition of the camera clubs of the Fifties comes Glamourcon 2, the largest convention of its kind for pinup collectors and enthusiasts, scheduled for March 12 and 13. Thousands of vintage paintings, posters and calendars by such masters as Vargas and Olivia will turn the Los Angeles Airport Hilton into the world's largest girlie show. Also, the most famous aficionado of the form, Hugh M. Hefner, will be on hand (as will Playmate Susie "Flaxen" Owens) to unveil PLAYBOY's 40th-anniversary, limited-edition photo of our 1955 centerfold shot of Bettie Page. It's autographed by Hef and Bettie—a timeless tag team that helped put the pop in pinup art.


Light up the night.
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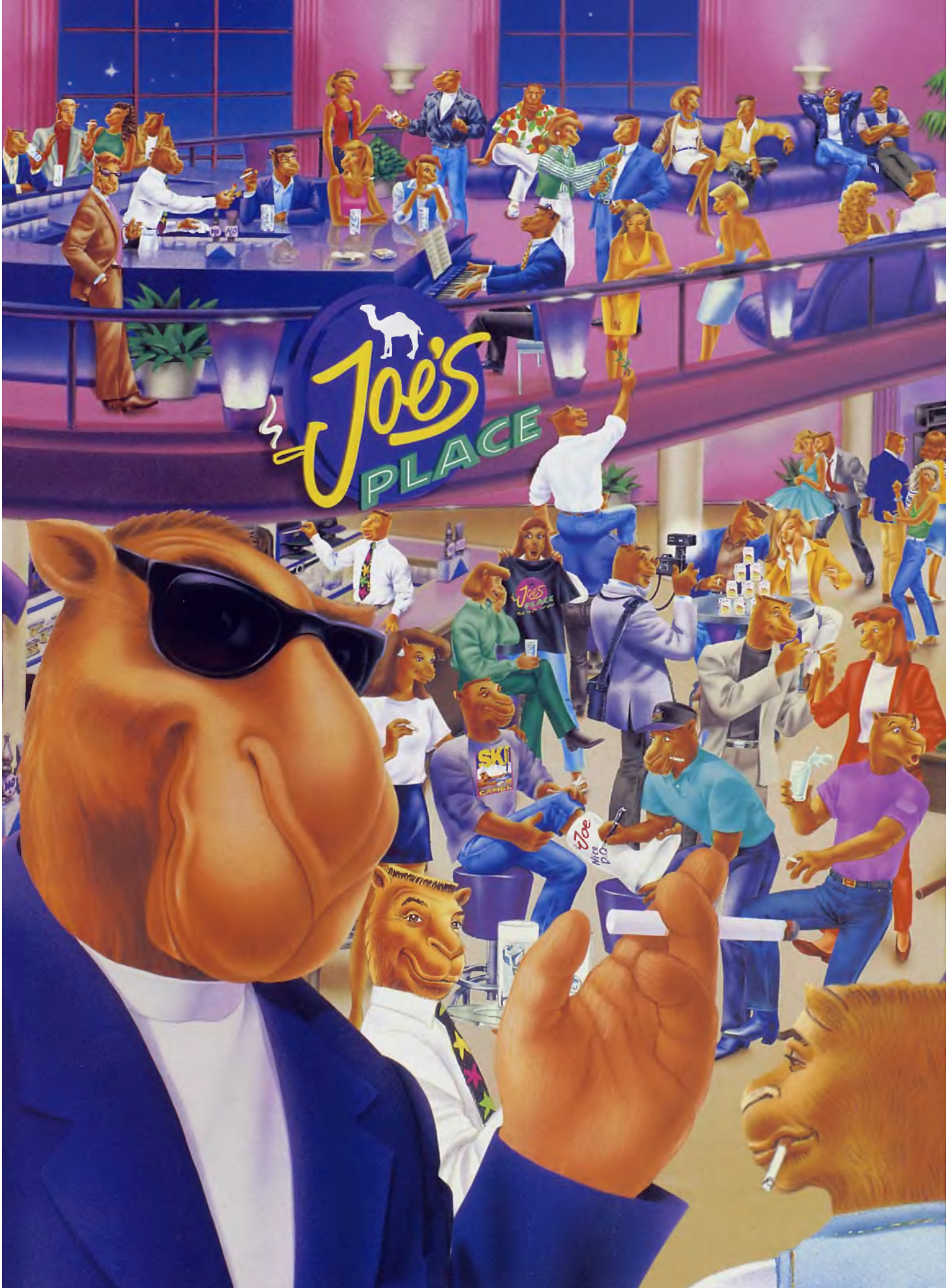
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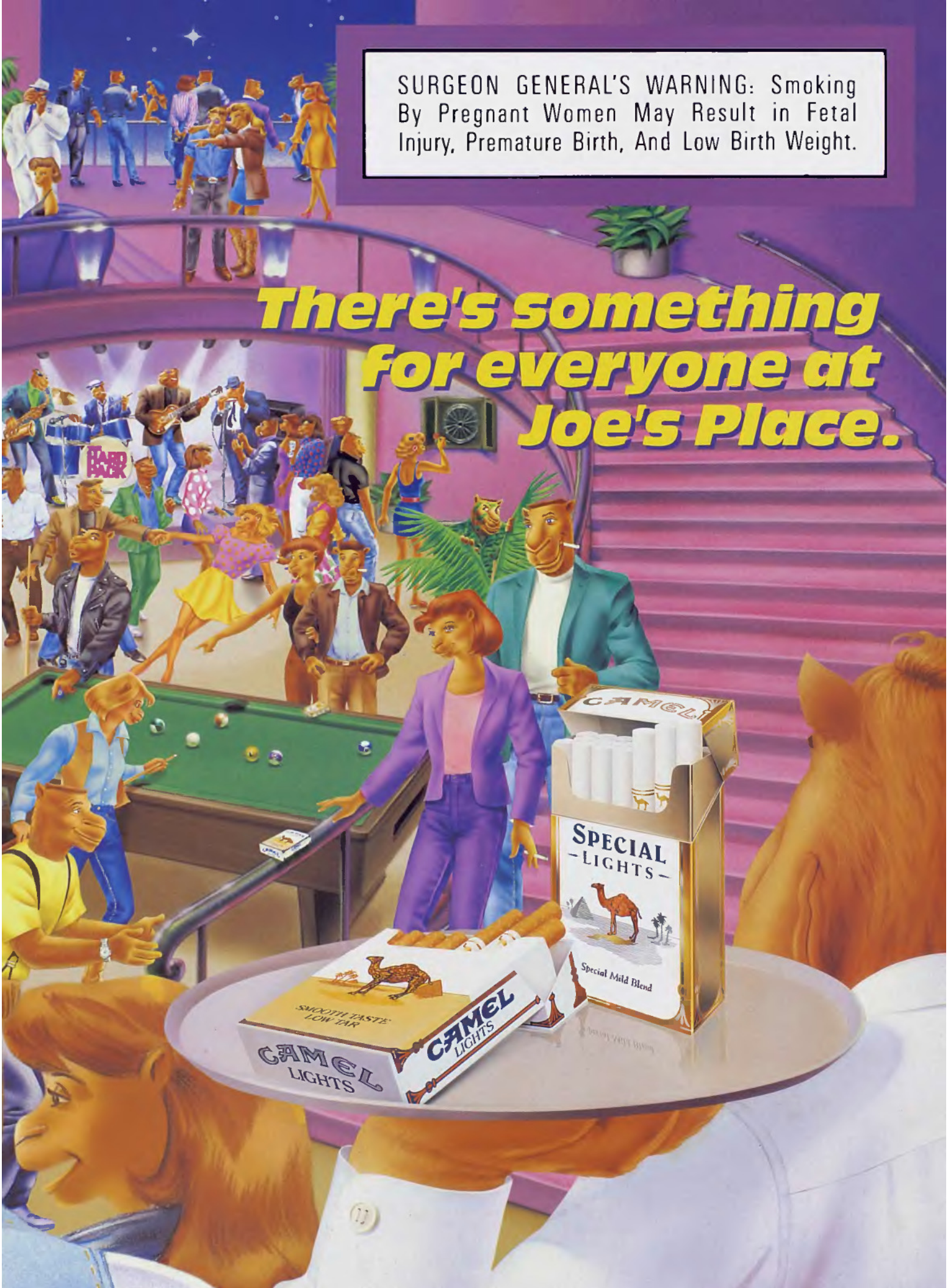
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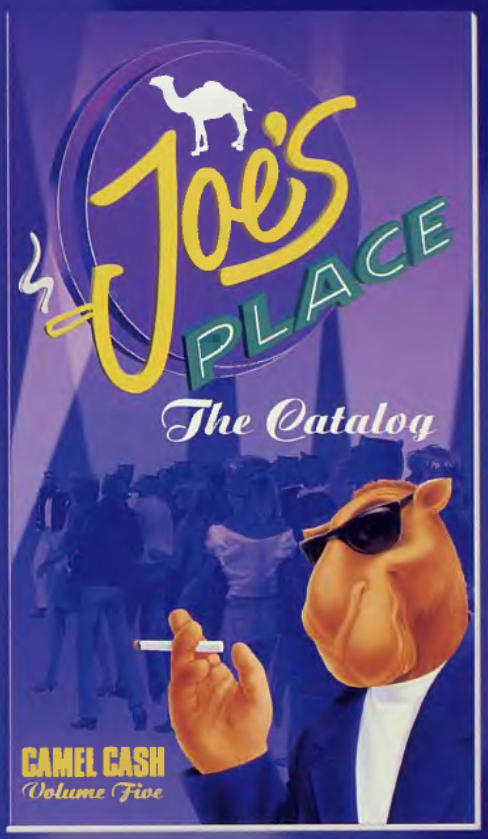

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

STEVEN SPIELBERG, a box-office miracle worker who has cornered the youth market with everything from *Jaws* to *Jurassic Park*, grows up as a director with ***Schindler's List*** (Universal). Liam Neeson portrays Oskar Schindler, the high-living German tycoon whose hunger for huge profits is ultimately displaced by his humanity. The real-life Schindler rescued some 1300 Polish Jews bound for Nazi death camps by employing them as factory workers, and inspired a novel by Thomas Keneally. Spielberg's meticulous re-creation of the time and place is filmmaking on a grand scale. Neeson brings bravado to the main role without trying to win audience sympathy. Ralph Fiennes, in a showy performance laced with venom, is fiendish as Goeth—the cruel camp commandant who beats his Jewish housemaid-mistress (Embeth Davidtz) and tries to intimidate Schindler's Jewish aide (Ben Kingsley). While decades of documentation make some of it look painfully familiar, can Spielberg's *List* be dismissed as a litany of lessons the world has long since learned? Hardly. Vivid black-and-white photography brings newsreel impact to a stirring personal drama that looks all too relevant in a new era of hate, skinhead assaults and ethnic cleansing. ¥¥¥¥

•

He may be competing with himself in the Oscar race, but Anthony Hopkins follows his triumph in *The Remains of the Day* with a wrenchingly fine performance as British author C. S. Lewis in ***Shadowlands*** (Savoy). Austere, English and showing its theatrical roots in William Nicholson's adaptation of his stage play, the movie is directed by Richard Attenborough, whose *Gandhi* took home eight 1982 Oscars. Debra Winger plays American poet Joy Gresham, Lewis' ardent admirer and wife—a divorced Jewish woman with wit and an indomitable will. When she dies of cancer, leaving her young son with Lewis, *Shadowlands* veers into pathos but gives Hopkins a chance to let his pent-up emotions flow. It's a poignant true romance. ¥¥¥

•

The grim reality of AIDS should guarantee that ***Philadelphia*** (Tri-Star) will be nominated for several Academy Awards. Win or lose, director Jonathan (*Silence of the Lambs*) Demme's timely drama boasts two top-of-the-line acting jobs: by Tom Hanks as a gay lawyer who sues his prestigious legal firm for dismissing him because he has AIDS, and by Denzel Washington as the TV-advertised, homophobic legal eagle who handles Hanks' case and learns something about tolerance along the way. Lest mainstream America miss a point, the moral issues are set forth with blueprint precision by writer Ron Nyswaner. Various foes (Jason Robards and Mary Steenburgen for the defense), family (Joanne Woodward as Tom's loyal mom) and a friend (Antonio Banderas as his lover) move *Philadelphia* into the rank of major movies with a message. ¥¥¥¥

Winger, Hopkins: out of the shadows.

Spielberg's triumph, top billing to AIDS and Stone's striking elegy on Vietnam.

•

English actor Hugh Grant clearly sees that ***Bitter Moon*** (Fine Line) is something of a joke. He is paired with Kristin Scott-Thomas as one half of a British married couple more or less trapped on shipboard by a failed American novelist (Peter Coyote) who lures the captive Brits into interminable conversations about his destructive, sexually insatiable wife (Emmanuelle Seigner). Married to Seigner, whose earthy beauty is exploited to the max, director Roman Polanski digs into love-hate relationships with gusto. Polanski, at times, also digs with a schoolboy's notion of depravity. His *Bitter Moon* is visually arresting, like most Polanski works, yet he seems to have a tenuous grasp on his material. In the frequent flashbacks, Coyote gets tied up and beaten and crawls around naked except for a pig mask until he eventually winds up an embittered cripple, passion's plaything cruelly cast aside. While the novelist's purple prose appears to taint much of the arch dialogue, doubts persist that *Bitter Moon*'s dark humor is more often inept than intentional. ¥¥

•

Four freethinking sisters in Spain are the objects of a young stud's ardent desires in ***Belle Epoque*** (Sony Classics). As the resident lover-boy Fernando, an army deserter in 1931, Jorge Sanz is the hero of director Fernando Trueba's droll, subtitled comedy—a lively example of the new Spanish cinema. In flight from his military service, Fernando falls in with a wise old country gentleman whose four daughters come home for a visit just in time to keep Fernando on the premises. Before long, he has slept with three of them in turn—the flirt, the lesbian, the widow—and saves the best for more lasting happiness. Maribel Verdú and Penélope Cruz stand out as two of the ripe and ready sisters, though Trueba treats all of *Belle Epoque*'s byplay abed with cheeky insouciance. Call it a spirited ode to life, love and free will. ¥¥¥

•

Hiep Thi Le, a California college student making her acting debut, is hard to resist as the key figure in Oliver Stone's ***Heaven and Earth*** (Warner). She's the winsome new face cast as a Vietnamese woman whose memoirs replay history through war, torture, rape, pregnancy, prostitution, poverty and a bad postwar period in California as the wife of an unstable U.S. Marine. Tommy Lee Jones plays the husband with striking intensity, while beautiful Joan Chen goes drab and toothless as the woman's peasant mother. All of *Heaven and Earth* is mightily overwrought. Leave it to Stone as writer, co-producer and director to pay another tribute to Vietnam as an idyllic land spoiled by brutish, ugly Americans. ¥¥½

•

The so-called Guildford Four were wild Irish innocents wrongly convicted of a 1974 London bombing and sentenced to prison. That colossal miscarriage of English justice propels ***In the Name of the Father*** (Universal) into a dark, psychological maze that should heap new honors on Daniel Day-Lewis, an Oscar winner for *My Left Foot*. Working again with *Left Foot* director Jim Sheridan, Day-Lewis snarls at fate as Gerry Conlon, the young Irish lout whose years behind bars bring him closer to his ailing, distant dad (marvelously played by Pete Postlethwaite). While both father and son languish in prison, angry and alienated from each other, a dogged legal

Ferrer: going against type.

OFF CAMERA

He paused in New York to loop dialogue for *The Stand*, a TV series based on Stephen King's novel. "I'm the devil's assistant—typecasting," says **Miguel Ferrer,** headed home to Los Angeles from Budapest after shooting *Royce*, a Showtime special, with co-star Jim Belushi. Until recently, when he landed a leading role in *The Harvest*, about a writer getting his lumps in Puerto Vallarta, Ferrer was in steady demand as a bad guy, including the corporate creep who came to grief in the first *Robocop* and a shifty Mexican bandito in *Revenge*.

The eldest son of stage and screen star Jose Ferrer and singer Rosemary Clooney, Ferrer, at 39, is more than ready to change his image. "Hollywood will bag you if you let it," he notes. In *The Harvest*, he comes off as a latter-day Bogart. Since Bogey was the kind of leading man Ferrer aspires to be, "that's the nicest compliment anyone can give me." While filming *Harvest*, he met and married his co-star, Leilani Sarelle, who was Sharon Stone's lesbian sidekick in *Basic Instinct*. "I hardly recognized her—but I thought, wow." They're now wowed by a baby boy.

Ferrer's artistic genes led him into music first. He still plays drums around L.A. with a group called the Jenerators, and he drummed with Keith Moon and Bing Crosby before he turned to acting in his 20s. "I think I was intimidated by my father's success and talent. I didn't want to invite unflattering comparisons, and I even look like him." Miguel will soon appear in *Blank Check*, which he calls "a *Home Alone* clone. I terrorize a kid." He's also collaborating (with Ed Neumeier of *Robocop*) on "a very offensive black comedy. The heroes are two hired killers back in 1949. But I'll be a good guy—comparatively."

counselor (Emma Thompson) fights to reopen their case. Such amazing true stories have been dramatized before, but damned few are so powerfully acted and feel so painfully personal as this. ¥¥¥¥

•

Named for the brief period a rodeo rider has to hang on before he bites the dust, ***8 Seconds*** (New Line) scores as a bull-busting *Rocky*. Directed by John G. Avildsen (who won an Oscar for the original *Rocky*), the movie also tells the world that Luke Perry's rise to TV stardom in *Beverly Hills 90210* was no fluke. Perry exudes easy warmth and screen presence as the late, lamented Lane Frost, a champion bull rider who became a legend in rodeo. Opposite Cynthia Geary (of TV's *Northern Exposure*) as his loyal but neglected wife, with Stephen Baldwin and Red Mitchell as his circuit buddies, Perry looks every inch a movie creation whose time is now. ¥¥¥

•

A divorced man (James Spader) tries again with a blazing beauty (Mädchen Amick) he scarcely knows in ***Dream Lover*** (Gramercy). Soon the surprises start to multiply: Does his new wife have a dark past? Another identity? A secret lover? Writer-director Nicholas Kazan (son of director Elia) spins a tight web of suspense around his hero—with Spader excellent as an architect whose perfect world begins to sag at the seams. The seams split when *Lover* has him carted off to the loony bin to hatch a counterplot that is almost too crazy for words. ¥¥

•

A stellar and occasionally brilliant cast that includes Jeremy Irons, Glenn Close, Meryl Streep, Antonio Banderas, Winona Ryder and Vanessa Redgrave can't quite pump up the magical realism essential to ***The House of the Spirits*** (Miramax). Too many wrong choices undercut the film version of Isabel Allende's sweeping novel about a South American family motivated by love, profit, pride and mysticism. The least likely choice for the job at hand is Danish writer-director Bille August, who won an Oscar for *Pelle the Conqueror* and worked miracles with Ingmar Bergman's screenplay for *The Best Intentions*. Here, August's dialogue and direction are often awkward, at times laughable, as if his cool Scandinavian blood and Allende's Latin passions were intrinsically out of sync. As the family patriarch, Irons overacts with some panache, while Close hams it up as his severe, unloved sister. Streep has golden moments as Clara, the clairvoyant wife. But *Spirits* soars in spots only to nosedive again, handicapped by infusions of melodramatic corn. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Belle Epoque (See review) Naughty boy does all four daughters in Spain. ¥¥¥
Bitter Moon (See review) Everything about sex games—by Polanski. ¥¥
Blink (Reviewed 2/94) Stowe plays a blind eyewitness to murder. ¥¥¥
Carlito's Way (2/94) As a sleazebag lawyer, Penn upstages Pacino. ¥¥¥
The Cement Garden (2/94) Incestuous kids bury mama in the basement. ¥¥
Dream Lover (See review) Is she is or is she ain't who she says she is? ¥¥
8 Seconds (See review) Luke Perry rides high in a bullish biography. ¥¥¥
Faraway, So Close (2/94) Only for die-hard fans of director Wim Wenders. ¥
Heaven and Earth (See review) Back to Vietnam with Oliver Stone. ¥¥½
The House of the Spirits (See review) Big, big stars—but loses the soul of the novel. ¥¥½
In the Name of the Father (See review) Suspected Irish bombers on trial. ¥¥¥¥
Naked (1/94) Britain under fire, and David Thewlis makes it hotter. ¥¥¥½
The Pelican Brief (Listed only) Like the book—with Julia Roberts and Denzel Washington endangered nonstop. ¥¥¥
A Perfect World (Listed only) Co-star Clint Eastwood directs Kevin Costner as an escaped convict and kidnapper in a taut thriller. ¥¥¥
Philadelphia (See review) Lawyer with AIDS takes his case to court. ¥¥¥¥
The Piano (12/93) This year's Oscar voters may give it some play. ¥¥¥¥
The Remains of the Day (12/93) More awards—another Hopkins triumph and a Merchant–Ivory coup. ¥¥¥¥
Romeo Is Bleeding (12/93) Violence mainly for laughs has Olin and Oldman knee-deep in mayhem. ¥¥¥
Savage Nights (2/94) An HIV-positive French filmmaker on the town. ¥¥½
The Scent of Green Papaya (2/94) Love, romance in prewar Vietnam. ¥¥¥
Schindler's List (See review) German profiteer saves Polish Jews in Spielberg's excruciating epic. ¥¥¥¥
Shadowlands (See review) Anthony Hopkins yet again, fine as ever. ¥¥¥
Six Degrees of Separation (2/94) Con artist says he's Poitier's son. ¥¥¥¥
Twogether (2/94) Unmarried parents fall in love. Too, too sweet. ¥¥
What's Eating Gilbert Grape (2/94) Daft title for a deft comedy about a wildly dysfunctional family. ¥¥¥½
Wrestling Ernest Hemingway (2/94) Big names try a geriatric turn. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

Apparently, NBC sportscaster **Marv Albert** has been a guest on Letterman's show once too often. "Here are my top five movies," he says of his favorite let's-go-to-the-tape fare: "*Mississippi Burning, Doctor Zhivago, City Slickers, When Harry Met Sally* and *Mr. Saturday Night*." But Albert doesn't limit himself to epic dramas and Billy Crystal comedies. "I also watch a lot of old sports games," he says, "and *Air Time*, a documentary on Michael Jordan, is one of the all-time leading videos." Flicks destined to make Marv's first team include *In the Line of Fire*, *The Fugitive* and Woody Allen's *Manhattan Murder Mystery*. But ultimately, home viewing always goes head-to-head with work. "For example, I really enjoyed *The Lover*," he says, "but it was released at the height of the NBA season. How dare they?" —SUSAN KARLIN

HOLMES VIDEO

Few movie series have the shelf life of the Sherlock Holmes genre; there's just something about Conan Doyle's cool-headed London gumshoe that keeps the home vids burning. Before the next one comes along, though, you may want to take a look back—turkeys and all.

The House of Fear (1945): Sherlock (Basil Rathbone) and Watson (Nigel Bruce) drop in at a Scottish castle, where a group of friends—with fat insurance policies—are getting bumped off one by one. Classic story, classic Holmes.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes: A Scandal in Bohemia (1984): Blackmail, intrigue—and the only woman for whom Holmes had a soft spot. Jeremy Brett is the volatile, cold, rude, eccentric—and perhaps best—Holmes.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution (1977): Holmes (Nicol Williamson) seeks a cure for his cocaine addiction from Sigmund Freud (Alan Arkin). Robert Duvall, with a passable English accent, is Dr. Watson. Worth a snoop.

Crucifer of Blood (1991): Charlton Heston is Holmes in this stolen-treasure story—a clinker made for cable. Laughable, and the rest of the cast knows it.

Young Sherlock Holmes (1985): The Victorian supersleuth goes to boarding school. The real star: the hallucinatory special effects. Directed by Barry Levinson.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother (1975): Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn search for laughs. The mystery? How this dog got made.

Without a Clue (1989): Story suggests that Watson (Ben Kingsley) was the real genius, and Holmes (Michael Caine) just a drunken actor. Decent, funny premise.

They Might Be Giants (1971): George C. Scott is a retired judge who thinks he is Holmes. Joanne Woodward is his shrink, Dr. Watson. Clever script.

—REED KIRK RAHLMANN

VIDBITS

From Facets Video, a trilogy of rare fare from French New Wave pioneer Jean-Luc Godard: ***Ici et Ailleurs*** (*Here and Elsewhere*) follows the Palestinian revolution from inside rebel camps, ***Comment Ça Va?*** (*How's It Going?*) is a film-within-a-film commentary on Communist misinformation tactics, and ***Numero Deux*** explores technology and family in what is called a remake of Godard's own *Breathless*. Call 800-331-6197. . . . Milestone Film & Video's ***Animation Legend: Winsor McCay*** preserves the surviving films of the early 20th century cartoonist, whose colorful cast of characters included Little Nemo and (step aside, Barney) Gertie the Dinosaur. New music by R. J. Miller updates the package. . . . Attention gluttons for punishment: MPI has released a newly restored, uncut and uncensored version of ***The Texas Chainsaw Massacre.*** Filmed 20 years ago in Austin, the Tobe Hooper gorefest (about five friends on the run from a thing called Leatherface) went on to gross more than $50 million worldwide. And we do mean gross. Available on tape ($20) and laser ($30). . . . MCA/Universal has rolled out an "unabridged" director's cut of Marlon Brando's ***The Night of the Following Day*** (1968), a creepy tale of a kidnapping gone wrong. According to Hubert Cornfield, who directed the thriller, the original version was ultimately supplanted by an edited TV version that "totally betrayed the intent of my film." Having at one point asked that his name be removed from the credits, Cornfield is now pushing the refurbished rerelease.

LASER FARE

Laser goes from blue to red this month with two new music-on-disc entries. BMG's ***Blues Alive*** ($17) is a 54-minute valentine to the blues, with performances by such soulful greats as Buddy Guy (*Five Long Years*), Albert Collins (*I Ain't Drunk*) and Ruth Brown (*Lucky So and So*). And from Polygram comes a four-side, three-hour rendering of Mussorgsky's ***Boris Godunov,*** adapted from a live broadcast from the Mariinsky Theater in St. Petersburg in 1990. Cast includes stars from the Kirov Opera. . . . There's much ado on Voyager's Criterion Collection as Laurence Olivier's ***Richard III*** (1956) and Orson Welles' ***Othello*** (1951) make their disc debuts. Olivier's tour de force as Richard is ripe with malevolence, while Welles' revived *Othello* is greatly served by a frame-by-frame restoration, resynched sound and rerecorded score. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***The Fugitive*** (extravagant revamp of the Sixties TV chestnut plays smaller on vid; Ford's a fine fugitive, but Tommy Lee Jones steals show), ***Hard Target*** (thugs versus martial artist in director John Woo's wild Van Damme vehicle).
DRAMA	***Searching for Bobby Fischer*** (sidewalk chess lards, led by Laurence Fishburne, coach young protégé; some great moves), ***Married People, Single Sex*** (*thirtysomething* with phone sex that went straight to videotape; some hot bits).
LAUGHS	***Heart and Souls*** (Charles Gradin is one of several spirits possessing Robert Downey, Jr.; old-fashioned family fun), ***Undercover Blues*** (newfangled family fun from supercaps Kathleen Turner and Dennis Quaid—with toddler in tow).
SUSPENSE	***Kalifornia*** (white trash Brad Pitt and Juliette Lewis lead a second couple on hellish cross-country ride), ***True Romance*** (Christian Slater and Patricia Arquette on the run; blood, bullets, gaans—and extra violence on unrated director's cut).
FOREIGN	***Europa Europa*** (triumph of the spirit; true tale of Jewish boy who survives Hitler youth corps), ***Yellow Earth*** (woman escapes arranged marriage in pre-Communist China; directed by *Farewell My Concubine*'s Chen Kaige).

MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

THERE MUST BE something about western Canada that gives artists the talent to bridge the traditional and the innovative. First came Joni Mitchell and Neil Young; k.d. lang is the latest in line. Her soundtrack to Gus Van Sant's film of Tom Robbins' ***Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*** (Sire) is the perfect vehicle for her cosmic country sensibilities. Lang and longtime collaborator Ben Mink deliver a quirky, heartfelt mix of vocal and instrumental tracks that sound like they're blaring out of some Fifties truck-stop jukebox. There's a handful of lang's lush, Patsy Cline–style ballads that highlight the mating of country's endearing naïveté with the sophistication of jazz. But she also slides a funk bottom under *Just Keep Me Moving*. Even the instrumental interludes are an exotic treat, from the keyboard sweep of *Myth* and astringent Balkan harmonies of *Apogee* to the country and East Indian–tinged goofiness of *Virtual Vortex* and the *Kundalini Yoga Waltz*. This music is weird, warm and wonderful.

FAST CUTS: Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers, ***Greatest Hits*** (MCA): This sucker refuses to leave my car stereo. Funny how Tom sounds more contemporary the further back you go into his folk-punk roots. *American Girl* and *Breakdown* are raw, trailer-trash Byrds redux. His classic *Refugee* period, generously represented here, is redneck R.E.M. The iffier pop experiments with Dave Stewart give way to solo material such as *Free Fallin'*, which reinvigorated Petty via Jeff Lynne's Beatlesque touches. The two new tracks, a mediocre original and a pointless Thunderclap Newman cover, are disappointing, but at least they succeed in bringing the band back to its roots by way of producer Rick Rubin's punchier, stripped-down arrangements. These guys are due for a second wind.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

I thought *Blues for the Red Sun*, by Kyuss, was one of the best metal albums of 1992. I'll be one surprised rock critic if their follow-up, ***Kyuss*** (Chameleon), isn't at or near the top of my list for 1994. Produced by the band and by Chris Goss of the equally terrific Masters of Reality, the album has a unique sound, descended from Blue Cheer at its loudest and the Masters at their eeriest. This is the only metal band I know of that actually understates the guitar, almost burying it in cymbal wash and throbbing bass. It is at once heavy as lead and light as, well, a zeppelin. Speaking of which, Led Zeppelin understood dynamics—the contrast of light and dark, solid and ethereal, tradition and personal eccentricity. So does Kyuss. Whatever the hell the songs are about, they take me light years out of myself, which is where it's fun to go.

JOE FOURNIER

Lang's *Cowgirls Get the Blues*.

Al Kooper reprises jazz and soul, lang goes to the movies and KRS-One raps.

FAST CUTS: Concrete Blonde, ***Mexican Moon*** (Capitol/IRS): I always sort of liked these guys. Now I definitely like them. Johnette Napolitano, who can both write and belt out songs, is reminiscent of Grace Slick in her prime.

Mark Knopfler, ***Screenplaying*** (Warner): In addition to leading Dire Straits, Knopfler has scored several movies with his haunting melodies. If you saw *Cal*, *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, *The Princess Bride* or *Local Hero*, this will be a pleasant shock of recognition. And if you didn't, it's still fascinating to hear Knopfler's gift outside of rock and roll.

Motörhead, ***Bastards*** (ZYX): Some of the band's best riffs ever, and Lemmy Kilmister still writes the coolest lyrics in metal—always distrustful of illegitimate authority and humanely inspired even as he's rasping about mass murder.

NELSON GEORGE

KRS-One is one of the most provocative artists to emerge from hip-hop culture. If there's such a thing as a humanist gangster, this Bronx-bred rap artist fits the bill. On one hand he can argue articulately for global unity against oppression; on the other, he can write chillingly about beating down sucker MCs.

Return of the Boom Bap (Jive) celebrates the harder side of KRS-One's worldview. Supported by some of the best producers in rap, KRS-One attacks police on two cuts, *Black Cop* and *Sound of da Police*. On another, *P Is Still Free*, he returns to a favorite theme—the vicious acts our drug culture encourages. His storytelling ability is well displayed on *Outta Here*, an autobiographical rap about his early days in hip-hop. *Return of the Boom Bap* is another strong chapter in KRS-One's determined career.

FAST CUTS: Third World has been playing various forms of world music since its inception some 20 years ago in Jamaica. The compilation ***Reggae Ambassadors*** (Chronicles/Mercury) tells its history from early roots-rock reggae to international hits such as *Try Jah Love* (co-written by Stevie Wonder), *Sense of Purpose* and the classic *Now That We Found Love* (written by Gamble and Huff).

DRS (Capitol): Gangster rap meets R&B in DRS's single *Gansta Lean*. The Dirty Rotten Scoundrels have enjoyed tremendous success with their debut LP, also titled *Gangsta Lean*. They don't deserve it.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

No species of boxed set is more consumer-unfriendly than the multi-artist genre overview. These typically are jammed with tracks you know so well they have nothing left to tell. They juxtapose individual styles that deserve their own showcases and are top-heavy with catalog from the label that released them. So I confronted ***Tougher than Tough: The Story of Jamaican Music*** (Mango) almost idly, as something that would go down easy during family time—and decided four CDs later that it had miraculously defeated all the above caveats.

I've heard as much reggae as any non-Jamaican noncollector, yet I didn't know at least half these 93 songs. The collection billows forward in a seductive flow. And while Island, Mango's parent company, has been reggae's most powerful label, compiler Steve Barrow doesn't shortchange such crucial rival producers as Duke Reid, Coxsone Dodd, Joe Gibbs and Gussie Clarke.

From *My Boy Lollipop* to *Israelites* to *No Woman No Cry* to *Oh Carolina*, the world classics are rendered more surprising by little-known gems such as *Easy Snappin'*, *Uptown Top Ranking* and *Under Me Sleng*

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
k.d. lang *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*	7	9	8	2	7
Al Kooper *Rekooperation*	7	5	6	8	6
KRS-One *Return of the Boom Bop*	8	7	8	5	7
Kyuss	4	7	6	5	9
Various artists *Tougher than Tough*	10	7	10	10	8

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM DEPARTMENT: With so many music and movie celebrities living in Montana now, an enterprising businessman is selling maps to the stars' homes. Up the street can be 150 miles away.

REELING AND ROCKING: Lowbrow alert: The first draft of *Achy Breaky Heart: The Movie* is making the rounds. **Billy Ray** may be interested. . . . A rock musical about Las Vegas showgirls is in the works from **Joe Eszterhas** and **Paul Verhoeven,** the writing and directing team that brought *Basic Instinct* to the screen. . . . Both **Bruce Springsteen** and **Neil Young** have written songs for the soundtrack of **Jonathan Demme's** movie *Philadelphia*.

NEWSBREAKS: Darryl James, the editor of *Rap Sheet*, a national hip-hop magazine, has decided to accept no ads featuring guns and has called on other hip-hop publications for support. . . . **Graham Parker** is between recording contracts, so he's writing a novel titled *Hatemail*. . . . **Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen** has published his first book, *Guitars of the Stars, Volume I*, featuring vintage, custom and unique guitars. It will be the first in a series, and you can buy it by calling 815-965-1991. Nielsen says, "Like PLAYBOY, it shouldn't be bought for the pictures alone." . . . Another book, by **E Street Band** organist **Danny Federici,** will look into the glory days with the **Boss.** Will it kiss or tell? . . . **Morrisey's** next LP will be released any day now. . . . The **Joffrey Ballet** did boffo business producing *Billboards* with music by **Prince.** Now it has announced a Prince Rogers Nelson (the Purple One's real name) Dance Scholarship to be awarded to a gifted student selected at nationwide auditions this year. . . . **China Kantner,** daughter of **Grace Slick** and **Paul,** is filming a TV series with **Henry Winkler.** . . . **Ministry's Al Jourgensen** is planning to satirize rock tours onstage much the same way Robert Altman's *The Player* did Hollywood. Jourgensen will improvise with his alternate band, **Revolting Cocks.** . . . **Pebbles** had such success guiding **TLC's** career that she is starting her own record label, Savvy. She hasn't abandoned her recording career; a new LP is in the works. . . . This is the **Who's** big 3-0. One way to celebrate is Roger Daltrey's All-Star Tribute to Pete Townshend at Carnegie Hall in New York. We predict it'll be a pay-per-view event. . . . We're intrigued by **Rob Gordon's** record label, W.A.R. Gordon, who used to work for one of the majors, created a base of what he calls active fans, who spread the word locally about their favorite bands' LPs and concerts. W.A.R. is self-distributed and is currently using the **Samples'** 15,000-fan mailing list to get out the word by way of record stores, radio and news outlets. It's working, too. The Samples' *The Last Drag* bowed at number one on a Billboard *Heatseekers* chart. . . . Have heart, metalheads: **Mötley Crüe's** latest LP, *'Til Death Do Us Part*, should hit the record stores any day now. . . . **Levon Helm** and **Robbie Robertson** set aside personal differences to perform together with the **Band** at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame awards. . . . **Dr. John's** next LP will come out at the same time as his autobiography, *Under a Hoodoo Moon* (written with Jack Rummell). . . . Finally, **Joan Baez** performed at a fund-raiser for *Bread and Roses* at Alcatraz prison, the first concert performed there. Was the ghost of **Al Capone** blowin' in the wind?

—BARBARA NELLIS

Teng. Legends who've never come close to crossing over—Ken Boothe, Alton Ellis, U Roy, Junior Delgado—are represented by the songs that made people revere them. The dancehall disc is a most varied and beguiling promo for that often irritating subgenre. This is history. And this is also fun.

FAST CUTS: ***The Best of Ace Records: The R&B Hits*** (Rock 'n' Roll/Scotti Brothers) is only a New Orleans label compilation, but Allen Toussaint himself didn't produce music better than Ace's Huey Smith and Johnny Vincent.

Black Uhuru's ***Liberation: The Island Anthology*** (Chronicles/Mango) does stick to the second-greatest Jamaican "culture" group's Island period. But it was some period.

DAVE MARSH

It'll be a cold day at the Philharmonic before the current generation of jazz snobs honors soul-jazz—the music of Jimmy Smith and Brother Jack McDuff, the instrumental side of Ray Charles and James Brown. But as a form of workingman's pleasure, soul-jazz never wanted or needed black-tie respectability. It stems from the heyday of jazz as everyday entertainment, a lineage that encompasses Louis Armstrong, Fatha Hines, Earl Bostic, Bill Doggett and King Curtis. Al Kooper's ***Rekooperation*** (Music Masters) pays homage to soul-jazz by working barely modernized changes on such organ-trio staples as *Honky Tonk, Soul Twist*, incorporating some sultry sax from former Charles bandleader Hank Crawford. He also serves up rock classics like *Johnny B. Goode* and *Don't Be Cruel* as dessert, though he keeps everything instrumental. It fits into a seamless groove, redolent of smoke-filled barrooms. Kooper defined rock's soul-jazz essence with his organ lick on *Like a Rolling Stone* and extended the concept with his *Super Sessions* of the late Sixties. Here, he's a lot more than a revivalist.

FAST CUTS: ***I Believe I'm Gonna Make It: Soul of Vietnam*** (Risky Business): A solid dozen songs that outline the black experience of Vietnam, from the mud-mired optimism of Joe Tex' *I Believe I'm Gonna Make It* to Martha Reeves' bitterly homebound *I Should Be Proud*.

The Stanley Brothers, ***The Early Starday/King Years: 1958–1961*** (Starday/King): A miraculous four-CD boxed set of one of the greatest bluegrass groups. If you feel the slightest affinity for high, lonesome vocals and Appalachian instrumental interplay, the Stanleys' renderings of traditional ballads, contemporary romps and hymns both ancient and modern will chill your spine as they warm your heart.

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THE MUSIC BIZ

By PATRICK GOLDSTEIN

PAUL MCCARTNEY dreaded the day when his kids would reach puberty and turn into rap fanatics. But the ex-Beatle said recently, with obvious relief, "My son, who is 15, is into Jimi Hendrix and a lot of Sixties stuff."

His son isn't alone. Twenty-three years after Hendrix' death, his old records—known in industry parlance as his back catalog—sell 2 million copies a year just in the U.S. Bob Marley's *Legend* compilation sells almost 15,000 copies every week, as do the greatest hits collections of Journey, James Taylor, Jimmy Buffett, Steve Miller and the Eagles.

Then there's Meat Loaf. The beefy rocker had been out of circulation for years when MCA Records took a chance and signed him to a new record contract. The label was rewarded with a surprise this past fall—a number-one album.

MCA learned a valuable lesson in catalog consciousness. Meat Loaf's fans hadn't disappeared. They were simply buying his 15-year-old *Bat Out of Hell*, which sold 600,000 copies in 1992, outselling recent releases by such top performers as Bon Jovi, Prince and John Mellencamp.

Pop music, once completely a medium of the moment, is now absorbed by its past. Thanks to compact discs, young fans are rediscovering pop legends, while aging baby boomers restock their collections with their favorite artists from the Sixties and Seventies.

Every major record label now has a department that specializes in reissuing catalog (best defined as any album old enough to have dropped off *Billboard*'s top-current-album chart). Whether it's show tunes from Barbra Streisand or rockers from Aerosmith, record companies are assembling elaborate boxed sets brimming with outtakes, b-sides, home recordings—everything a fan could want.

"The Beatles catalog has funded Capitol for years," says Peter Philbin, a veteran artist-and-repertoire executive whose publishing company signs artists to a variety of labels. "Capitol knows what its priorities are. There were times at Christmas when we couldn't get new artists' CDs out because the pressing plants were busy doing old Beatles albums."

Industry sources say Capitol may have made more than 60 percent of its income in 1992 from CD reissues. Other record labels have earned almost as much from old releases.

"Catalog sales will probably make up 40 percent to 45 percent of total record sales in 1993," says Mike Shallett, head of Soundscan, the marketing research firm that provides sales data to *Billboard* for its album chart. "It gives any good record company a stable profit stream. Warner Records, for example, knows it can open its doors January 1st and, even if it doesn't have one hit all year, the catalog will pay the bills."

JERRY MCDONOUGH

Catalog consciousness.

Pop culture enters the retro era via reissues.

Collecting is popular with fans of every age. "We did a focus group for music executives in which we asked a group of 19-to-21-year-olds to name the last record they had bought," Shallett recalls. "One 19-year-old woman said, 'I got Floyd's latest.'

"Our moderator asked: 'Floyd's latest?' And she said, 'Yeah, you know. *Dark Side of the Moon*.' You should have seen the faces of the executives in the audience, realizing that from her perspective, this was a current album, when in fact it was 20 years old."

Catalog sales generate big profits at virtually no cost. To break an important new artist, a record company might easily spend $500,000 to cover radio promotion, video production and tour costs. To sell a Hendrix boxed set, the cost is considerably lower. Hendrix isn't around to run up hotel bills, limousine rentals and studio costs. There's no band to put on the road, no lavish photo shoots or press junkets.

Catalog sales offer incredible profit margins, even for artists who are still alive. Rock manager Cliff Burnstein, whose stable of artists includes such heavyweights as Metallica and Def Leppard, recalls a recent conversation with a top executive at Polygram Records.

"I said, 'What if I told you that with no advertising, no promotion and no airplay, I could sell 1.5 million albums for one of your new bands. Would you get excited?' And he said, 'Sure. God knows how much money we would have to spend to sell that many albums.'

"And I told him that's what Metallica's old albums sell every year, without Polygram lifting a finger."

Much of the impetus for this boom in catalog sales comes from compact discs, which prove that consumers will buy a record they already own, albeit one enhanced by attractive new technology.

But other factors have been at work. In the Sixties, most records were purchased at neighborhood department stores and Kmart-style mall outlets, where you could often find only the most current Grateful Dead album. Now most cities have record store chains such as Tower, Wherehouse or Musicland, where you can find dozens of Grateful Dead albums and compilations.

In the Seventies, most major cities had an oldies station, but it played hit singles from the Fifties, when songs weren't often collected on albums. Today old music is on the radio everywhere, from album-rock formats to classic-rock stations, which recently surpassed top 40 as the most popular radio format with active record buyers.

According to Burnstein, one key to the catalog boom is exposure. "We have a generation of artists who didn't know they were supposed to retire," he says. "So they're out playing 150 concerts a year, stimulating their catalog sales. Because of classic-rock stations and the proliferation of record-store chains, you can hear an old song on the radio and find it instantly in a classy CD package."

Even as catalog sales help record companies bolster their bottom lines (the profit margins on CDs are considerably higher than on cassettes or vinyl), the renewed interest and availability of old music signals a new era in pop esthetics.

Guns n' Roses' new album is devoted to covers of punk and hard-rock songs from the Seventies—songs that would have been out of print a few years ago. In rap, jazz samples are the rage, largely because so many Blue Note–era albums have become available on CD.

The gap between old and new has nearly disappeared. When the Doors were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame last year, they had no trouble finding the right replacement lead singer for their performance at the ceremony. Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder, a brooding hero from a new generation, stood in for the dark prince of an old generation, Jim Morrison. Vedder knew all the Doors' lyrics by heart.

HOLLYWOOD

By KEVIN COOK

BEEN TO the movies lately? If so, you might have seen people shot, stabbed, burned, beheaded, impaled on icicles and gobbled by dinosaurs. You've met witches, cannibals and a funny ax murderer. You've probably bumped into breasts: bobbing, bathing, exotic-dancing, actor-smothering breasts. And if you like films that sometimes test the limits of the R rating, you've seen the camera slip south to reveal what is euphemistically known as frontal nudity—the catnip with which Sharon Stone mesmerized Michael Douglas in *Basic Instinct*.

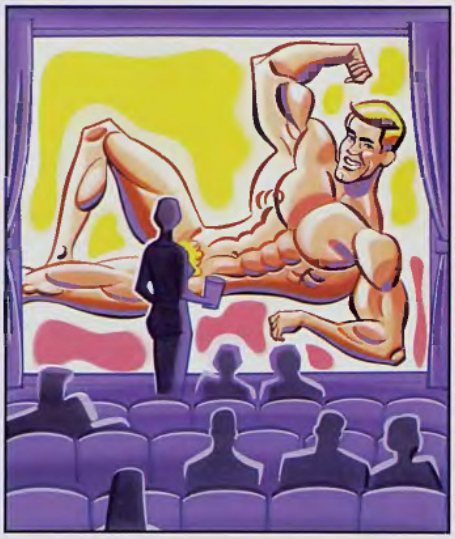
One thing you haven't seen much of is penises. They seem to be blackballed in Hollywood, genitalia non grata everywhere but the ghetto of hard-core porn. Mainstream filmmakers shun them because showing one usually means an NC-17 rating, which is box-office poison.

But why? Nobody screams bloody murder at the sight of bloody murder. When the subject is sex, women have full-frontal freedom. Why should penises be circumscribed?

Like everything else that touches Sharon Stone, the Movie Penis Issue makes news. First came reports that Stone's 1993 thriller, *Sliver*, would feature "on-screen male sexuality." In *Basic Instinct* Stone had writhed on unseen things that may as well have been hemorrhoids; now we would see what made her tick. Co-star William Baldwin was willing to do his part. Director Philip Noyce was eager. "I have never understood why male screen sexuality is taboo but female sexuality is not," Noyce told the *Los Angeles Times*. "You can get an R with a shot of a fully nude female, but not a male. I don't think that's right."

As the film's release approached, however, its leading man shrank from the hype. *Sliver*'s mystery meat wasn't his, Baldwin said, implying that he might have had a penis double. Noyce, who had bragged that "inch per inch of flesh, Billy Baldwin winds up more nude than Sharon Stone," retreated. "Billy does appear frontally nude," he mumbled, "but you can't see anything because it's dark." The Motion Picture Association of America's ratings board, jumping at shadows, slapped the movie with an NC-17 anyway, and Noyce had to play a childish game of Stone, scissors, penis. He got his R by clipping skin until the lone offender in *Sliver* was a blip on a video screen.

That's the way it goes in the movies. You may recall *Last Tango in Paris* as a hot date, but its only penis was a quip. "What's this?" Maria Schneider asks Marlon Brando. "Your happiness," says Brando, "and my hap-penis." In 1980 Richard Gere appeared fully nude in *American Gigolo*. Other than that, recent films have been almost penisless. During a long weekend as a pro pecker checker I saw fewer scenes of male nudity than decapitations, nude cheerleaders or even honest lawyers.



Blackballed: the case of the missing member.

What do John Wayne Bobbitt and American movies have in common?

The Stone connection popped up right away. Surprisingly, it wasn't Stone or Baldwin but another *Sliver* star, Tom Berenger, who made the biggest impression. He went balls-out in the Amazon jungle in *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, unveiling a private package with a strong rightward tilt. Berenger's right-winger went uncut; the film was rated R thanks to what can be called the *National Geographic* factor: The MPAA ratings board looks kindly on jungle penises.

An orgy scene in *Scandal*, a British film about a politician and his loins, had to be pruned before appearing here. The scandal was over one little penis in the background. Moral: We may heave Oscars at English accents, but a British banger is still a sausage.

A dead one—apparently glazed—earned an NC-17 for the gourmet British production *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*. The party favor's preparation, or even expiration, didn't seem to matter to the ratings board.

Europa Europa concerned a soldier who hid his circumcised penis from the Nazis but not from the camera. *A Room With a View* featured male front foliage during a frolic in the woods. Both were rated R, since nobody minds foreign-film nudity outside the bedroom.

Then came a sudden thaw. Dil's pickle had a one-second cameo in *The Crying Game* and was the sensation of the year. A brief look at Jeremy Irons' bobbler sold tickets to *Damage*. *Bad Lieutenant* starred Harvey Keitel and his privates. Still, those were independent productions. Hollywood blockbusters were as blinkered as ever. The recent video release of an uncut *Basic Instinct* proved the rule. Breathlessly billed as more explicit than the basic *Basic*, the new cut was as one-sided as the original. There was more nude footage of Stone, but no more Michael Douglas inchage.

As long as penised people run Hollywood, we'll be seeing more of Stone's nooks than we will of Douglas' crannies. Some defenders of the cover-up call penises "ugly." That's no answer. Balding gnome Danny DeVito and Dr. Sardonicus lookalike Willem Dafoe were not winning any beauty contests before they became box-office heroes. Still other cineastes claim that women, who are presumably the untapped audience here, don't respond well to visual stimuli. But if women haven't fought for the right to see Mel Gibson's urethral weapon as well as his famous backside, maybe it's because they never thought they had a chance.

Are actors more modest than actresses? Although Gere, Irons, Keitel and other stars have schwung, there's still no pressure on actors to drop trou. Why reveal more than you have to? As Brando reportedly muttered after hiding his hap-penis in *Last Tango*, "I didn't want anyone to be disappointed."

Covering one's groin is one of man's oldest defenses. It can also be pussying out. Wouldn't a real movie tough guy face the world, naked but unbowed? Berenger's gnarled knob nods as if to say, "Damn right." Baldwin's, shivering, wants somebody else to go first.

I have a friend who says that if women could see all the flaccid penises in locker rooms instead of the missiles they encounter in bed, everybody might relax a bit. If women saw more penises at play, some feminists could no longer get away with demonizing dongs as the cattle prods of patriarchy, and men wouldn't worry so much about whether they're hung like King Kong or Benji.

Could it happen? There's not yet much call for Baldwin's bald one or for shower scenes of male cheerleaders. Still, one strong woman could help shift the balance. If Stone ever takes matters into her own hands, refusing to show hers until her leading men start showing theirs, she might lose some screen time, but at least she'll add another member to the cast.

THE LEATHER LOOK

Tired of the basic bomber jacket? Then you'll be happy to know that designers have come up with some sharp new looks in leather and suede outerwear for spring. M. Julian has taken a tailored approach, for example, with a beige lamb-suede three-button blazer that has picket stitching around the lapels ($475). There's also Free Country's lightweight tobacco- and olive-colored suede shirt jackets with leather elbow patches ($225), Andrew Marc's full-cut lambskin anorak, which has a supersoft cotton chambray lining ($625), and New Republic's classic natural belted deerskin peacoat ($975). Or, if you want to go Western, Double RL offers a tan buckskin jacket that's fringed across the chest and pockets ($975). A sleeveless way to cut the chill of spring is with a leather or suede vest. Michael Hoban, the co-founder of North Beach Leather, has come up with the ultimate combat vest: It's made of black leather with a zipper front and multiple pockets ($450). Schott Bros.' rugged steer-hide vest has zipper closures ($160), and Avirex USA's Western-inspired zip-front leather model with off-white trim (about $180, shown here) is right for city slickers.

FRESH LINEN

There was a time when even heavy starch couldn't keep the wrinkles out of linen. But thanks to new weaving techniques, laundering methods and fabric blends, linen garments are now among the most comfortable styles in menswear. At the high end of the scale, Alfred Dunhill offers a traditional linen suit ($925), which can be worn with its lightweight linen vest ($150), and Michael Kors blends silk and rayon into his linen suits (about $750) to create a relaxed look with minimal wrinkles. There are also linen dress shirts, such as the classic linen and cotton ones from Tommy Hilfiger ($55), or the pastel washed styles by Paul Smith ($270). In sportswear, Polo by Ralph Lauren has teamed his rolled-at-the-hem, slightly rumpled linen pants ($170) with a navy pinstripe jacket ($640). Industria offers drawstring pants (about $190) as a hip alternative to khakis or jeans. And to exemplify linen's new freedom, John Bartlett has given his Robinson Crusoe camp shirt frayed sleeves ($190).

HOT SHOPPING: NEW ORLEANS

Crowds as thick as gumbo flow into New Orleans during Mardi Gras (February) and the Jazz Festival (usually in April), so March is a good month to explore the city's more unusual shopping haunts. Among them are F & F Botanica (801 N. Broad Avenue): A curious store with potions, lotions and thousands of spiritual articles, including air sprays named after saints. • Circ deVille (2038 Magazine Street): Wild hats for men, women and children made of everything from antique fabrics to auto parts. • Boomerang (1128 Decatur Street): Hip-hop, skateboard and heavy-metal threads for the young and the restless. • The Louisiana Music Factory (225 N. Peters): A top record shop with a great selection of Cajun, blues and gospel tunes. • Palm Court Jazz Cafe (1204 Decatur Street): Relax with some of the best food and sounds to be found in the Big Easy.

CLOTHES LINE

Since nattily attired chat-show host **Maury Povich** likes "the big-shouldered look that Tim Robbins had in *The Player*," he affects a similar stance in suits by Alexander Julian, Harve Bernard and Yves St. Laurent. Then, to offset his conservative on-air apparel, he dons flowery ties and Bally loafers because "lace-up shoes make me think I'm going to a funeral." A zero-handicap golfer who dresses the part, Povich admits he wears the same thing to work every day: a Bobby Jones shirt, a Polo sweater, black Reeboks and corduroy slacks over one of his ten dozen pairs of *A Current Affair* boxer shorts.

LOUNGE ACTS

Those worn-out college sweats may be fine for pickup games or walking the dog, but when you're hanging out at home with friends, we suggest wearing something equally comfortable but infinitely more stylish. Robert Stock's "jam set," which includes a two-tone sand-washed silk hooded top ($31) and contrasting drawstring shorts ($19), is a great example. So are underwear king Calvin Klein's knit button-fly pants ($25) and matching Henley T-shirts ($23), which come in a range of colors, including natural, black and olive. To up the color ante, try Joe Boxer's striped and dotted silk pajamas ($85) and matching robe ($85), or TSE Cashmere's silk and cashmere sweatsuit (about $690), which comes in 15 colors. Warning: Stylish loungewear has one drawback. You have to keep her from stealing it.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLEMETER

JEANS	IN	OUT
FIT	Relaxed through the seat and thighs with a shorter rise	Oversized hip-hop styles or anything too tight
STYLE	Five pockets; straight legs with a slight flare below the knee; stovepipes and boot cuts	Overblown contrast stitching; extra-wide bell bottoms; intentionally shredded
COLOR	Sand-washed for a vintage look; medium-tone indigos	Bright surfer colors; overly bleached blue and stark white

Where & How to Buy on page 149.

NIGHTLIFE

By DEAN KUIPERS

HOW TWISTED is the kink in your radical chic? Nude go-go girls in cages are only a warm-up act compared with the feature attractions being offered in West Coast dance clubs. The fresh DJ culture that brought you hip-hop and rap, deep house and raves, techno and industrial still packs the dance clubs. But hard-core freaks keep digging for the most intense dance floor vibe—the heaviest attitude and most sexualized free-for-all. Right on cue, S&M acts and bondage fetishes have slithered into the straight dance clubs, and the distinctions between dance hall and sex-club dungeon are blurring.

•

A harvest moon hangs fat and warm over the rooftop bar of a San Francisco club called Oasis, soaking up the last shreds of September summer. Inside it's jammed with the regular Thursday-night gathering, when Oasis transmogrifies into Temple and lures a Gothic doom-and-gloom crowd. The music is a swath of moody punishment, everything from Dead Can Dance to Nine Inch Nails to old Gary Numan to Throbbing Gristle. The clubbers themselves are a mixed lot: morose young men in Alice Cooper face paint; vampire seductresses who wear Victorian corsets, high-cut bodysuits and vinyl thigh-high boots; motorcycle boys in black leather; hipsters in jeans and T-shirts.

But one threesome is particularly conspicuous: They look as if they just came from an office dinner party. He's in his 40s and sports a light suit. There are two women with him, and the one in the red dress boogies awkwardly in her heels. I overhear a woman in an Elvira dress say that the three look really out of place, and I have to agree.

Weren't we in for a surprise.

Twenty minutes later I am in a back-room bar watching a wiry transvestite named Bridget, who stands almost seven feet tall, tangle with a dominatrix named Mistress Ilsa. The woman in the red dress worships at their feet.

When Mistress Ilsa finishes working on Bridget, she turns her attention to the compliant woman in the red dress, while the suit looks on with delight. The back bar is suddenly jammed with about 60 dancers moving to the pounding beat, enjoying a little voyeuristic taste for their club dollar.

None of the clubbers fall down and start screwing or anything—at least not tonight—but the eroticism spills onto the dance floor. The possibility arises that something might happen to you.

Scenes such as these are usually closeted in private sex clubs or a dominatrix' playroom, and are more common in gay clubs, with their legacy of public sex. But the crowd at Oasis is, I suspect, largely straight. This dance club is in your face: What do you need to get off?

A voyeuristic taste for your club dollar.

Bondage-a-Go-Go:
no pain,
no gain.

A Wednesday-night club in San Francisco called Bondage-au-Go-Go—where incredible stage dancers lead the crowd with a ritualistic fervor—moves beyond this voyeuristic thrill to create an entirely new club atmosphere: overtly sexual and even frightening.

Last summer, the place ran into some trouble with the law after a patron got a little carried away with audience participation. While I didn't see anything too dramatic or disturbing on the foggy night I visited the club, I was haunted by the dancers. The crowd was thin, and two leggy women in vinyl bodysuits had been dancing and writhing in mock sexual ecstasy for a few hours. At midnight a dancer named Dan took the stage clad in only a leather G-string and a 16-foot Burmese python named Sinner. He started dancing and jerking his Iggy Pop body across the stage, the snake running over him like muscled water. The two women joined him. Soon all four—man, women and python—fell onto a leather couch in a sexual knot, kissing and fondling one another, hands slipping inside leather and vinyl.

Just as the necking reached a climax and one of the dancers fell bare-breasted out of her top, the DJ announced last song. I watched everybody snap out of their sex trances. This is, after all, a dance club. Not a strip bar, not a live sex act, not a controlled atmosphere where you pay $20 to have a woman grind on your lap under an understood set of rules. Here the entire room is the act.

With the erotica, the music and the dance crowd, a spectacle was achieved that might not be possible in a sex club. It's still a show, but it's also a public participation ritual, and the potential is there for acts far beyond the hands-off routines you see in strip bars.

S&M and bondage-and-domination clubs have been around for decades, but these new dance clubs are drastically different from any sex or cruising scene. They are packed with young club kids who just want to get turned on and dance, or show off their otherwise too-radical threads in the intense atmosphere.

At Los Angeles' Sin-a-Matic, a Saturday-night club at 7969 Santa Monica Boulevard, dancing is primary. On the night I was there the music was a dense house mix that turned the night into a seamless, sweat-soaked rave. The three rooms were full, and the mirrors dripped condensation. One guy wore a G-string that showed a big gold ring through his scrotum. He dished out some light whip abuse in the back room, and it gave the club a certain edgy energy.

While one long-haired rocker bared his back, electricity spread through the club. Scores of people rushed into the room, crushing right up close, talking and drinking, yelling encouragement to the smiling lad. The fascination with the pain was obvious—part freak show, part friends experimenting on friends, part genuine erotica. Clubbers feel both entertained and sexed up, and in the other room is the body's solution: Dance it off.

At Temple in San Francisco I saw a beautiful young woman have her tongue pierced. Other people were branded (yes, with hot irons, just like in a corral) and had their nipples pierced, but the woman with the new stud through her tongue stood out. Her leg quivered as Vaughn from Body Manipulations worked the needle. She was scared, and so were the rest of us. But she danced away the pain afterward, so the act became ritualistic. Blood first, then frenzy.

That brought the entire scene into focus for me. Young city dwellers are scratching for new urban rituals, building their tribe and intensifying the club experience. You're forced to ask yourself: Why do you dance, what do you celebrate when you dance, and just how real do you want it to be?

WIRED

BANK AT HOME

Master Card and its partner, Checkfree, plan to bring electronic banking home by turning your telephone, computer and TV into "automated teller machines of the future." The service, called Master Banking, is being made available to customers of Master Card's 24,000-plus financial institutions worldwide. For about five dollars a month, you can pay bills, review balances, transfer funds between accounts and even apply for auto loans or mortgages—all without writing a single check. In addition, Master Banking will provide records of your account activity, update your credit card balances and offer a pie-chart analysis of your spending. All of these functions have been designed with future technologies in mind. Interactive-TV subscribers, for example, are expected to be key users, as are the owners of screen phones (computerized telephones with mini monitors, which will be available soon from companies such as Philips and AT&T). And, yes, computer users can Master Bank, too. In fact, Chemical Bank already has some of its customers on-line and future PCs and laptops will be sold with Master Banking software installed. Now, if only they could find a way to make your TV cough up instant cash.

LISTEN UP

Voice recognition technology, which allows you to operate a product simply by speaking to it, is being incorporated into a growing number of electronic devices. Last year, for example, Voice Powered Technology came out with a $100 remote control called VCR Voice that programs your video recorder by using verbal commands. Now that same company has introduced the Voice Organizer, a $200 hand-held gadget that stores dictated memos, appointments and phone numbers and recalls them in your own voice. There's also Blaupunkt's VRU-1 ($499), a speech recognition device that controls all of the company's cellular phones. And other products that will soon listen—and act—include television sets (Goldstar is releasing a voice-recognition TV in Korea this year that should hit the States in 1995), navigation systems (Sanyo is working on one) and appliances, including toasters, coffeemakers and home security systems (all under development at VPT).

CALORIE-FREE VENDING

You won't find any Snickers, Ding Dongs or Planters nuts in the new vending machines from Sims Communications. These "automated communications distribution centers," as Sims calls them, hold portable cellular phones, called Instafones, that you can rent for up to ten days. Currently stationed in airports, rental car agencies, hotels and convention centers nationwide, the vending machines look like giant cellular phones with ATM-like video display terminals. To rent a phone kit—which consists of a Murata phone, a car adapter, two extended-life batteries and a charger—you simply insert a major credit card and await approval. When that happens, you can grab your phone and go—you'll be billed $6.95 a day for the kit, plus between $1.60 to $2 a minute per call. Upon return of the phone, Sims will provide a detailed bill and receipt. Later this year, it plans to offer vending machines with laptop computers and devices such as the Apple Newton.

WILD THINGS

New car audio components from Pioneer, called the Optical Digital Reference System, use fiber-optic cables and other impressive technology to create an acoustic environment in your auto that's on a par with a live performance. The cornerstone of the fully digital ODR system is the RS-K1 cassette/tuner/multi-CD controller ($1400, shown here), a computerized unit that replaces the buttons and knobs of traditional car stereos with a liquid crystal display and a remote control. With the remote you can issue a variety of commands, which are then visually confirmed on the LCD panel. • Atari's Jaguar, the 64-bit cartridge-based video game system that was launched in November 1993 ($249), will soon have a 32-bit CD game companion. The unnamed system will cost about $200 and will play audio CDs, interactive discs and full-motion-video movies on CD. • To find out what effect President Clinton's tax law changes will have on your IRS tab, check out Chipsoft's Turbotax Tax Planner for IBM-compatible and Macintosh computers. In addition to adjusting up to the new 39.6 percent rate for guys who are really in the chips, the $30 program will help you access your tax liability for real estate transactions, investments and retirement, and it provides tax forecasting through 1997.

Where & How to Buy on page 149.

The 1955 Ford Crown Victoria

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

IF A YOUNG South American novelist had written ***Brazil*** (Knopf), it would be hailed as an impressive fulfillment of his or her literary heritage. But for 61-year-old John Updike from Shillington, Pennsylvania to have written this phantasmagoric opus, which embraces the heart and history of Brazil, is nothing less than an astonishing act of imagination.

Updike gives us a sensual story with vividly sexual scenes and lush, musical, multilayered images of Brazilian life. He begins on a Copacabana beach, where Tristão, a poor black 19-year-old from the *favela*—the hillside slums that overlook Rio—picks up Isabel, the beautiful white 18-year-old daughter of a diplomat. After he tenderly initiates his virgin lover into womanhood and they pledge their devotion to each other, they embark on a journey through life together.

First, the lovers run away to São Paulo, where Tristão hopes to find work in the Volkswagen factory with the help of his brother, Chiquinho. Instead, Chiquinho betrays them to Isabel's father, Salomão, who sends two thugs: one to take Isabel back to her father's home in Brasília, and one to watch Tristão. The couple suffers a two-year separation, until Tristão snatches Isabel out of the University of Brasília and they run away again—this time to the gold mines. There, Tristão spends years digging and is eventually rewarded by finding the biggest and purest gold nugget ever unearthed in the mining area of Serra do Buraco. Of course, the subsequent publicity brings a visit from one of Salomão's thugs. In a struggle, Tristão kills the gunman, and then escapes with Isabel into the Mato Grosso, only to be captured by religious fanatics.

As if Updike had not already dared enough, at this point he springs a breathtaking surprise: Isabel goes to an Indian shaman to help her free her enslaved lover with magic. Indeed, after Isabel has her entire body painted with black dye, she returns to the camp of the *bandeirantes* to find that, magically, Tristão has turned white and has been freed. Their roles transposed, they return to civilization as a white husband and a black wife.

Updike has brought Tristram and Isolde to Brazil to retell their story in the South American literary tradition of magical realism. He has mixed politics and myth, violence and poetry, rich and poor, black and white. Despite its brevity, *Brazil* has the sweep of an epic.

Three other outstanding works of fiction have recently arrived on bookstore shelves. John Hersey's last collection of short stories, ***Key West Tales*** (Knopf), is a posthumous gift of gracefully connected sketches and portraits that are a pleasing testimony of Hersey's love for that unique island at the southern tip of the United States. Rick Bass, heir to the clean, spare style of Hemingway, has a collection of three novellas, ***Platte River*** (Houghton Mifflin). Each of the stories has a different rhythm. I particularly like *Field Events*, about a huge young man who falls in love and learns to throw the discus at the same time. And Louise Erdrich, who writes better about the lives of contemporary American Indians than anyone else, has another lyrical novel, ***The Bingo Palace*** (HarperCollins), about Chippewa in North Dakota.

ANTHONY RUSSO

Updike's sensual *Brazil*.

Dazzling Updike, stories from Rick Bass and baseball in a Chicago housing project.

Another touching, troubling book about Chicago's projects—one that echoes the harsh truths of Alex Kotlowitz' *There Are No Children Here*—is ***Hardball: A Season in the Projects*** (Putnam's), by Daniel Coyle. It is the thoughtful, observant notes of a journalist who volunteers to help coach a Little League baseball team in Cabrini-Green, a tough project on Chicago's Near North Side. Coyle enters the lives of the 14 kids who play on the First Chicago Near North Kikuyus team and comes to know them in their homes as well as on the field. As the Kikuyus struggle all the way to the championship game, the experience of baseball lifts them, changes them, gives them a world of satisfaction beyond the violence and poverty that surrounds them. *Hardball* is a wonderful book about kids surviving the worst our society can throw at them—and about the redemptive power of baseball.

Satchel Paige knew about the redemptive power of baseball decades before these kids were born. As the first black man to pitch in the World Series and the first Negro National League star to enter the Baseball Hall of Fame, Paige was a legendary athlete. But as Mark Ribowsky documents in his fascinating biography, ***Don't Look Back: Satchel Paige in the Shadows of Baseball*** (Simon & Schuster), he was a legendary character and phrasemaker, too. Upon his induction into the Hall of Fame, Satch quipped: "Baseball has turned Paige from a second-class citizen to a second-class immortal."

For connoisseurs of crime fiction, a few recommendations: In ***Head Lock*** (Pocket), by Jerome Doolittle, private investigator Tom Bethany takes a personal interest in the abortion controversy when his already married friend turns up pregnant—by him. In his tenth outing, ***A Very Private Pilot*** (Morrow), William F. Buckley, Jr.'s patriotic superspy Blackford Oakes finds himself in a rather Ollie North–like jam—facing Congress to answer for decisions he made as director of covert operations for the CIA. And for those who didn't get enough of the amazing Prizzi crime family in *Prizzi's Glory*, *Prizzi's Family* and *Prizzi's Honor*, now comes another, the hilarious ***Prizzi's Money*** (Crown), by Richard Condon, in which the family is relieved of more than a billion dollars when a lady they try to double-cross fights back.

BOOK BAG

Networking in the Music Industry (Rockpress), by Jim Clevo and Eric Olsen: How to make contacts in the music biz. Must-read chapters: "Schmoozatorium" and "Who's Beating the Tribal Drum?"

Damn Right I've Got the Blues: Buddy Guy and the Blues Roots of Rock and Roll (Woodford Press), by Donald E. Wilcock, with Buddy Guy: "Buddy Guy is the last one-of-a-kind he-man of the blues, a muscleman of the guitar heroes," says Eric Clapton in a biography that proves it.

Domesticity: A Gastronomic Interpretation of Love (Charles Scribner's Sons), by Bob Shacochis: A literary and culinary feast from the author of *Swimming in the Volcano* makes this chronicle of a 17-year love affair a perfect romantic gift.

The Literary Companion to Sex (Random House), collected by Fiona Pitt-Kethley: An anthology of erotic prose and poetry from ancient times through the 20th century.

FITNESS SMARTS

By JON KRAKAUER

DOWN AT THE gym you're shooting hoops with the usual suspects. You execute a brilliant head fake, launch a perfect jump shot over the chump who's defending you—and watch in disbelief as the ball clangs off the front of the rim like a bird hitting a plate-glass window. Adding injury to insult, you land off balance, coming down hard on the side of your left foot. A white-hot flash of pain surges up your leg. Your vision blurs. You have sprained your ankle.

What you do about it over the next few hours may well determine whether a week hence you'll still be hobbling around on crutches or dribbling full tilt down the floor to toss up another brick. The key, say athletic trainers and orthopedists, is prompt treatment with one of the most remarkable therapies available to 20th century medicine. It's called frozen water, otherwise known as ice. No, it isn't high-tech, but it works.

On the face of it, because cold constricts the body's vascular plumbing and impedes the local flow of blood necessary for the repair of damaged flesh, packing ice around an injured ankle may seem to be a bad idea. Logic would suggest the use of heat, which enhances circulation and speeds up the metabolic process. Logic, however, would lead you seriously astray. Heat has a place in the treatment of injuries, but only much later in the rehabilitative process. Ice is called for, and the sooner the better.

Not long ago a study was undertaken of 19 athletes with severe ankle sprains. Those who received ice treatments within 36 hours of the injury were able to resume normal activity in an average of 13.2 days. Those who waited more than 36 hours to ice their ankles were hors de combat for an average of 30.4 days. The unfortunates who were treated with heat instead of ice took 33.3 days to heal. Simply put, icing a torn muscle or sprained joint—if you act quickly enough—is likely to cut recovery time in half.

When you sprain an ankle, not only do you mangle the web of fibrous white gristle that holds the joint together—your ligaments—but you rupture blood vessels as well, severing the supply of oxygen to tissues in the vicinity of the injury. If it's a bad sprain, the joint will also fill with lymphatic fluid, swelling like an overstuffed sausage, putting the squeeze on even undamaged blood vessels and further impeding circulation to the ankle. Swelling can suffocate thousands upon thousands of cells that weren't harmed in the least by the initial trauma, a phenomenon known as secondary hypoxic injury.

JOANNE DALEY

Cold comfort.

Ice therapy:
the best way to
treat injuries.

Kenneth L. Knight, head of athletic training at Indiana State University, wrote the book on ice, a slim blue tome titled *Cryotherapy: Theory, Technique and Physiology*. According to Knight, ice treatments not only reduce destructive swelling but also slow the metabolism of the injured area, putting tissues into a "state of hibernation." Ice, Knight explains, "buys time until blood vessels are repaired and circulation can resume." The cold doesn't actually heal anything; it simply keeps a lid on secondary tissue damage so less healing has to occur.

Ice has proved to be effective in treating a wide range of ailments, including sprained ligaments, bruises, muscle spasms, chronic tendinitis, cold sores and even a side effect of cancer chemotherapy. But for ice therapy to work, the cold must penetrate deep into the injured tissue, and that doesn't happen quickly. Applying ice for a mere four or five minutes at a crack, insists Knight, "is pretty much a waste of time." Most doctors recommend that you elevate the hurting joint, then wrap an ice pack round it with an elastic bandage for a full 20 to 40 minutes every two hours for the first 48 hours following the injury.

Don't go overboard, though: With ice, as with so much in life, you can have too much of a good thing. If you ice for longer than 40 uninterruped minutes, you run the risk of experiencing a nasty little side effect known as "nerve palsy"—a mysterious, temporary paralysis of the appendage being iced that can last anywhere from hours to months.

And what about the days and weeks to come, after the swelling has been controlled? Since healing depends on good circulation, might it be time to forgo the ice pack in favor of some heat? Many sports medicine practitioners say yes, but Knight strongly disagrees. He recommends still more ice, now alternating the cold packs with sessions of sensibly moderate exercise. Begin with gentle range-of-motion exercises, then gradually work your way up to full activity.

Although heat does indeed increase the flow of blood to the site of an injury, thereby hastening the repair of damaged tissue, Knight points out that exercise boosts circulation more—much more. And ice does a magnificent job of alleviating residual aches and pains, Knight says, enabling you to start exercising both sooner and harder.

Hippocrates sang the praises of ice as an analgesic back in the fourth century B.C. In 1813, Baron Dominique-Jean Larrey, chief surgeon to Napoléon, anesthetized patients on the Russian front with nothing but snow before amputating their limbs. Nobody disputes that cold is an effective painkiller, though Knight concedes that explaining how cold alleviates pain "is difficult. In fact, explaining pain itself is difficult."

One hypothesis holds that cold relieves pain by counterirritation: In the so-called gate control theory, sensory impulses that communicate cold reach the spinal column more quickly than those which communicate pain. If the cold is intense, the cold impulses will clog the nervous system with a neuroelectrical traffic jam. Monopolizing all the spinal column's ports of entry, they block the slower pain impulses from getting in.

Cold's effectiveness as a counterirritant was probed as long ago as 1945 in a memorable experiment that could have been lifted from a Roger Corman movie. Human test subjects (who we can only hope were extremely well paid) had the fillings in their teeth "electrically stimulated" to determine their tolerance for pain. Ethyl chloride—a chemical spray that freezes skin on contact—was then applied to the legs of the subjects for 20 seconds, whereupon their fillings were again goosed repeatedly with electric current. For two hours following a single freeze treatment, the researchers discovered, considerably more juice was needed to make the subjects writhe in agony.

So the next time you tweak an ankle or irritate a tendon, take heart: If cold can put a dent in the sort of torture described above, just think what it will do for your paltry aches and pains.

MEN

By ASA BABER

President Clinton's approval rating has been in the vicinity of 50 percent for some time now, and with good reason. His foreign policy appears riddled with indecision and his domestic priorities seem blurred.

He has forged alliances with parts of the feminist lobby in America, but many men view Bill Clinton with suspicion. They see him as a fast-talking policy wonk who believes that government has the solutions to all our problems.

Consequently, gentlemen, we have two choices: We can sit around and do nothing while we take masochistic pleasure in seeing President Clinton get bashed, or we can forge an alliance with a president who is in trouble and urge him to consider men's rights and fathers' rights as a meaningful part of the nation's political agenda.

President Clinton needs help, and he is a man we might be able to work with. After all, he is a father (as is Vice President Gore). He has regular guys as friends. He plays golf, jogs and jokes around. No matter how much Bill Clinton tries to please the women in his life, he is still one of us.

I did not vote for Clinton, but after watching the president survive Rush Limbaugh's mockery and Ross Perot's opposition and the media's cynicism, I have come to the conclusion that he is a tough and practical man. He is no wussy. Clinton has absorbed a lot of cheap hits and has persevered, and I admire his stamina and smarts.

I have some proof that the president might be interested in reaching out to men. This past October, a small group of us visited the White House to talk to a Clinton administration official about fathers' rights and family issues. And while that may not seem like a big deal, it was a significant first step. Up to that point, the testimony of fathers had been mostly ignored by the White House.

The meeting was the brainchild of Bill Harrington from Tacoma, Washington. A former political consultant and veteran of what he calls "trench politics," Harrington spent most of the Eighties as a salvage-logging contractor. The question of fathers' rights came into his life in 1987, when he had to fight for joint custody of his son and daughter (he eventually got it).

A FOOT IN THE DOOR

"That's when I became aware that we need a fathers' rights movement," Harrington said when he called to invite me to the meeting in Washington, D.C. "It is time for fathers to get political.

"When Bill Clinton was campaigning for the presidency, I wrote him a letter. 'You always knock deadbeat dads,' I said, 'but you never say anything positive about the millions of responsible fathers in this country. Why is that?'

"After Clinton was elected," Harrington continued, "I sent him ten letters about fathers and welfare reform, joint custody, all those issues. Finally, I sent one with copies to Vice President Gore, David Gergen, George Stephanopoulos and William Galston (the president's deputy assistant for domestic policy). Believe it or not, Galston called me a short time later and asked when I wanted to meet."

At that point, Harrington called several other men who had been active in the field of fathers' rights and asked them to join him at the White House. On October 7, 1993, in room 180 of the Old Executive Office Building (and later on the steps by the west wing of the White House), 15 members of Bill Harrington's newly formed American Fathers Coalition talked with Galston about the role of fathers in our culture.

I am happy to report that Galston treated us with respect. He came to the meeting alone, listened to every man speak and shared his thoughts with us.

The men who were at that meeting are experienced in fathers' rights work. They believe there is no greater threat to the health and survival of our culture than the disappearance of the father from the family. Members of the group included James A. Cook (of the Joint Custody Association in Los Angeles), who spoke of the need to establish joint custody as law. Robert D. Arenstein (of the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers in New York) talked of the problems fathers face when their children are abducted. Dick Woods (Fathers for Equal Rights in Des Moines, Iowa) addressed the need to enforce equal parenting time in custody situations. Murray Steinberg (Family Resolution Council of Richmond, Virginia) discussed the advantages of mediation in child custody disputes.

"There are 19 million kids in the U.S. who don't have day-to-day contact with their fathers," Harrington said in a press conference after the meeting. "Absent-father syndrome is driving all entitlements, and we want it recognized as a major social problem that contributes to crime."

What I saw as I walked the corridors of power in Washington, D.C. was that a truly effective fathers' rights movement does not yet exist in this country. Indeed, most of the people I talked to seemed to be wary of the idea. "You can talk about children's rights and mothers' rights," a congressional staffer said to me, "but it is politically incorrect to say you represent fathers."

There is no full-time professional lobbyist on Capitol Hill who follows legislation from the father's point of view. But if the recently created American Fathers Coalition gets organized and financed, that much-needed change just might happen.

"You will be back," Galston said to us as we finished our meeting. I felt that this might mark the beginning of a good relationship between the Clinton administration and the many people who are working for fathers' rights. We have our collective foot in the door, and it is there to stay.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

"Oh, God, my tits hurt so bad," said Kitty. She was dressed slickly chic but looked wan and frazzled. "Weaning a baby is the end of the world. I want to die." She put her head on my shoulder. "I feel like something scraped off the bottom of a shoe."

Jane, swathed in Armani, tsk-tsked smugly. She herself had just become pregnant and she was irradiated with her secret.

"Don't wean," I said to Kitty. "If it hurts that much it's too quick and too early. Leave it for a couple months." Kitty's eyes filled with tears, maybe of joy.

"Easy for you to say, you had only one," said Sarah. "The second time, you're ready to wean ten minutes after your milk comes in."

"Don't you hate it when the milk comes in so quickly that you suddenly have two rocks on your chest?" said Valerie, who had been silent until now.

We were at an official girls' night out, and I couldn't figure out what I was doing there.

You too may have noticed the constant features in "women's pages" of newspapers about the groovy new phenomenon of girls' night out. How everybody who's anybody is eschewing men for one night a month, when they all get together and, I guess, let their hair down. How liberating and refreshing it is not to have stupid guys around belching and farting and talking football. How wonderful it is to bond with other females, to be able to speak out on any topic you want to without those judgmental, masculine scowls.

I find the whole notion profoundly depressing. It's so very ladies-protesting-too-much. The general tone, and the women quoted, in these articles sound so upbeat, perky and utterly desperate. "Oh, no," the women say, "we don't need men, we can be perfectly happy with just one another." Which, decoded, means "Get me a boyfriend before I go out of my mind," or, if you have one, "Lay a finger on my man and I'll break your leg."

To make such a fuss of girls' night out, to use words like "just one another," means there is an ugly subtext going on, a depraved presupposition that men are the superior sex. That women have to use all kinds of special props and pep talks to define themselves without men.

MIRIAM HLEY

GIRLS' NIGHT OUT: WHY?

Not that I had actually been to one or anything. I figured it would be just like when you see women watching male strippers (that I've done once, OK?) and they clap and carry on and act the way they think men act, the way men watching strippers in movies act. Actual men watching actual strippers just sit there quietly with hard-ons. They do not squeal.

Women are still, or are again, very male-centered. They still ape their oppressors. They still feel deeply unsafe and disoriented when engaged in a non-male-sanctioned activity.

Plus, I had been to the original girls' night out, thank you. We called them consciousness-raising groups. They were the greatest mind-altering experience a woman could have. Much better than mescaline. A consciousness-raising group in the early Seventies was an evening of unconditional support punctuated by searing insights. We ate fondue and realized we didn't have to be a servant class if we didn't want to. It was liberating. Once we were talking about masturbation and—no, never mind, it's still none of your business. Suffice it to say it could not be anything like this Nineties version.

But I went anyway. It was not at all what I expected. Except for the outfits. We were all glamourous, impeccably sophisticated visions. For men we just try to look skinnier so they won't think we have enormous butts or anything. For women we pull out all the stops because, let's face it, is a guy going to know that the black velvet number with the standing boat neckline and taffeta frills around the hem is actually a work of art? Men don't even know what clothes are called. They think everything that isn't pants is a dress, for God's sake. I personally got up four times to twirl around the room to be admired by my eagle-eyed peers.

But there were no single women on the prowl while pretending not to be. Instead I found myself in a group of tired women who were trying to be supportive companions to their men, nurturing mothers and successful career women. Married women.

Married women are most in need of girls' night out. Tell a husband you're going to dinner with women friends and either he just assumes he's invited or sulks because what the hell is he supposed to eat? But tell him you're going to girls' night out and he gets a fond, condescending gleam in his eye. A husband assumes just what I'd assumed, that it's really about them.

We talked politics, art, gossip. We argued about whether Kitty should wean or not. We stuffed ourselves with bread and wine and many of us put our heads down on the table for a little nap. Men were somehow not mentioned.

At first I felt all pompous. I am an independent woman, and all my nights are girls' nights out, even if there are guys around. We never bothered labeling it. It was a way of life, and a mighty good one at that.

Then I went wistful. Was this independence I had carved for myself really mighty good? Wasn't I just sublimating with freedom and career my real needs for a husband and child? Wait a minute, I have a child. A husband then? Was I jealous?

No, I wasn't. Everyone has an albatross round her neck. And as the evening progressed and we got more and more relaxed (i.e., plastered), those feelings of warm and supportive sisterhood rose up within us and we started carousing. It can still happen, even in the Nineties.

SKI PLAYBOY

PRESENTS

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 30-year-old male who enjoys wearing women's panties. I have done this on occasion for six years. I like the way they look, and I get a thrill out of doing something forbidden. I consider myself normal in most other ways, and I am heterosexual. I lift weights and do guy things the rest of the time. Am I normal?—R. D., Alexandria, Virginia.

Who's to say what's normal? The only labels you should worry about are the ones in your clothes. The majority of cross-dressers consider themselves heterosexual, and nearly half wear women's clothing only at home. Since you don't mention whether you must wear panties to become sexually aroused, nor do you seem too bothered by your fondness for lingerie, we say curl up with a Victoria's Secret catalog and knock yourself out.

What is the best way to wash athletic shoes? Is it OK to throw them in the washing machine?—D. B., Sacramento, California.

For hand washing your shoes (canvas, nylon or leather), use a soft cloth, mild soap (leather cleaner or saddle soap for leather shoes) and cold water. Air dry. Canvas and nylon shoes can also be cleaned in the washing machine, on the gentle cycle, again using mild soap and cold water. Leather shoes should never be immersed in water.

I have been married for 12 years. This summer I began having an affair—with another woman. She works with my husband and she is a close friend of ours. We have gone to the beach together—most of the time with my husband, but sometimes not. A few weeks ago I went back to her apartment for a beer. She came over to me, slipped off the robe she had changed into and started to untie the top to my bikini. I was stunned, but I let her take off my top, and then my bottoms. We went into the bedroom and spent a couple hours having sex. After I got over the initial shock it became very passionate. Since then, we've had another session, and that was also torrid. I told her I felt we should stop. She said forget it, and suggested including my husband for a threesome. I asked him, in a nonspecific way, what he thought about having sex with two women. He said it was every man's fantasy. Should we go for it?—C. R., Raleigh, North Carolina.

Sure. But don't set him up. First, see how your husband handles the news that you have a new lover. Will he be surprised? Angry? Clear the air or your ménage à trois could turn into trouble.

I find adult movies exciting and arousing. I think they can be a good addition to foreplay once in a while. My wife,

however, doesn't like to watch with me. She feels that two people who are in love should not need outside arousal. How can I relate my desire to watch these movies together and still respect her feelings?—K. K., Springfield, Illinois.

If two people who are truly in love need no outside stimuli, there would be no books, movies, restaurants, health clubs, florists, lingerie shops or, God forbid, Fabio posters. In our view, adult films aren't much different. We are all for heightening arousal within a loving relationship (the two don't necessarily go hand in hand). But your situation is not about arousal or love—it's about control. One of the most damaging relics of old-fashioned romance is that one partner holds a monopoly on turn-ons. Strong couples can take risks.

My fiancée and I have decided on a somewhat untraditional wedding. She will ask three women and a man to stand for her, and I will ask three men and a woman to stand for me. My best female friend, next to my fiancée, is a former girlfriend. Our relationship has been platonic for years. But naturally my fiancée still views her as competition, though she likes her. If I ask someone else, I will please my bride but will be untrue to myself. I will also hurt the feelings of the woman, because she is my best friend and knows it.—R. R., Seattle, Washington.

Wedding arrangements sometimes have more impact than international treaties. You should honor your fiancée's feelings above all others', especially on your wedding day. This is, after all, supposed to be her day (which is why bridal registries always contain neat girl stuff, and never useful gifts like stereo components or power tools). We understand how you feel about your friend, but don't push it if you want a happy marriage.

I have collected more than 500 CDs and have damaged more than one. What causes a CD to skip? Once a CD is scratched, is there any way to repair it?—A. C., Denver, Colorado.

CDs often skip because of scratches and dirt on the surface. If your CD is scratched on the label side, no big deal. A scratch on the reflective side means the disc is probably ruined. If the disc is simply dirty it can be cleaned, and there are several disc-repair and disc-maintenance kits on the market. A CD might also skip because of a misaligned CD player or because it is poorly made or warped or has a hole that isn't centered. To keep your discs in great shape, never touch their surfaces, and store them in their jewel boxes. If you minimize exposure to dirt, dust and fumes from cigarettes and cooking, your CDs shouldn't require cleaning.

What is the effect of secondhand marijuana smoke? I have a friend who smokes pot around me occasionally. I have no personal aversion to it, but I am in the process of becoming a police officer and wonder if the secondhand smoke could show up in a urine test. Should I avoid my friend when he smokes, or am I worrying for nothing?—L. K., Rochester, New York.

According to officials at the National Institute on Drug Abuse, breathing your friend's secondhand pot smoke won't show up in your urine test. But if you have to make an effort to avoid friends who do drugs, you might consider a career other than law enforcement.

On a recent trip to the Caribbean I tried dark rum. Delicious. I'd like to experiment with different mixes. Do you have any favorites?—J. I., Wayne, New Jersey.

Dark rum and orange juice with a dash of grenadine is quite popular. A rum sidecar contains dark rum, Cointreau and lemon or lime juice. A rum manhattan is añejo rum, Italian vermouth and a dash of orange bitters. Or try a rum-and-gin cocktail: 1 ounce rum, a half-ounce of gin and half a teaspoon of lemon juice.

I'm away on business a lot and am thinking about buying a vibrator for my wife to use when I can't be with her. Is there a difference between a vibrator-induced orgasm and one produced by manual masturbation?—D. B., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The main difference between using a vibrator to masturbate and using your hand is that the vibrator moves faster and has more

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

endurance. It won't change the ways and places your wife likes to be stimulated. Only she and you know where those are. Be aware that the vibrator orgasm is reported to be much more intense. Furthermore, women who have never had more than one orgasm per session are often able to have several more with a vibrator. However, orgasm usually happens in a much shorter time, sometimes in a minute or less, so your wife won't be enjoying the all-night stimulation that you could provide.

My wife purchased season tickets to a dinner theater. The price of the ticket includes a buffet dinner with the server providing only the drinks and dessert service (water glasses and pitcher are already on the table). Do I base a tip on the price of the dinner and show (with or without drinks or dessert)? If we use the buffet line and drink water, do we not tip at all because our server was available but did not provide any service?—D. G., Edwardsville, Kansas.

Leave at least 15 percent of the estimated price of the dinner if your service is courteous and prompt. Even though the buffet is self-serve, someone has to handle the preparations, restock the food and clean up afterward. Waiters serve, but they also stand and wait.

I've recently met two young married women at work. Both have flirted with me in semiprivate circumstances, but are businesslike in front of others. In fact, the more suggestive of the two is more impersonal in public. Because of their behavior, I'm assuming that each is open to an affair. It seems logical to invite either one to my apartment at lunchtime, but I don't want to be crude or make them feel cheap. How should I approach this?—B. A., Columbia, Maryland.

Gee, two women who haven't read a word about sexual harassment, unwanted sexual innuendo or the power of harmless flirtation in the workplace. Maybe they're just flirting to keep in practice. They may not be aware of the mixed messages they are sending, especially to a single man like you. Why don't you discreetly ask them: "Are you flirting with me because you think it's safe, or are you interested in watching me make a fool of myself?" You'll know soon enough whether they mean business. On the other hand, learn what you can about flirting, and find a more available woman.

I need help choosing a tuxedo. What is proper this year? Should dinner jackets be white or off-white?—E. M., Manchester, Missouri.

Current styles are double-breasted tuxedo jackets with shawl collars, elegant vests and pleated, full-cut pants. White jackets are generally only worn in warm weather, but you may be able to get away with an ivory wool jacket, à la Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca," all year. If you're buying instead of renting, traditional black is a better investment.

When my wife gets her period, she goes off-duty sexually. The women I slept with before I got married enjoyed sex while they were menstruating. Plus, with the warmth and the moisture, it feels great for me. She spends six days a month being miserable. I know she'd enjoy intercourse at least once during her period. How can I get her to give in?—L. D., Sherman Oaks, California.

Keep in mind that although it is highly unlikely that she will get pregnant during menstruation, it is possible. So use protection. If she's worried about the mess, you can always do it in the shower or put a towel underneath you. Many women enjoy intercourse during their period because orgasm can often help relieve menstrual cramps. If she still refuses to give in, remind yourself that you don't have to have intercourse to have sex.

I recently gave birth, and I find it difficult to climax when having sex with my husband. The only way I've been able to is by running to the shower after sex and using a massaging shower head. This way, I've been able to have an orgasm in five minutes or quicker, but my husband feels left out. What can I do?—F. D., Fresno, California.

The solution is pretty clear: Have sex in the shower. No reason why your husband can't enjoy Mr. Shower Head as well.

Help! I'm experiencing vaginal dryness and I'm only 33. Could this be premature menopause?—C. M., New York, New York.

We doubt it, but see your gynecologist. The vaginal dryness associated with menopause rarely bothers healthy women until their late 40s. Did you start taking the pill? Engage in strenuous athletics? Both can cause dryness. Try a vaginal moisturizer. Are you experiencing pain during intercourse? Try using a water-soluble lubricant. Consider making love more often. Studies show that the more sexual stimulation a woman receives, the more moisture her vagina produces.

My wife and I enhance our lovemaking with scented candles and music from a little stereo we keep in our bedroom. Recently, our six-year-old son has been asking what they're all for. What should we tell him?—J. G., Reston, Virginia.

You could scare the bejesus out of him by saying that in the event of nuclear attack, this is what you've stocked in the fallout shelter. Or, tell him matter-of-factly that you enjoy candlelight and music when you make love. Linda Perlin Alperstein, an assistant clinical professor in the department of psychiatry at the University of California's San Francisco Medical Center, suggests the following for older children: "Ask, 'What do you think making love is?' Show your children that you're open to discussing sex, then answer their questions in an age-appropriate manner." For a six-year-old, Alperstein says you might explain that lovemaking is something grown-ups do when they feel a special love for each other. It involves kissing and hugging and touching for a long time. The key is to encourage them to ask questions. When they do, answer them simply, frankly and comfortably. Remember, not discussing sex sends as powerful a message as discussing it—that sex is unmentionable. It's OK to let your children know that sex is not always easy to talk about.

I've heard the market for collectible cars has dropped to a three-year low. Is this a good time to consider buying that old sports car or Fifties classic?—K. F., Washington, D.C.

Collector-car values are still down. That's especially true of Italian exotics, Jaguar roadsters, gull-wing Mercedes-Benzes and big-block Corvettes. Blame the lingering recession, a faltering economy and reaction to the highly inflated prices we saw in 1988 and 1989. There's little likelihood that old-car prices will soon return to those heady levels. Most people who purchased high-dollar cars in those halcyon days can't "afford" to sell them, but in cases where a buyer must unload his treasure, there are bargains to be had. To ensure you aren't taken to the cleaners, carefully check current values with sources like "Cars of Particular Interest," "Hemmings Motor News" or "The duPont Registry." Insist on seeing a clear title and all service or restoration records, and if you aren't familiar with a particular model, have a knowledgeable person inspect it for originality and authenticity. Don't fall in love with a car that may need more restoration than it's currently worth. The best way to learn about a specific model is to join the car club for that make. A complete club listing can be found in "Hemmings Vintage Auto Almanac" ($9.95, call 802-442-3101).

Whenever my spouse and I argue, she feels bad for days. Literally, she gets sick. Is she faking?—G. H., Chicago, Illinois.

Her body may be reacting to emotional stress. Research has shown that arguing weakens the immune system. The greater the hostility (marked by sarcasm, interruptions and criticism), the steeper the drop in white blood cells. Tiffs tend to affect women more than men, but both suffer. Learn to argue constructively.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

REAL MEN LEAVE

a second look at porn and aggression

For years social scientists have tried to gauge the effect of porn on men's behavior. You have probably read some of their conclusions in newspaper editorials or on fliers from antiporn ministers, or heard them in diatribes by feminist law professors, or in pompous speeches from politicians considering new antiporn legislation. In short, the finely hedged message seems to be that certain types of porn increase the chance of aggressive behavior toward women.

Social science in this case seems to blend seamlessly with political science. When expert testimony from social scientists favors prevailing social wisdom, it's cited and applauded. When it goes against the prevailing social consciousness, it's ignored.

The experiments that seek to prove that all men are potential rapists, beasts who can turn violent at the glimpse of a woman being treated violently, have always troubled us. Now we know why.

William Fisher, a psychologist at the University of Western Ontario, reviewed a previous experiment and discovered a serious flaw.

Fisher followed the structure of the original experiment, which can be viewed as a bad three-act play.

Act one: A male college student enters a lab, where he meets a female "teacher." The student writes an essay or performs a task; the woman gives him six to nine powerful electric shocks, supposedly to help him learn. In some experiments, the woman adds insult to injury by asking derisively, "How did you ever get into this university?" or commenting within earshot, "If I had to choose between a bed of nails and this guy, I'm not sure which I would choose as the brighter."

Act two: A social scientist has the student watch either a neutral film, nonviolent porn or some slimy concoction that shows a woman being raped violently (and apparently enjoying it).

Act three: The student sits at a machine and is ordered to question the same woman who pissed him off in act one. When she answers a question incorrectly, the student must give her an electric shock. By fiddling with a dial, the student can change the level of the shock.

In the original experiment, men who saw violent porn administered a higher level of shock to the woman than men who watched nonviolent erotica. To us the experiment proved one thing: If a person in a white lab coat tells you to do something, adding that it will help you learn, you'll do it. The experiment seems more about authority than about sex.

BORIS SHERON

Obedience to authority, no matter what personal morality dictates, is a phenomenon psychologist Stanley Milgram documented in the Sixties. His experiments showed that people who were not normally cruel were quite capable of inflicting pain if told to do so by someone in authority. In following Milgram's research, other researchers found that people of both sexes were willing to administer shocks when they had nothing to gain or lose by refusing, even when the decision was left up to them. So if there is blame to lay, it is with the individual, not with the stimuli.

But that is not what the public wants to hear about pornography. And so, says Fisher, "the social scientists just said, 'In laboratory studies, exposure to pornography causes men to be physically aggressive against women.'"

Fisher re-created the experiment with one vital difference: "I sat the guys in front of the shock generator. At this point in the original experiment—and this is the killer issue—the guys had no choice. I asked myself, What if they could just walk away? What if they could talk to the woman?"

Fisher gave 14 men the choice to leave. Twelve did. Real men don't put up with bullshit experiments.

Were the two others rapists? No, says Fisher. "One of them was a computer hacker, sort of a computer hobbyist; the other was a ham radio operator. They were mechanically inclined. Both saw the shock generator before the experiment and said, 'Can't wait to use it.'"

Real men leave. Maybe because the woman pissed them off or tried to fry their balls or because in the face of insult, they calculated that there was little chance of getting laid. Maybe they just went somewhere to masturbate. As for the techno-dweebs? Boys love toys.

On a talk show devoted to bias in social science research, Fisher described another approach to this experiment: "Say we were to run experiments in which a woman received massive exposure to soap operas and was then told to press a button that would result in a man somewhere being nagged. If we wrote this up, saying that soap operas cause women to nag men, we would justifiably be laughed at. But because the artificial experimentation of the original study dovetailed with prevailing wisdom about 'Men: Threat or Menace,' it got wide play in the literature."

READER

PUBLIC DEFENDERS

Many of us working in the legal system did not appreciate the flippancy of "Bill O' Rights Lite," by John Perry Barlow (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Specifically, I'm referring to Barlow's sixth amendment, which states, "the accused is entitled to the assistance of underpaid and indifferent counsel." I am not sure about the underpaid part, but in 20 years of prosecuting and defending countless cases involving indigent felons, I can't recall seeing indifferent counsel. Many people can't afford an attorney, so their life depends on court-appointed counsel. You can imagine how your statement might affect the psyche of someone in that situation. In the future, perhaps *Forum* could focus on the public defenders who vehemently, courageously and at a sacrifice to themselves give life to the real amendments that Barlow parodied.

Neil W. Simonson
Hayfield, Minnesota

THE RAPE OF TRUTH

I was disappointed that Ted Fishman ("The Rape of Truth," *The Playboy Forum*, December) diluted an otherwise well-written commentary on Catharine MacKinnon's pathetic distortion of the inhuman behavior of Serbian ground forces. His backhanded attack on libertarians added nothing to the analysis and demonstrated a clear lack of understanding of the libertarian philosophy. Any decent human being is repulsed by the rape and murder of women and infants in Bosnia, and no serious student of that bloody conflict could believe that dirty magazines hidden under a soldier's mattress have anything to do with crimes against humanity. On the other hand, none of the above has anything to do with what libertarians believe. Grouping us with Marxists and followers of Lyndon LaRouche demonstrates an ignorance of the basic tenets of libertarianism. We do not "seek to explain everything from the Holocaust to job discrimination." We strongly believe in individual freedom and respect for individual rights. As libertarians, we believe that the documents upon which our nation was founded, including the Bill of Rights, are more than historical curiosities. They are binding contracts. And yes, we concede that even ignorant demagogues like MacKinnon have a right to spew forth absurd theories. In short, an article that was an otherwise thoughtful rebuttal of an absurd contention on the part of MacKinnon was cheapened by an uninformed swipe at a philosophy that seems to be entirely in keeping with *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Charles B. Wagoner
Abita Springs, Louisiana

Three cheers for Ted Fishman. His piece on MacKinnon's co-option of the Serbian atrocities articulates something I've felt for some time: MacKinnon et al. seem willing to use anybody and anything to further a political agenda—regardless of the human toll. It's hard to fathom how people who say they're trying to help others are so willing to trivialize the real emotions and lives of those they profess to help. Instead of organizing food drives, antiwar campaigns or medical supply donations, they are more interested in debating the theory of conflict at arm's length. Is it because their theories break down when confronted with reality? Either way, Fishman is right on in his analysis of MacKinnon's absurdity. A few centuries ago she would have said, "Let them eat words."

Victor Leviathan
Dallas, Texas

SELF SERVE

Geoffrey Norman's "Big Nanny Is Watching You" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) was on target as far as it went, but he barely grazed a more fundamental issue: Our society must stop picking up the tab for those who cannot control themselves. Our government became a nanny because, as a society, we chose to abandon personal responsibility and supplant it with collective responsibility. Behaviors once tolerated as vices pursued by personal choice are now labeled as illnesses over which the ill have no control, and for which society is to blame. Therefore, society should foot the bill. Our government wouldn't need to save us from ourselves if we simply allowed the cost of self-destruction and stupidity to be borne by the self-destructive and the stupid. Government should not be a nanny; neither should it be a giant insurance company that continues to underwrite unreasonable risks. Let

FOR THE RECORD

THE CULTURE WARS, CONTINUED

"Talking about sex in terms of don't and disease is not working. Americans must start viewing sex as an essentially important and pleasurable thing. Until we do, we will continue to be a repressed, Victorian society that misrepresents information, denies sexuality early, denies homosexual sexuality—particularly in teens—and leaves people abandoned with no place to go."

—KRISTINE GEBBIE, PRESIDENT CLINTON'S AIDS CZAR

"Her statements are utterly stupid, totally irresponsible and unfounded. What porn company does she work for? It sounds like Clinton and Company. What she's saying sounds like something out of the Gay and Lesbian Task Force."

—REVEREND DONALD WILDMON, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY ASSOCIATION, RESPONDING TO GEBBIE'S COMMENTS

people pursue whatever course in life they choose. Just don't ask me to pay for the ticket.

Adam C. Korbitz
Madison, Wisconsin

I don't know which rock you found Peter McWilliams under, but you should have left him there ("Ain't Nobody's Business," *The Playboy Forum*, September). People who subscribe to the idea "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em" fail to look past their own immediate lusts and desires to the long-term consequences of their actions. It doesn't take a brain surgeon to realize that prolonged drug abuse causes physical and psychological problems, that frequenting prostitutes may expose you to HIV, that legal gambling can leave you broke and that illegal gambling can leave you dead. But McWilliams' theory is "Go ahead, have fun. When your brain is fried, your body is wracked with various diseases and you're too broke to afford medical insurance (that's supposing you could find a company to insure you), don't worry, society will take care of you, right?" Wrong. If some people don't want to conform to society's rules, why should they be taken care of when they're no longer functioning members of that society? That's not to say that when people can no longer function they should be abandoned. If someone contributes to society, then that person should reap the benefits. If some people are concerned only with themselves, why should the rest of us pick up the tab for their short-sightedness? Unfortunately, the bleeding-heart liberals are in charge of the purse strings and we're forced to pay for the welfare of the Peter McWilliamses of the world.

William L. Moreno
Paramount, California

The assumption that consensual acts will lead you down the road of no return is morally rutted and specious. Self-determination does not negate self-control.

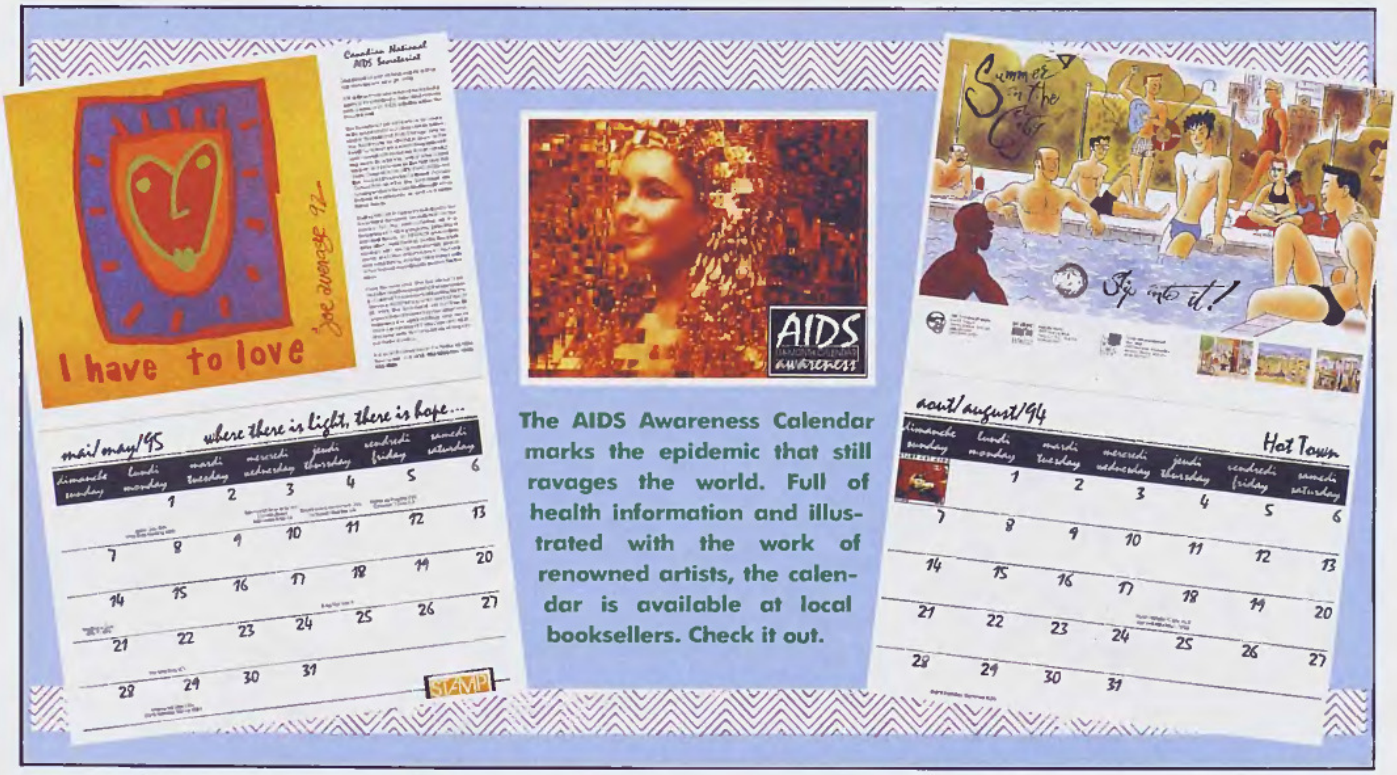
STARS AND GRIPES

As another "military man who knows the real attitudes of the servicemen," I feel a need to add my voice to J. R. Jenia's ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, November), who states that we "do not advocate or endorse the lifting of the ban on homosexuals in the military." Hugh Hefner's remarks of September 1964 are interesting but beside the point. It's not fair that the wealthy and powerful create laws that do not affect them, but which govern those of us who are less fortunate. If a serviceman advocates homosexuality I will respect his opinion, however much I disagree with it, because he wears the uniform I wear and shares the burdens I bear and, as part of our military family, deserves a say in how we keep our house. I don't know if Hef was ever a soldier, but until Bill Clinton is willing to move into the barracks and tents with me, he doesn't deserve any say about how I live or who I live with.

William Vaughan
Fort Huachuca, Arizona

SALUTE

For the second year in a row, the ACLU presented its Arts Censors of the Year award to a group of worthy recipients. While the awardees span the political spectrum, they share an intolerance for expression they consider offensive. This year's recipients include regulars Senator Jesse Helms and the Federal Communications Commission. New gag rulers honored are the city of Shreveport, Louisiana, which canceled heavy-metal band Society of the Damned's concert in a city park; the Meridian, Idaho school district, which has censored everything from student newspapers to a song about recycling;



The AIDS Awareness Calendar marks the epidemic that still ravages the world. Full of health information and illustrated with the work of renowned artists, the calendar is available at local booksellers. Check it out.

WELL ENDOWED

In a natural extension of Hugh M. Hefner's unfailing support of civil liberties and freedom of expression, the University of Southern California's School of Cinema–Television is the recipient of a $100,000 gift. The money, from the Hugh M. Hefner Endowment for First Amendment Rights in honor of Arthur Knight, will establish a lecture series and course on censorship in cinema. The endowment is a thematic descendant of PLAYBOY's popular *Sex in Cinema* series, which Knight, a film critic and former University of Southern California historian and professor, introduced in 1969.

The endowment formally ties together three players with distinguished histories of defending free speech. Arthur Knight was an advocate of First Amendment freedoms and spoke frequently about the importance of civil liberties. USC has had a long-standing interest in film and video projects dealing with social issues, and Hef's interest in censorship and civil liberties has been reflected in the pages of this magazine for four decades.

The USC endowment is yet another step in making sure the First Amendment stays alive and well.

READER RESPONSE

(continued)

Mayor Tom Fink of Anchorage, Alaska, who crusaded against the arts in Anchorage by attacking works that violated his political ideology; Concerned Women for America, East Tennessee Chapter, whose member Kathy Hollifield held 18 library books hostage, most dealing with sex education for teens; and the student editorial board of the Michigan *Journal of Gender and Law*, which dismantled an art exhibit on the grounds that one video contained pornography. Sounds like Helms might have some competition for a spot on the *World's Most Repressive Home Video* show.

Jackie Sommers
Boston, Massachusetts

ANIMAL HOUSE

The male population at Antioch University must consist of eunuchs. The gauntlet has been thrown down and they have done nothing. The campus feminists who set up the mandatory-response system wish to punish men for perceived sexual harassment. This is unconstitutional and illegal. Even if consent is given under intimate circumstances, it still ends up being one person's word against the other's. Now, the first question a man should ask a woman is whether he may use a tape recorder.

Martin Cable
Turner, Oregon

BUDDY SYSTEM

In light of the most recent Supreme Court sexual harassment ruling, which makes winning a sexual harassment lawsuit easier, I'd like to know how men and women are supposed to establish meaningful business relationships if the threat of litigation is always present. I am sick of hearing stories about women too intimidated by touchy-feely co-workers to stand up for themselves, or at least to deliver a swift kick to the groin. When did women revert to relying on father figures (the courts, the government) to protect their virtue? If you can't deflect a tasteless jerk at the copier, what qualifies you for the corner office? Women complain about the glass ceiling that separates them from executive-level appointments. The issue of sexual harassment, with its attendant muck and mire, is making that glass ceiling more opaque.

Terrie Whitman
Boston, Massachusetts

No question, the suits are gun-shy. Fran Sepler, a consultant on sexual harassment, reports that record numbers of men no longer invite female colleagues, especially subordinates, to lunch. Their reasoning—why beg trouble? This means women are excluded from the kind of invaluable mentoring done under those quasi-social circumstances. How important are those sessions? Ask the guy in the corner office.

The women who attended the Litigation Strategies workshop described in Stephanie Gutmann's "Whining for Dollars" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) must have danced in the streets at the recent Supreme Court ruling on sexual harassment claims. The excessive, manipulative strategies encouraged in that workshop are no longer necessary, and the notion of women "going from harm to harm to harm" is given credence by our judicial system. How prescient the comment of the lawyer who stated, "No matter how attenuated your rationale, in a few years it will seem like it has always been the law."

Sam Stryker
Cincinnati, Ohio

My suspicion that we were slipping back into the Dark Ages was confirmed when I read that a man was found guilty of breach of promise when he changed his mind about getting married. A jury of one woman and seven men awarded nearly $200,000 to the woman who claimed pain and suffering, loss of income and a need for psychiatric counseling as a result of her fiancé's change of heart. The jury took no note of the fact that the couple had been together for only two months when the woman proposed. Neither did they seem to take into account her three divorces, failed job opportunities, bankruptcy and therapy. The fact that the jury was predominately male galled me even more, because it proved how intimidated men are nowadays. It's bad enough that we exist in a social climate in which men are presumed guilty in cases of sexual harassment and date rape. Now it seems we're at fault for being true to our emotions, too.

Colby Preston
San Francisco, California

We want to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ENLARGED GLANS

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—*A state corrections officer thought he would titillate his wife with a Mother's Day card that included a photocopied Polaroid of his penis in*

full glory. His thoughtfulness nearly cost him his job when a female co-worker found the photo he'd forgotten in the copy machine and freaked out. The offender's boss maintained her wits. She accepted his apology for "an inane, adolescent and, to say the least, bizarre lapse in judgment" and docked his pay.

AIDS UPDATE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A comprehensive federal study of needle exchange programs in the U.S., Canada and Europe has concluded that allowing IV-drug users to swap used syringes for clean ones has slowed the spread of AIDS without increasing drug abuse. Health officials estimate that about one third of the more than 300,000 AIDS victims in this country probably contracted the disease by sharing contaminated needles or by having sex with an infected drug user.*

ATLANTA—*AIDS has become the top killer of American men 25 to 44 and is now the fourth-leading killer of women in the same age group, according to the Centers for Disease Control. The numbers reflect a steady rise that has been between three percent and five percent a year since 1990, rather than an abrupt jump.*

LOVESICK

ST. LOUIS—*Salmonella bacteria may be good at something other than causing food poisoning. A Washington University researcher reports that a genetically altered version of the microbe may work in a vaccine that primes the female immune system to reject sperm before conception can occur. Studies with mice suggest that one shot might prevent conception for several months without otherwise affecting reproductive capacity. A male version of the vaccine might also work.*

BAD KARMA

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA—*Keith Wright, a former member of Parliament, born-again Christian and antiporn crusader, capped his long public career as a militant moralist with an eight-year prison sentence for molesting and raping a teenage girl from 1983 to 1986. He faces additional charges of sexually abusing two other young girls between 1984 and 1990—a period when he actively campaigned to have his hometown of Rockhampton declared a "porn-free zone."*

THE VALUE OF SEX

ÅRHUS, DENMARK—*Those progressive Danes have decided that citizens who are disabled need sex, too, and should have equal access to prostitutes. To that end, some cities have arranged for social workers to escort disabled people to massage parlors for 30-minute visits that cost around $100—which the client pays. A city official explained, "Sexual help to a physically or mentally handicapped person can decide if he behaves peacefully or violently, if he commits suicide or lives on."*

CLOTHES AND THE CHILD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Supreme Court has decided not to hear a child pornography case, accepting the Justice Department argument that a lower court had erred in its decision "that simply focusing on the midsection of a clothed body may constitute an 'exhibition' of the unrevealed body parts beneath the garments." Republicans and conservatives accused the administration of being soft on child pornography. Clinton caved in to the pressure and directed Attorney General Janet Reno to write a new law that alters the definition of child porn to include clothed children and nonlascivious behavior. This creates a category of pornography so broad that possession of virtually any picture of a child could result in prosecution.*

NOT-SO-GOOD SAMARITANS

CHICAGO—*"The Chicago Reporter" found that 14 of 16 Roman Catholic hospitals in Cook County deny rape victims access to so-called morning-after pills that would help them avoid pregnancy. By contrast, 22 of 26 of the area's non-Catholic hospitals, which treat fewer than half of all rape victims, routinely provide the morning-after pill on request.*

AIRWAVES

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND—*A couple in a Cessna 150 who decided to join the Mile High Club forced air traffic controllers and aircraft near Edinburgh Airport to communicate on an emergency radio channel. Somehow the plane's microphone jammed open, broadcasting the couple's initiation into the club. This kept the regular ground-to-air frequency busy for some 50 minutes. Upon landing, the pilot was*

reprimanded for blocking radio communications, but the traffic control manager conceded, "Apart from one aspect of his airmanship—the failure to check in on a regular basis—there was no breach of aviation rules."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

DANGEROUS ART

an exhibit deemed unsafe to women sees the light

By TED C. FISHMAN

"I don't know what I'm saying," a bald, middle-aged man in a clown suit shouted to students walking by, "but I sure have the goddamn right to say it." He dipped into a suitcase and showered the ground with fliers. The weekend of October 16 was a lively one at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Next to the clown, in the heart of the main quadrangle, was a Queer Visibility Kiss-in: Two men in studded leather jackets smooched and rubbed legs for an hour. Nearby, a goateed student communist leafleted under a banner of Leon Trotsky. A woman roaming the quad stapled up posters soliciting confessions for the Ninth Annual Sexual Assault Awareness Week and more for the Seventh Annual Speak-out on Sexual Violence and Harassment. Inside the law school, an art exhibition on prostitution drew 1000 viewers. If the academy is a marketplace of ideas, UM seemed like the Mall of America before Christmas.

For some campus administrators and antipornography activists, however, the exuberance brought on something of a holiday depression. The source of their funk was the art exhibit at the law school. It had been reinstalled after a year-long legal battle that pitted women artists and the American Civil Liberties Union against Lee Bollinger (the law dean), Catharine MacKinnon (the law school's procensorship professor) and a group of students under MacKinnon's influence. Shortly after it opened the first time, *Pornimagery: Picturing Prostitutes*, curated by Carol Jacobsen, was halted when MacKinnon and her associates expressed concern that the show threatened women's safety because, as one student organizer put it, "porn gets men pumped."

Jacobsen, a gray-haired, soft-spoken and slightly stooped woman of 50, let me into the makeshift gallery the night before *Pornimagery* reopened. A television monitor showed her interviews with Detroit street hustlers who talked about trips to jail and forced sex with cops. On the walls hung testimonials from more prostitutes, along with a decidedly unglamourous photo essay from the working life of another. The show was a plea to viewers to drop their stereotypes of prostitutes. I asked a first-year law student who had walked in after us what she thought. "It's a reminder that prostitutes are people," she told me.

The 1992 show had been stopped without warning. It was meant to complement a symposium on prostitution sponsored by the student-run *Michigan Journal of Gender and Law*. Jacobsen had been invited to curate and had selected seven artists—five video artists and two former sex workers. Their works all related to sex and imagery; most advocated prostitutes' rights. While the symposium speakers' panels took place in the law school, the show was mounted down the street in the student union.

At one point, guest speaker John Stoltenberg, a co-founder of Men Against Pornography and author of *Refusing to Be a Man*, wandered into a room adjacent to the gallery, where he saw a sexually explicit segment of a video piece. The tape, *Portrait of a Sexual Evolutionary*, by Veronica Vera, interweaves brief clips of X-rated videos with documentary footage, such as Vera's testimony before a U.S. Senate committee. Stoltenberg, a friend of MacKinnon's for 18 years, called the law professor to complain. MacKinnon, in turn, relayed his discomfort to the show's organizers. Another speaker, antiporn activist Evelina Giobbe, told organizers the tapes made her and others vulnerable to sexual assault by the men on campus. Panicked at the prospect of unleashing "pumped up" Michigan men to brutalize their panel, the *Journal* editors marched into the exhibit hall and removed the video pieces from the show. The students didn't bother to view any of them.

Bollinger and his public relations staff worked to dispel the perception that MacKinnon had been behind the censorship by parroting the statements she had made to the media at the time: that she just reported Stoltenberg's complaint and denied trying to influence the students. Well, MacKinnon doesn't need to exert influence. She already has it. And her students are trained to pick up on it. Implied power is something she teaches them about, particularly the power men have to "cajole" women into sex. She calls that "sexual harassment." But law professors, too, are powerful. According to Bollinger, "students find them very intimidating." So intimidating that they can "cajole" students into trashing art shows.

As we toured the show, Jacobsen recalled going into the video viewing room in October 1992 and finding the tapes missing. At first she thought they had been stolen. When she went to replace them, the organizers blocked her. "They said I had to take responsibility for reinstalling the tapes," Jacobsen remembered, "because MacKinnon and Stoltenberg thought that they had already been removed." In other words, the students didn't want to have to tell their teacher that—against her concerns—they allowed Jacobsen to restore the videos.

Jacobsen had refused to mount a disemboweled show. "You can't compromise on censorship," Jacobsen said. "Otherwise you're a party to it." The student organizers convened with MacKinnon, Stoltenberg and Andrea Dworkin. According to one account, Dworkin, one of antiporn's chief philosophers, told them that "she had been harassed by men who viewed pornography," and warned of the dangers of showing pornography even in an academic context. Dworkin has

pioneered the argument that all sex is rape and all sexually explicit material is evidence of rape.

Following the meeting, the organizers told Jacobsen to remove everything. They also refused to let her address the forum the next day. The panelists—all strongly antiporn and antiprostitution—said that Jacobsen, too, was a threat to them. When she stood up in the audience to speak, students booed her. Jacobsen was hounded from the room. Lisa Lodin, a member of the *Journal of Gender and Law*, said that the journal staff never questioned the speakers' fears. "They were our guests," she said, "and you don't challenge your guests when they tell you they're afraid."

Shut up and shut out, Jacobsen got a lawyer, Marjorie Heins of the ACLU Arts Censorship Project. Heins and Jacobsen first tried to retrieve Vera's videotape from Bollinger, who had commandeered it and copied it to distribute to others. Predictably—at least to anyone who's ever lent out a sexy video—it took weeks of badgering by the ACLU before the tapes and copies were returned. MacKinnon and the *Journal* editors who found their antiporn guests' fear credible must have been all atremble as Vera's tape circulated among the law faculty.

I caught up with Bollinger in the law school hall during the show's reopening reception. Ironically, Bollinger's reputation as a scholar rests on his defense of free expression. (In his book *The Tolerant Society: Freedom of Speech and Extremist Speech in America*, he makes a strong case for broad protections against censorship.) His wife, Jean, an artist, joined him at the gathering. She described her work reluctantly, saying it had something to do with "place." I asked if I could get a postcard or slide of it; she said no. Judging by their demeanor, the couple seemed to wish they were somewhere else. Bollinger huddled with colleagues while Jean clutched his arm. I asked why he had kept Vera's videotape so long after the incident last year. "I wanted to see if it was pornographic under Michigan law," he said. "And it wasn't." It was an easy decision, he said. "How easy?" I asked. "A no-brainer?" He paused, looked at the other law professors and finally said, "Yeah, it was a no-brainer." When I asked him why he had made copies of Vera's tape for others to view, several professors jumped in to change the subject.

Vera is accustomed to flustering the academy. In fact, she runs an educational program of her own in New York City: Miss Vera's Finishing School for Boys Who Want to Be Girls. Although Miss Vera's has yet to make it to *U.S. News and World Report*'s list of top schools, in *Harper's Bazaar* she cited it as the place of choice for heterosexual transvestites fighting "Venus envy." Heins told me that both the school and *Portrait of a Sexual Evolutionary* are Vera's attempt to help people confront and enjoy their sexuality. If Stoltenberg had viewed more of the tape, he would have seen that Vera's use of X-rated films—some with her in them—

was as strong an indictment of sex as usual as is his work. Whatever standards Stoltenberg has, they are double. His own writing—like that of MacKinnon and Dworkin—is slathered with borrowed excerpts of brutish porn, including one piece that starts, "He pulled his prick out of her cunt and then grabbed his belt from his pants." It seems Stoltenberg feels it's OK to use porn excerpts when it makes his point. By comparison, Vera's selection seems tame. No nasty snuff, just evidence that she enjoys sex, and lots of it, something Stoltenberg and his friends don't seem to fathom.

"I get off on sex as a pleasurable experience," Vera said following the show. "But for most of the censors, the primary response to sex is anger. They get off on the anger. That's why they have a vested interest in keeping women as victims and viewing porn as rape. It feeds their anger."

Of course, Vera's tape didn't spur sexual assaults. And since the time that the show was remounted—this time in the law school itself—and seen by 1000 people, there have been no sex crimes linked to it. It probably didn't elicit even a droplet of male drool. If anything, viewers were uncannily well-behaved. Anyone expecting raunch was disappointed. Audiences watched all five tapes in the same studious silence—even during some funny moments, such as when Vera primly read a snippet of erotica to Senator Arlen Specter. When I laughed, a man in front of me asked me to be quiet.

Most of the works chronicle how prostitutes deal with cops and pimps. One of the tapes, *The Salt Mines*, by Susanna Aiken and Carlos Aparicio, is a haunting look at New York's homeless Latino transvestites. I asked students what they thought of the videos. A graduate student in linguistics said she was interested in the idiom of the street prostitutes; another student, an assistant curator at the Detroit Institute of Art, simply came to see artists' work. No one described the videos as sexy.

In her recent book, *Only Words*, MacKinnon argues that sexually explicit material is not about ideas but about eliciting reflexive physical response: "Pornography does not engage the conscious mind. . . . Pornography is masturbation material. It is used as sex and therefore is sex, and having sex is antithetical to thinking."

Yet at the University of Michigan, MacKinnon's domain, the tables were turned. It was MacKinnon's students who judged artists' work before seeing it, her students who killed an art show and her students who shouted down Jacobsen. It was left to the artists, sex workers and provocative videos to encourage viewers to engage their "conscious minds" with the issues MacKinnon, Dworkin, Stoltenberg and Giobbe talk about. What was antithetical to thinking? And whose actions were reflexive physical response? Those of students taught, guided and beholden to Catharine MacKinnon—or those of the artists and their thoughtful audience? That's a no-brainer.

TALE OF TWO STUDIES

how america looks at sex

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

It is 10:45 A.M. According to the program for the annual meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, I have a choice of several workshops and symposia. I choose to attend one called the Effects of Pornography on Women.

At the front of the room psychologist Wendy Stock fiddles with a television monitor. Soon the audience is watching a clip from a *20/20* episode called "Sex with the Unreal Woman." It documents a support group formed by male students at Duke University to work through relationship problems caused by exposure to porn. They say that because of porn they did not view women as real—they viewed intercourse as "masturbating into a woman" or were surprised to find that "the woman is still there after you ejaculate."

The guys generally look like wet-behind-the-scrotum college kids whose only social skill is the one they acquired when they discovered the combustibility of flatulence. Maybe they think that they can make themselves attractive to women by reciting the catechism according to anti-porn feminist Catharine MacKinnon. They are masturbation amateurs, easily shamed.

Stock turns off the TV and presents her research. In it she asked 125 students with a mean age of 18.5, "Have you ever been upset by anyone trying to get you to do what they had seen in pornographic pictures, movies or books?" One in five answered yes.

As her pointer moves down the screen, her audience learns that 97 percent of the men and women in her study had seen porn, and that 62.1 percent of the men used porn, compared with only 7.3 percent of the women.

How do women react to porn—whether it was shoved in their faces by coercive boyfriends or stuff they bought themselves? Stock had presented her subjects with a loaded list of adjectives. Of the 20 answers only five were positive.

Stock is one of those researchers who are trying to catalog the harms of porn. As I look at the audience, I see mostly believers—dour puritans and MacKinnon wanna-bes. They soak up the statistics with complete gullibility.

Another group of women—233—answered the following question:

"If you have been upset by anyone trying to get you to do what they had seen in pornography, did this include:

Attempted oral, anal or vaginal intercourse? [13.7 percent answered with a yes]

Completed oral, anal or vaginal intercourse? [8.2 percent]

Penetration with a foreign object? [3.9 percent]"

That pretty much describes sex as we know it, whether or not you've seen porn. Stock seems to believe that if men never saw porn, they would be as docile as sheep. In Stock's world, all sex has negative outcomes, but she reserves special ire for the degrading acts of ejaculation on the face or body of a partner, and for deep throat and anal sex.

KEVIN POPE

What makes ejaculating on the outside of a woman degrading, while ejaculating inside a woman is sacred? Do guys learn to come on a woman from porn or from premature ejaculation? Sorry I came on your kneecaps. For that matter, masturbating guys ejaculate on their own bodies all the time, and not one says, "Oh, God, I just degraded myself."

Stock's male subjects didn't quite fit the puppet theory; 65.8 percent had seen anal intercourse in porn, and only 19.3 percent had tried it. Only 32.3 percent of the males had attempted to get their partners to perform deep throat.

At one point an audience member suggests that porn is the surrogate or substitute for sex education in a sex-negative culture.

Stock answers something about the alternatives to "rape-sanctioning materials."

I leave to attend a workshop called In Search of the Erotic. The room is buzzing with positive feeling. I feel as if I am the latecomer to a great party. The group had just watched sexy scenes from *No Way Out* and *Basic Instinct* and then listened to a sexually explicit audiotape. They are telling one another what they found erotic, and they are jazzed. One woman says she feels empowered.

Sex educators Patti Britton and Edward Herold present a mixed-media slide show of sexy images, while a tape by a group called Enigma plays in the background. I watch images of fellatio, cunnilingus and masturbation as a Gregorian chant floats to a disco beat. At the end of the exercise, the members of the audience capture their sexual feelings with crayons and paper.

I watch a stunning blonde woman start to draw something that looks like labia. Then she turns it into a whorl of color. She uses every crayon in the box. So that's what it looks like to feel empowered.

•

Same day, same meeting of sex researchers, yet two widely different approaches to sex and sensuality. Those guys at Duke, bless their pointed little heads, had simply wandered into the wrong room at this country's popular-culture convention.

No wonder America is fucked.

GUNS N' POSES

the brady bill was a feel-good liberal cop-out. isn't it time we faced the real cause of crime?

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The National Rifle Association is right. The recently passed gun-control legislation, the so-called Brady bill, is a feel-good liberal cop-out that won't do much about crime.

Of course, the NRA is wrong to claim a Second Amendment right to own assault weapons or to fire razor-sharp bullets that are designed to chew up internal organs. And they are absurd to attack the Supreme Court for finding it constitutional to require a reasonable waiting period to ensure that gun purchasers are not felons on the lam.

Cops are the "well-regulated militia" referred to in the Second Amendment, not the crazies and criminals who now purchase cop-killing ammo thanks to the NRA's obstructionist policies. And if ordinary citizens are to have guns, then they ought to be sufficiently "well-regulated" to pass a test in gun care before being licensed to purchase a weapon.

But the NRA is right in saying that gun ownership has become an easy target for all of us in this country who can't face up to the real source of crime. Crime is rampant because we have an outlaw subculture of people who have nothing to lose. The people who rob and mug are desperate losers. How else to describe the idiot who stole my 1986 Chevy Astro van right before my eyes as my wife and I drove up to our house?

My wife, the Sicilian, gave chase at high speed, and after a mile cut him off. He fled from the van, and when the cops arrived, they agreed that I did the right thing when I ignored my spouse's call to go get the thief. The police told me the odds were good that he would be armed and would have tried to kill me had I cornered him. They added that the heist, if successful, would have netted him $150 for the removable bench seats. For that paltry sum, this kid was willing to risk three and a half years hard time—the average served for this crime—or, if he had killed me, the gas chamber.

These are the strangers in our midst—people with such low expectations that their desperate actions are unfathomable to the rest of us. We have developed a criminal class of people so alienated from the normal system of rewards and punishments that they will use any weapon to commit the most irrational crimes. Take guns away from the obsessed street criminals who haunt our cities and they will smash us with bricks.

Don't get me wrong—I would love to deprive criminals of firearms by any means possible. Guns are more efficient killers than bricks. In 1990, there were 16,500 gun-related homicides. Throw in the additional 19,000 firearm-inflicted suicides and 1500 accidental gun deaths and the case for making ours a gun-free society is clear. That's the practice in nearly all other industrialized nations, and gun-related fatalities in Japan number less than 100 yearly.

We all know the stats. The person who keeps a gun at home is 43 times more likely to kill a family member or friend than a robber. The NRA is currently embarked on a huge campaign to get women to own guns despite evidence that shows they are five times more likely to kill their husbands with those guns than to knock off an intruder. Obviously, we'd all be safer with fewer guns around, and yes, guns should not be sold to children. Sensible regulation of the legal gun trade is in order.

But gun control, meaning the registration and regulation of new weapons, has little to do with keeping guns away from criminals. Guns will still be readily available to thugs, no matter the waiting period, because there are already 200 million weapons in circulation in the U.S. The New York gunman whose LIRR rampage killed six this winter, incidentally, waited 15 days to buy a gun—three times the period of the Brady bill.

Anything short of the confiscation of virtually all of those weapons will simply drive up the black market price for guns. As with the ineffectual crackdown on drugs, this will increase rather than decrease the crime rate. Criminals will become more energetic in their efforts in order to keep up with rising costs of doing business.

Does that mean we are destined to have much higher rates of violent crime than are found in other developed nations? No, because as the NRA points out—correctly, albeit ad nauseam—it's not guns but people that kill. The vast majority of gun owners never use their guns in the commission of a crime. The problem is with the relatively small substratum of gun owners who are responsible for most violent crime.

Gun-control supporters note that other societies have stricter gun laws and lower violent crime rates. What they ignore is that those societies have also been far more aggressive and successful in avoiding the extreme social discontent and the glaring racial and class differences that breed crime.

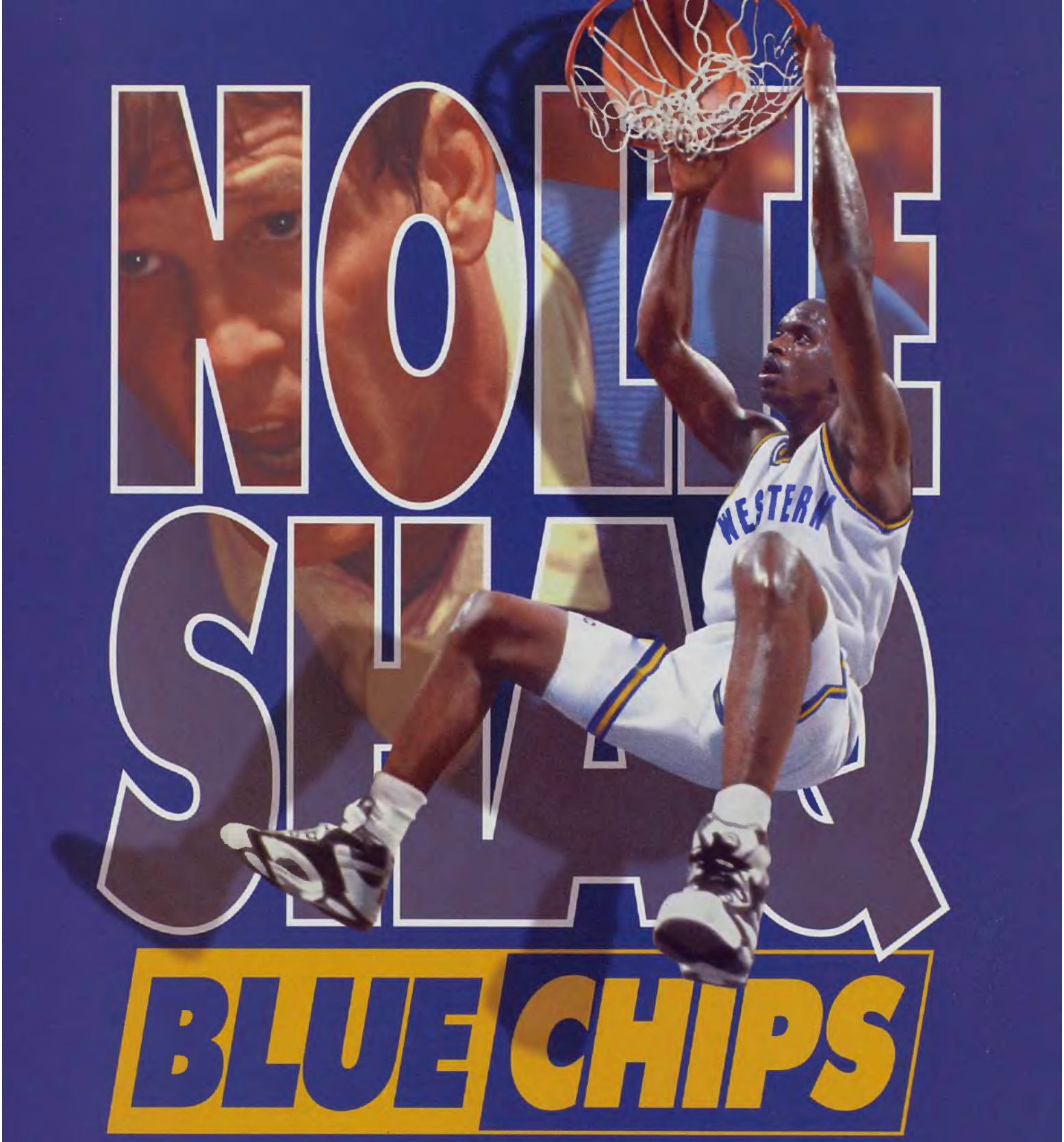
Every other advanced industrial society buys off its potential malcontents by providing for the people who can't make it in the system. Since the Reagan revolution, we have told people on society's margins to sink or swim. Yet we're astonished when they refuse to drown.

Criminal violence in America is very much a residue of racism, and our failure to deal with its consequences results in unemployment rates of more than 50 percent among young black males. Therefore, it is not surprising, as *The Economist* noted, that blacks, who make up only 12 percent of the population, account for 48 percent of murderers.

Just building prisons and snatching guns doesn't cut it when a society develops social fissures and begins to disintegrate. One out of four young black males is ensnared in the criminal justice system—a higher percentage than in the bad old days of racist South Africa.

Gun control is too often the refuge of scoundrels in our government who have pretended to be helpless while millions of jobs slipped away, the public education system fell apart and affordable housing and social programs in the cities became a dangerous joke. The political talk about gun control and fighting crime has become a smoke screen for avoiding the failure of this society to cut in a significant portion of its citizens on the essential action.

Crime is the only inner-city jobs program left that works. And now that the permanent depression that has been the lot of most blacks and Latinos has become a reality for the Anglo mainstream, watch out. Americans, of all colors, may no longer believe that they have an inalienable right to own a gun. But they sure do believe it's their birthright, one way or the other, to get a piece of the pie.



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IN YOUR FACE 2·18·94

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANTHONY HOPKINS

a candid conversation with britain's preeminent actor about battling directors, shunning shakespeare and becoming the world's most famous cannibal

It would not be an exaggeration to say that 27 minutes of screen time changed Anthony Hopkins' life forever. For years it seemed as if Hopkins would be relegated to the relatively pleasant life of an underachiever, an actor who worked constantly but never attained the level of true star. He was known on-screen and onstage for his solid, interesting, even inventive performances. Offstage he had a reputation as a difficult man haunted by demons. Then a character named Hannibal Lecter came into his life.

Hopkins was on-screen less than half an hour during "The Silence of the Lambs," playing the jailed serial killer with a taste for human liver and fava beans. The role won him an Oscar for best actor and transformed him into the kind of star he dreamed of becoming as a lonely, tormented boy growing up in Wales.

Critics, who had always appreciated his efforts, now placed him in the pantheon of such gifted British actors as Laurence Olivier, Richard Burton and John Gielgud. When "The Remains of the Day" opened this past autumn, the media again fell in love. "No other actor need apply," wrote "Time" magazine. "Hopkins is just the man for this." "The more I see of Anthony Hopkins, the more convinced I become that he is the most brilliant and versatile actor since Laurence Olivier," wrote Rex Reed. Michael Medved called Hopkins' performance "one of the greatest acting achievements ever captured on film." His latest film, "Shadowlands," was talked about as an Oscar contender well before its release simply because of the newfound power of his name.

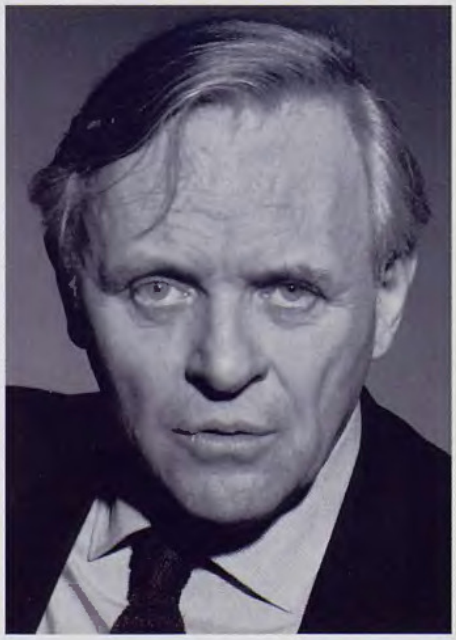
In the UK he was recognized as a national treasure and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth shortly after receiving his Oscar. Few people realized how far he had to travel to enjoy such success. For those who knew the 56-year-old actor well, the most amazing news wasn't that he had won an Academy Award or had been knighted—it was that he had survived at all.

Hopkins was born December 31, 1937, in Port Talbot, Wales, the hometown of Richard Burton. His parents ran a small bakery, but young Tony managed to avoid working in the family business. His school life was a disaster. He claims to have had virtually no friends and describes himself as the ultimate misfit—in fact, he often lapsed into total silence for weeks on end. When his teachers voiced their concern to his parents, Hopkins was sent away to boarding school, where he was shy around girls, didn't play sports and had no idea what he wanted to be when he grew up.

At 17 he discovered acting in an amateur play and, at 18, thanks to a talent for playing the piano, won a scholarship to the Welsh College of Music and Drama in Cardiff. After two years he fulfilled his mandatory training in the British army, where he served—incompetently, he says—as a clerk. In 1960 he became an assistant stage manager at the Manchester Library Theater, then joined the Nottingham Repertory Company. In 1961 he won a scholarship to study at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Work in other repertory companies in Leicester and Liverpool followed, and in 1965 he was invited to audition for Laurence Olivier, director of the National Theater. "I thought I was going to be discovered overnight and become a big movie star within three days of stepping onstage," he said. "None of that happened." Still, within two years, Hopkins was designated as Olivier's understudy and was considered likely to take over the directorship. "I was told that I had the promise of becoming one of the great actors in England." But booze and a hot temper turned an opportunity into a nightmare.

While appearing in "Macbeth" and rehearsing for "The Misanthrope," Hopkins blew up at a director and quit the National Theater. His decision was final, even though he was warned that he was probably destroying a promising career. His stubbornness and rage were already legend among those who knew him—and he said he would rather

"I try not to let people absorb too much of my energy. Once people start latching on to me and try to control me, I wave them goodbye, sometimes forever, and I won't go back. I don't like being controlled by anyone."



"Power is erotic. Remember when Henry Kissinger was secretary of state and he had all those women around? Power is sex. I don't think Hitler was sexy, but people used to have orgasms when he spoke."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORI STOLL

"Most actors want to do 'Hamlet' when they're at their craziest. I think it's a death wish. I suppose it's good to have done it, but I don't find it enriching. I don't like Shakespeare. I'd rather be in Malibu."

drive a cab than take direction from someone he didn't like.

His drinking became a problem ("I was drinking myself to death," he admits) and he was often deeply depressed. His first marriage lasted just four years, and when he walked out he left behind a baby daughter, whom he seldom saw after the divorce. In 1973 he married Jennifer Lynton, whom he met while filming "When Eight Bells Toll."

No matter what happened in his personal life, Hopkins kept working. Over the years he has appeared in 18 plays, 43 television dramas and 28 movies. For British and American television he convincingly portrayed Charles Dickens, Danton, Lloyd George, Edmund Kean, Guy Burgess, Adolf Hitler, Mussolini and Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre Dame. His first film was "The Lion in Winter," with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn, in 1967. He also starred as an eerie ventriloquist in "Magic," as the doctor in "The Elephant Man," as Captain Bligh in "The Bounty" and as a dealer of rare books in "84 Charing Cross Road."

Now, with Hopkins once again on everyone's list of Oscar candidates, PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *(who last interviewed Joyce Carol Oates) to probe into the mind of the man who made cannibalism sexy. Grobel's report:*

"I didn't know what to expect when I went out to the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica, where Hopkins likes to stay when he comes to Los Angeles. I had read enough stories about him saying how he understood characters like Hannibal Lecter and Adolf Hitler well enough to play them. I had no doubt the man had demons, but I wondered whether they would surface when we talked.

"It turned out that Hopkins isn't a man who keeps his opinions to himself. He doesn't look kindly on his profession or the prima donna behavior of his fellow actors. He's bold enough and confident enough to say what he feels. He may be one of the most fearless actors working today.

"I saw him twice before he left for England to make 'The Remains of the Day' and twice more after the movie was done. At one of our sessions I presented a copy of 'The Silence of the Lambs' for him to sign. He obliged by writing how much he looked forward to having dinner with me, where we could dine on a plate of raw liver, fava beans and a bottle of chianti. Wishing me pleasant dreams, he signed it 'Hannibal Lecter.'"

PLAYBOY: With your recent knighthood, must we address you as Sir Anthony?

HOPKINS: They say "Sir Hopkins." What do Americans think of all that?

PLAYBOY: We're impressed. But never mind what Americans think, what did you think when you found out about it?

HOPKINS: It was a big surprise. It's nice. I'm honored, but I don't know how to use it. Maybe I can get special tables at restaurants.

PLAYBOY: Which is a bigger honor, an Oscar or a knighthood?

HOPKINS: I hope this won't get in the English press, but the Oscar, because I'm a movie actor. Getting the Oscar was a great moment for me. It changed my life, because it knocked down my self-doubts. I think praise is a good thing to have in one's life. It's better than a kick in the ass. When I was a little kid, my father used to pick me up and throw me into the air, and I always wanted to touch the ceiling. And I thought, Well, now I've touched the ceiling. It's like they let me out of the cage.

PLAYBOY: Many people are predicting you'll get a second Oscar for *The Remains of the Day*. Would you like to win again?

HOPKINS: One is enough. I have an Oscar so I'm off the hook, really. I've done everything I've ever wanted in my life. The knighthood is another thing.

I nearly blew it all some years ago, and I had sort of a resurrection. Many people don't survive drugs or survive the horrors I did, and I came through it. Then *The Silence of the Lambs* came out of the blue and I was given an Oscar, and then I was given this knighthood and now I've done this amazing film called

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"I wasn't popular at all. I never played with any of the other kids, didn't have any friends."

The Remains of the Day, which really is coming home to me. And next I played the writer C. S. Lewis in *Shadowlands*. So I'm getting these parts now, and I'm thinking, What the hell's happened? Why are these parts coming to me?

My agent says this is an exciting time in my life. I say it's all bullshit. I mean, agents are agents, actors are actors. There's nothing exciting about it.

PLAYBOY: Nothing? Don't you enjoy it?

HOPKINS: I love going to the studio, I love going to location and getting into the dressing rooms—all that ritual of going to makeup, putting the clothes on. If they want me to wait there for three days, I don't care. These assistants run up and say, "Sorry to keep you waiting." I say, "Just make sure my agent gets the check, that's all." I read books, I relax, I sleep. I love it. I always save my energy. I don't hang about. I stay away from other actors; I don't want to have lunch with them. And as soon as the day's over, I'm in the car and I'm off. I don't want anything to do with it. A friend of mine said it's easy for me to say that. Well, it is. It's easy flying a jumbo jet when you know how to do it. It's the same for me, it's easy, because I know what I'm doing.

PLAYBOY: Laurence Olivier said acting is a masochistic form of exhibitionism.

HOPKINS: What a lot of crap. It's all *bullshit*. Bullshit. It's a crock of horseshit, all of it. I don't know, maybe I'm shallow. Maybe I don't have much going on in my mind. The only quote which is fairly accurate for myself is that I think actors are all damaged goods.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to become an actor?

HOPKINS: It's all I know. I've been getting away with it for 30 years. I became an actor because I wanted to do something new that would get me out of the rut that I was in. I wanted to make a mark somehow; I wanted to become famous—that's all I ever wanted. I'd seen Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift and that's what I wanted to become. I wanted to become an American actor. My longing to come to America was a more powerful influence than anyone like Olivier, who was the greatest actor of his time. But looking back, I remember I wanted to become an actor because Richard Burton had made it and he came from the same hometown I did. He escaped and made a career for himself. I wanted to become somebody like that. I just didn't want to be what I was.

PLAYBOY: Was your childhood traumatic?

HOPKINS: I was an idiot at school. I didn't know what time of day it was. We lived in the rural part of an industrial, steel-working town. When I first went to school I was in a completely alien environment. I can remember the smell of stale milk, drinking straws and wet coats and sitting there absolutely petrified. That feeling stayed with me. The fear stayed with me through my childhood and right through adolescence—that gnawing anxiety that I was freaky, that I wasn't really fitting in anywhere. Maybe I was dyslexic. In fact, I wasn't popular at all. I never played with any of the other kids, and I didn't have any friends. I wanted to be left alone all through my school years.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever do anything to attract attention?

HOPKINS: Just after the war, I was in a little school called Bridge Street School and every lunch I could get on the bus and go home, which was about three miles. But I would never get on the bus, I would run beside it, like an idiot, like the school clown. I was so ill when I got home, it's a wonder I didn't have a heart attack. I was throwing up because I was exhausted. I used to race the school bus, and naturally it would get ahead of me and I'd catch up at the bus stop and kids would say, "Come on." I would do things in a weird way, like I wouldn't go to my own birthday parties.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents find your behavior odd?

HOPKINS: I was an only child and my

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mother and father were a little worried because I didn't seem to grasp anything. My parents sent me off to a boarding school and I lived away from home from the age of 11. That sense of potential failure is still in the back of my mind. I still don't hang around people. I'm not gregarious with anybody.

PLAYBOY: And this stems from your being so withdrawn as a child?

HOPKINS: Oh, yes. In school I wouldn't speak to anyone for four weeks. And I was punished.

PLAYBOY: How were you punished?

HOPKINS: They hit me.

PLAYBOY: The teachers?

HOPKINS: The teachers, yes. They would slap me about the head. And I did not speak, I just wouldn't speak. I was hauled before the headmaster, who talked to my mother and father and said there was something wrong with me.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

HOPKINS: I was 14. In 1953 I was reading Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution* and I was asked if I was a Communist or a Marxist. I didn't know what they were talking about. The book was taken away from me. Then some of the kids would call me "bolshi, bolshi, bolshi." I went completely into myself. I thought I would defy them all. That has stayed with me the rest of my life, the thought that I would show them all one day. And that's why I became an actor.

PLAYBOY: Did you hate the classmates who teased you?

HOPKINS: I hated the rejection, I hated being sneered at by other kids. I get a recurring dream that I'm outside of the group. I don't belong and they show me that I don't belong. It's about going back to school—or it could be among a group of adults in a dream—and they turn on me, humiliate me, and I wake up. It's so vivid, it takes me a few minutes to realize that it was a dream.

PLAYBOY: How do they humiliate you?

HOPKINS: They call me crap: "You're nothing, you're so worthless, you're nasty, you're a vicious person." Once I get back to my senses I take it as a good sign that I no longer see myself that way. I'm aware of what you could do out of self-contempt. So my life is a remarkable revelation to myself.

PLAYBOY: As a child, did you have any religious beliefs to fall back on?

HOPKINS: No. Once, when I was about four, they recited the Lord's Prayer in school and I couldn't comprehend it. Whenever I mentioned this my father said, "It's a load of rubbish, God." So for years I believed it was all self-determined and you just suffer in this uncomfortable universe. My father's philosophy was: "You're going to fight. It's dog eat dog! Don't trust anyone and don't give anything away."

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PLAYBOY: How much of a force was your father in your life?

HOPKINS: He was a man of colossal energy, but a lot of the energy didn't go anywhere. He was just spinning his wheels. He was exhausting to be with. My father said all bakers are mad because they have such violent temperaments. I remember him in a rage, tearing a loaf of bread because it had gone wrong and throwing it all over the wall in frustration. In the Depression years people did anything to survive and people cracked.

PLAYBOY: Do you take after your father?

HOPKINS: As I get older I feel so much like him. I have a thing about waste, I hate waste. I had a thing with Francis Coppola during *Dracula* with reams of scripts because I don't like wasting paper. I don't like wasting food. It makes me uncomfortable when you order a meal in America and they bring you a huge feast. That's a terrible waste. And I switch off lights. My wife says, "For God's sake, don't get like your father." I say, "You don't need all of these lights on." And she says, "We're not living in Charles Dickens' England." I go around and switch them off.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever work with your dad in the bakery?

HOPKINS: No. He said, "You don't want to come into this business, do you?" I said no. He told me, "You'd be hopeless."

PLAYBOY: Your father must have thought it a miracle that you got through school at all. Is it a major accomplishment to survive the British school system?

HOPKINS: Yes, it is. The public school system is one of the most insufferable systems of all. I'm glad I was in that system because it gave me enough rocket fuel to get out and do something different. It pushed me into rage for years. I look back at it now and think it wasn't that something was wrong with me, it was that something was right with me. I may have hurt a few people along the way, but it got me what I wanted.

PLAYBOY: What were you good at as a boy?

HOPKINS: I was good at impersonating teachers. I could imitate mannerisms and voices. That was my way of getting back. I really developed it when I became an actor.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get caught mimicking someone?

HOPKINS: Olivier, once. I was doing a speech, just fooling around, and he was standing right behind me.

PLAYBOY: What was his reaction?

HOPKINS: He said, "Is that supposed to be me? Doesn't sound anything like me." But it was a good impersonation. When [director] John Schlesinger and I were together making *The Innocent* in Germany, I did John and he said, "Oh, fuck off." Schlesinger is an interesting character. He's precise and quite volatile. When I went into the army for my military

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service, there was a Sergeant Brolins, and I used to be able to imitate his voice. I'd stand outside the huts and call everyone out on parade half an hour early. I'd vanish and they'd all come out. I suppose it's all a residue of my childhood. Somebody said of me once, "What is with Tony, always the jokes and laughter, fooling around, what's he covering up?" Maybe she was right, maybe I am covering up something.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also find some release through music and drawing?

HOPKINS: Well, I was captivated by Beethoven and his music and I wanted to become Beethoven. I can compose and improvise. I often manage to sneak a little of my own music into my films.

PLAYBOY: Do you still draw?

HOPKINS: I used to draw when I was a kid, used to lie on the floor while all these war planes were dropping bombs. There was a woman called Bernice Evans, 18 or 19, and she came to the house one day to see my mother. She looked at my drawings and said, "They're very good. He should have lessons." I was sent to this little school that Bernice had in town, once a week on Friday nights, and she taught me how to paint with poster paints. Then, in the summer in 1947, this man came up the stairs and into the room. He had on a bright checked jacket and had very piercing eyes. She said, "Anthony, this is Richard, he's an actor."

PLAYBOY: Was it Richard Burton?

HOPKINS: Yes. Never met him again until I went to ask for his autograph when he became a bit more famous. But he went out with Bernice.

PLAYBOY: What about you? Did you go out much or were you sexually naive?

HOPKINS: Just a bit dumb. I didn't know what it was about. It was something you didn't talk about. Especially with a Welsh background, I was closed off about it. I didn't want complications in my life, so I closed down. It's all rather baffling and mysterious. I never had an easy relationship over the years, then I gradually began to like women. But I was shy for a long time, fearful. I was a bit of a recluse. I went out with a girl briefly, and I went out with a girl at the Royal Academy. In 1961 I went out with an American girl for about six months. That was a bit of a traumatic experience. I was besotted with her, but she was ephemeral, elusive. One day she said, "That's it." It's all such a big deal that's made of everything, whether it's sex or acting. Now I think it's no big deal. You function, you get on with your life. One day it's all going to be over and that's the end of that.

PLAYBOY: After school, what kind of jobs did you hold?

HOPKINS: In 1955 I worked in a steel company in Wales for eight weeks. The fitters would come in and say, "I'd like two dozen steel bolts and two pieces of piping." And I'd always get it wrong. I remember one man said, "You're not really connected, are you?" That's what I felt most like in those years. My father would say the same thing. "Take this bread to the shop. No, forget it, get out." He gave up quickly. Mind you, I got out of a lot of duties and hard work. In the army I qualified for a clerk's course and I was in the chief clerk's office for 18 months. I couldn't type and I couldn't do anything right. The staff sergeant looked at me and said, "I was just wondering, How the hell did I give you this job?" I was so stupid.

I just couldn't make anything work. I got into a repertory company, the Manchester Library Theater, and the director had had it with me. Everything was a disaster. Finally, they gave me some small parts that I couldn't do. So I didn't start off with much promise. But I had no intention of doing work for the rest of my life, which is why I became an actor.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a feeling of belonging when you were with other actors?

HOPKINS: No, not at all. I still don't get a sense of belonging.

"I don't like virtue and I don't like worthiness. I don't like valor. Why keep being so nice?"

PLAYBOY: What did you learn when you studied at the Welsh College of Music and Drama?

HOPKINS: Not very much because I was too young. I learned some speech, and the history of the theater and makeup and all that. I left when I was 19 and went on a tour of Britain for the Arts Council. Then I did my national military service for two years.

PLAYBOY: Did you try to get out of the draft?

HOPKINS: They said that if you drank a bottle of vinegar it would cause a heart tremor and get you out of the army. I was hoping I could have something wrong with me, but there was nothing. I couldn't fake it.

PLAYBOY: After the army you enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Did you settle down then?

HOPKINS: I was a troubled student. I didn't like dancing and ballet, I couldn't stand all that stuff. I used to skip those classes and go out to the movies. But I worked quite hard on what I chose to work on.

PLAYBOY: Did you worry much about technique at that time?

HOPKINS: You have to learn to speak clearly, which is the British system. I can understand why American actors think that's for the birds.

PLAYBOY: When you joined the National Theater, Olivier was its director. Were you friends with him?

HOPKINS: He was an old man, and I didn't get that close to him, but he took me under his wing. He liked me because I was a bit odd and I was pretty feisty. He liked physically strong people. He wasn't a very strong man. He had very bad legs and always complained about them, saying that they weren't thick enough, they were spindly. I was always naturally kind of muscular and he would come up and say, "God, lucky man." He said you have to be strong, you have to have stamina.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever give you any kind of advice?

HOPKINS: Yeah, he said, "Work hard. Be courageous, do the impossible. Do the outrageous. Don't ever be calm or tame. And don't waste your time doing the movies. You're a fine actor, you ought to stay in the theater for a while. Don't sell out, keep that training going." But British actors all want to sell out now. They keep saying about Richard Burton that his life was a waste. What do you mean it was a waste? He did what he wanted to do and made a lot of money, married a famous movie actress and did some good. He certainly shook the rafters and made a bit of noise.

PLAYBOY: You made a bit of noise yourself when you quit the National Theater in 1973 in the middle of a run of *Macbeth*. Was it a self-destructive act?

HOPKINS: No, it was the most creative thing I've ever done, because it got me out of where I was. Unfortunately, I left a lot of people in the lurch. But I just had to get the hell out of there. I would have gone under if I'd stayed.

PLAYBOY: So it was constructive?

HOPKINS: It was. At the time I thought, My God, I'm a terrible, irresponsible wreck and I've destroyed my career. It was quite a cold, calculated thing. Here I was being groomed to lead the company and I just wasn't fit for it, not intellectually, emotionally or physically. I wasn't interested in becoming a classical actor. I was drinking too much and I had a lot of fire and anger. And on top of that, I had this director, John Dexter, whom I later worked with on *Equus* and became good friends with. But at the time, I couldn't take John. So I left. I woke up at three A.M. and I had this voice going around in my head. And I thought, I'm not going to go back there. So I phoned up my agent and I said, "I'm out. I value my mental health, or what's left of it, more than I do the theater. I'll drive a taxi, I'll do something. I don't care." I had painted myself into a corner. I had to make a break with myself and with the past. I

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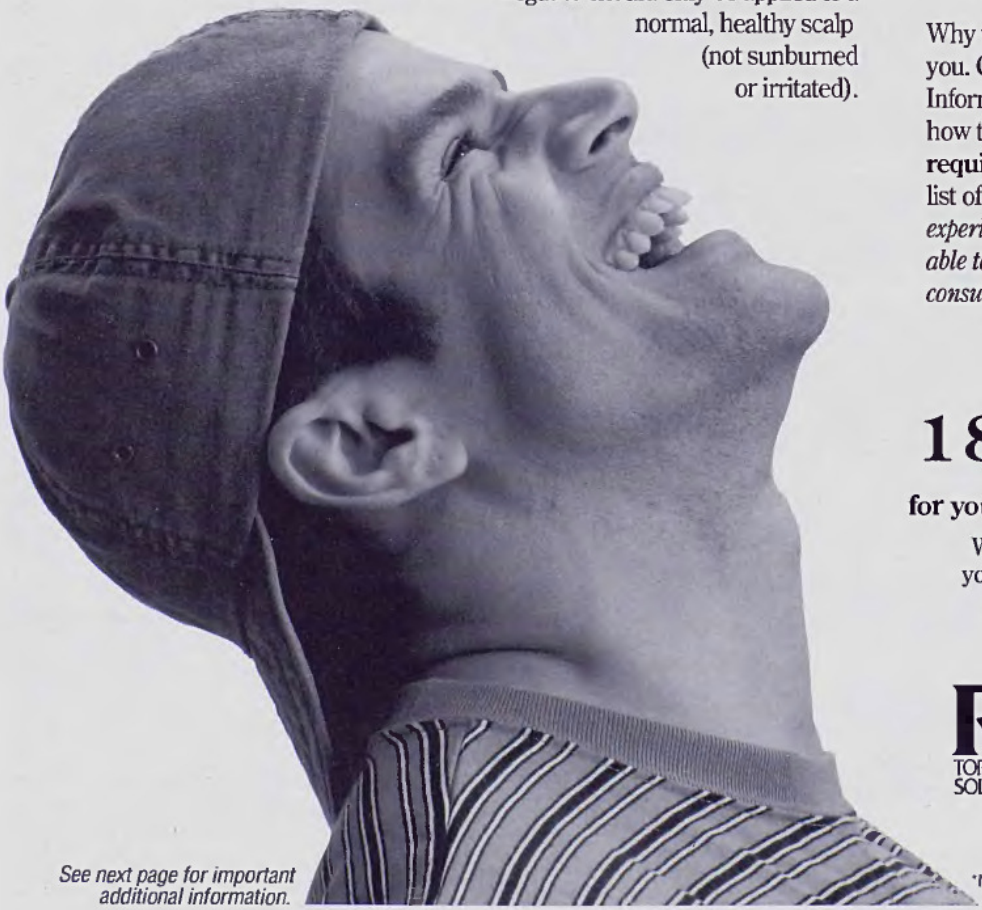

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How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.
In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US and 10 European medical centers involving over 600 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 23% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 9% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 43% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.
Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.
People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.
Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.
ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.
Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:
Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.
When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.
In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.
Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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put down the phone and walked across Green Park in London. The birds were singing and the cabs and buses were driving by and I thought, I'll never have to go back again. I have no future. And within a few weeks, I was out in the desert sitting on the back of a camel with Leslie Caron doing *QB VII* for American TV. It was the beginning of a whole change in my life.

PLAYBOY: To go from Shakespeare to a TV miniseries might seem like a step backward. But you don't see the worth or virtue in either the Bard or yourself, do you?

HOPKINS: I don't like virtue and I don't like worthiness. I don't like valor. Why keep being so nice? It's something in me, I can't stand that. My father couldn't stand all that stuff. I don't say that I'm not a phony. I'm as phony as everyone else. We're all phony. We're all charlatans, we're all flawed, we're all liars. Nobody really carries the mantle totally in their lives. But there's a part of it I can't stomach. Who gives a damn about a theater that was built 400 years ago? Who cares? Pave it. Who cares? It's dead stuff. It's like the bloody Bard. Whether this *Lear* is better than that *Lear*—who gives a damn? You're doing what 15,000 actors have done before you. How the hell do you find something new? It's a fucking nightmare.

PLAYBOY: What about the claim that every actor should do *Hamlet*?

HOPKINS: Most actors want to do *Hamlet* when they're at their craziest. I was the same way. I think it's a death wish.

PLAYBOY: So actors should forget William Shakespeare?

HOPKINS: I suppose it's good to have done it. I've done quite a bit of it, but I don't find it enriching. I don't like Shakespeare. I'd rather be in Malibu.

PLAYBOY: You're harsh about the acting profession. How do you feel about your fellow actors?

HOPKINS: What's so special about being an actor? Actors are nothing. Actors are of no consequence. Most actors are pretty simpleminded people who just think they're complicated. I remember when I had heard about Robert De Niro in *Raging Bull* and I thought, I have to go see this film. I went to see it at a small theater in New York, with the smell of urine, and pissing, and a couple of people asleep. It was like that moment of truth: Is this what it's all about?

PLAYBOY: What about live theater?

HOPKINS: I occasionally go to see a play if there's a friend of mine in it, and I'll go backstage afterward. It's so depressing. There's the smell of rotting garbage from nearby restaurants. You look at this grotty, dirty little dressing room, and there's the actor who looks like he's just been in the ring with Mike Tyson—all for 15 lines. I come out in the bright sunshine and I think, I don't have to do any of that.

PLAYBOY: Is it an exercise in futility?
HOPKINS: Yes. It's the same with movies. If you can't enjoy doing what you're doing, what's the point of doing it?
PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy your first movie, *The Lion in Winter*?
HOPKINS: Yes, though I was just a young, brash, nervous actor. I had a lot of opinions about myself; you swing between tremendous arrogance and self-contempt. So I was pretty nervous and pretty scared and unsure of myself. But I loved standing in front of the camera. I loved working with Katharine Hepburn and Peter O'Toole. I could feel a sense of power and a center of strength. I thought, I must never lose it, never let go of this sense of center in myself. I had never felt it when onstage.
PLAYBOY: Didn't Katharine Hepburn advise you not to overact?
HOPKINS: No, she said, "You don't need to do anything. You'll understand, just relax." Then she said, "You don't have to act. You have a good voice, you look good, you have a big frame, you'll look good on film. Don't act. I'll do the acting. I'm always overacting, that's the way I am. But you don't need to do that." She was right.
PLAYBOY: Did you know Peter O'Toole before you did that movie?
HOPKINS: No. Never had met him. He was electrifying. The most exciting and dangerous actor I've ever worked with. We had some wild times together.
PLAYBOY: How wild?
HOPKINS: There were fights.
PLAYBOY: Physical or verbal?
HOPKINS: O'Toole and I, both smashed, were ready to beat each other up. He was mad. He drank as much as I did and probably more, and he had that kind of yearning zest for life. He hated the Welsh. I didn't give a damn about race—Welsh, Irish, it's all the same to me. A lot of Welsh people are anti-English. I've got no bones to grind, I told O'Toole. He said, "You're like that other Welsh bastard, Richard Burton. You're a fucking misfit. Play the piano and all that stuff, and you're a stargazer." Because I like astronomy. It got up his nose for some reason. He was pretty smashed and I had had a few and we were in a restaurant and I suddenly got out of my chair and leaned across the table and said, "You bastard, come outside." I meant it, I was going to deck him. I didn't care.
PLAYBOY: Did you care about what the critics said about your performance in *Magic*?
HOPKINS: I don't know why I did that film. They should have gone to somebody else, an American actor, a New York actor like Al Pacino.
PLAYBOY: Critic Pauline Kael felt you used all the emotions of a dummy.
HOPKINS: Who's this? Never heard of her. I'm always wary of knowledgeable people who are very critical. We have them in England. Jack Tinker, who is one of our foremost critics, works for one of the tabloids. It's the most irritating writing, because he creams his jeans over any Vanessa Redgrave performance. It's all bullshit, all these endless analyses of films.
PLAYBOY: You found Shirley MacLaine intolerable when you worked together in *A Change of Seasons*. What was the problem?
HOPKINS: We didn't get along too well. We didn't speak to each other. She didn't like me. She's very clever and talented, but she likes to run everything, she likes control. That's OK, but I can't be bothered with that circus. You have one director, you don't need three. You don't need the actress telling you what to do.
PLAYBOY: Have you considered working with someone like Barbra Streisand, who acts, directs and demands total control?
HOPKINS: No, I give them five minutes. I'm not going to put up with that. It's not that important. None of this has any consequence at all. And dubbing, editing, all that bullshit—do your job, go home. If somebody asks me, "Do you want to be involved in the development of this production?" I say, "No, give me the script, point the way to the studio and show me the camera and I'll do it." I have no interest in developing, in producing, in directing anything.
PLAYBOY: One television miniseries you did, *Hollywood Wives*, was a mess. Why did you do it?
HOPKINS: Just for a laugh. I was living in England and I wanted to spend some time in Los Angeles and my agent phoned up and said, "Do you want to do *Hollywood Wives*?" And I said, "Is it porno?" He said, "No." I said, "OK. How much are they paying me?" I had a good time. I never saw it.
PLAYBOY: Another miniseries you did, *The Bunker*, wasn't done for laughs. Was it difficult to get inside of Adolf Hitler's mind?
HOPKINS: I enjoyed doing it. When I was playing Hitler, I thought there must be a clue. What is his personal tragedy, his grief and his great loss? And I went back and looked at movies and the Olympic Games and the days of the Third Reich, seeing him standing there speaking, "Sieg Heil." What a dream that must have been for him and for those corrupt men around him. And for the 70 million German people on their feet saying that their savior had come. That's what they believed. I read *Mein Kampf* closely—the genocide policy, it was there, it was self-evident. With the Russian tanks moving in and with Germany's falling into rubble, he must have felt a tremendous sense of betrayal, that the people had let him down. I knew so much about Hitler, and I also knew the old man in him. He's sort of a Lear figure: the decrepit old man in the bunker with the loss of his dream; the greatest dictator in the world ruling over a million square miles of rubble and ruin. Extraordinary. I understood his

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need for sweet cakes and his tea parties. I styled Hitler after my own grandfather on my father's side, who was a bit of a tyrant. He was self-educated and full of all kinds of extraordinary opinions and philosophical insights. He was Victorian and had a hard life. But he was hard as nails, confused, frustrated, powerful and a sentimental ogre. Which Hitler was, as well. But my grandfather didn't kill anyone. He wasn't responsible for the death of millions of people.

PLAYBOY: You have also played other frighteningly evil men, onstage in *Pravda* and on-screen as Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs*. Why the fascination with the dark side?

HOPKINS: I've played bright people and monstrous people. In *Pravda* I played a man called Lambert Le Roux who was a male version of Margaret Thatcher. He was like *Jaws*, in the way sharks move. This man knew exactly what price people had, and he knew that everyone had a price. I loved playing that part because he saw through all the bullshit. He knew that contained in each human being is the jungle. That's a pretty bleak look at life, but there is a part that is exciting. Lecter also sees the jungle inside each human being, he sees the dark side. It's a nihilistic truth and it's a Nietzschean view of the world.

PLAYBOY: Before you filmed *The Silence of the Lambs*, Jonathan Demme said he was initially repelled by the idea of doing a film about a serial killer. Did you feel that way as well?

HOPKINS: No. I didn't think it was an exploitation movie. It was a well-constructed thriller. I had no qualms about playing Lecter, because he's a piece of fiction, a product of the imagination. A bizarre, strange, intriguing character.

PLAYBOY: Were you concerned at all about the glorification of violence, that someone might see the film and be influenced by it?

HOPKINS: No, I didn't think it glorified violence. The cinemas are full of violent films. Like *Rambo* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and Schwarzenegger movies. They are very violent and dehumanizing. Schwarzenegger's stuff is antihuman, antihumanity: The human being is turned into a machine state. They are entertaining, but there's something almost fascist, something odd, about them. But they are also very camp.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the film as a strange kind of fairy tale?

HOPKINS: Yes. The story's about Clarice, it's not about me. It's some strange, Gothic fairy tale that she's sent out by the king to kill the monster. There's an evil scourge on the land and he says, "Slay the dragon. But you have to talk to the prime dark angel." She goes down into the bowels of hell and meets this dark angel. It's all very erotic. It's a romantic figure, the angel of death. He makes her strong and he opens her up. It's a primitive, archetypal fairy tale.

PLAYBOY: Why are evil men often sexy?

HOPKINS: Power. Evil has its own power. Power is erotic. Remember when Henry Kissinger was secretary of state and he had all those women and young girls around? Politicians are powerful and directors are powerful. People who run industries are powerful. They are erotic symbols. Power is sex. Richard III is sex. I don't think Hitler was sexy, but people used to have orgasms when he spoke.

PLAYBOY: Are we drawn to these people because we all have a darker side?

HOPKINS: We would all like to be machinelike and have no emotions. I long for it all the time. Have no emotions so that I could make no mistakes and be ice cold. I'd love to be like that, but I can't. I'm trapped in my own personality, which is constantly getting me into areas that I don't want to be in. I long to be somebody who is ice cold, brutal, tough and uncompromising. Of course, I'd probably hate myself.

PLAYBOY: When will we see a sequel to *The Silence of the Lambs*?

HOPKINS: I asked Jonathan, "Is there any news?" And he said, "Well, Tom Harris is writing. He's a slow writer."

PLAYBOY: Who else would play a good Lecter?

HOPKINS: Jack Nicholson. When I got the part, I wondered why they gave it to me.

PLAYBOY: The film's success had to have affected you in some way.

HOPKINS: Yes, it broke box-office records in the West End. I went with a friend and we sat in the car across the road. I looked at the lines of people and I saw my name up there and he said, "What do you think?" I said, "The weird thing is I don't feel anything." Nothing changes. I look in the mirror, and the same boring face is looking back.

PLAYBOY: Yet that boring face has been transformed into the face of monsters, madmen and tyrants. Have these roles given you insights into other levels of humanity?

HOPKINS: Yes. It's interesting watching people in power. Like watching Saddam Hussein, watching his whole body movement when somebody goes to meet him. When he went to the hospital after the Iraqis were bombed in that hotel, you saw a soldier's reaction. It was as if he were standing before some colossus, some monster figure, some bogeyman. Watch people with Hitler, watch people with powerful people, it's the same thing. When Saddam Hussein is talking, he doesn't actually look at the people he's with. He makes the other people around him invisible. Olivier had that quality and Francis Coppola has a bit of it. Powerful people have a way of making other people feel invisible. They have the power to ignore people—that's the way they rule.

PLAYBOY: John Huston was like that.

HOPKINS: I'm sure he was. A lot of directors are, a lot of moguls are. It's a

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dangerous area when directors start to feel their power: keeping people waiting, not answering their phones, turning up late. Gandhi said that being late is an act of violence, an act of terrorism, because it unnerves people. I think rudeness is a real spit in the face. There's a lot of rudeness in this business. It's one of the most insufferable parts of it. So when I direct, I go the other way to be kind to people, because to make people feel they're anonymous—to reduce them to numbers, to unimportance—is unspeakable. I've watched it happen. Actors and directors are fucking horrible. It puts me in an intolerant rage.

PLAYBOY: You've accused such British directors as Peter Brook, Tony Richardson and Ken Russell of using actors as puppets. Is that how you still feel?

HOPKINS: Yeah. I have no love for them at all. Richardson was one of the worst. Those directors, I hate them. I don't understand why actors don't stand up for themselves when they're being abused by some directors. Why not stand up and fight against maniacs? I fight it, I don't put up with it. I won't work. I hate directors who interfere, pass notes. If you have monsters, I don't care how great they are, it's not worth getting out of bed in the morning. I've walked out of two films. One was with some British jerk director who was crying in rage because I dared challenge him. Because I don't give a shit about my career. I don't like anyone bullying other people. On *Dracula* an assistant director shouted at the cameraman and I stopped and said, "Is this is a concentration camp you're running here? Don't shout in front of me, just go fuck yourself, keep out of my way." I don't want to be a hero, I don't want to be everyone's champion, but if I see it, I'll stop it. I won't put up with it. I'm glad my anger is alive and healthy, because I don't want to become too docile.

PLAYBOY: When you now have to portray anger, do you just think of a few directors and it comes back?

HOPKINS: Yeah. I must say that 90 percent of the film directors I've worked with have been terrific. The theater is a different story. That's the breeding ground of such fabulous bullshit. Intellectual bullshit. These directors come straight out of Cambridge University with new innovations about Shakespeare. Hamlet dressed up as a Nazi. It's wanking, you know.

PLAYBOY: Don't some actors see the director as a father figure?

HOPKINS: Oh, I can't stand it. Think of the history of the human species. Think of the knowledge that has been brought forward about people's rights not to be controlled by other people. From national histories, the Holocaust, brutality, war, to the shop floor. Nobody can have power over you. I don't understand why we still put up with this bullshit. If you let these sharks get at you, they'll tear your innards out. They'll destroy you. Why bother with these people?

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the power of Francis Coppola. What kind of tyrant was he when you were filming *Dracula*?

HOPKINS: Francis is an enormous personality. He's charismatic, a controller, a dictator and a tyrant in his way. I say all these things with a positive feeling. *The Godfather* was one of the greatest films made and *Apocalypse Now* is a big, sprawling film of epic proportions. I watched him in that documentary about the making of *Apocalypse*. There he was in the swamps, up to his chest in water, directing the helicopter. This isn't a man covered in Gucci leather sitting in an office in Burbank. This man puts his money where his mouth is.

PLAYBOY: Were you pleased with the way *Dracula* turned out?

HOPKINS: It was a big, bold film. I've never seen anything like it. The only criticism I would have is, if I were Francis, I wouldn't do so much. He threw too much on the screen. I'd just say, "Right, we don't need all these shots." But that's the way he works. When he makes pasta, he puts everything in it. He's an excessive person with huge appetites.

PLAYBOY: Was it Winona Ryder who suggested you for the part?

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HOPKINS: Yes, she did. Coppola told me that Winona had brought the *Dracula* script to him, and she wanted me. She's amazing. At 22 years of age, she has an extraordinary brain. She's extremely well read and knows herself.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you are very uncomfortable in the presence of young and accomplished actresses?

HOPKINS: I can never really relax, especially with actresses. I met Meryl Streep in London and she paid me great compliments and I didn't know what to do or say. So when I get frightened, I give them a hug and I get physical. With Winona Ryder, I could never quite relax. The same thing with Jodie Foster—Jodie and I were slightly nervous around each other.

PLAYBOY: And what about young actors, such as *Dracula*'s Gary Oldman?

HOPKINS: Gary Oldman is an exciting actor. He reminds me of the way I was some years ago. He's obsessive, which is good so long as it doesn't destroy him. I hope I've grown out of that obsession, because it's so uncomfortable living with that. He has that thing that O'Toole had, that wonderful quality of sheer bloody madness. Gary doesn't stop. He may be a bit of a pain in the ass to some people, but at least he's there, he's functioning, he's alive. If anything, Gary has to calm down a bit.

PLAYBOY: Your own madness and obsessions coincided with your drinking years. How big a drinker were you?

HOPKINS: I was a problem drinker. I drank for 15 years, which is not long. I had done severe damage to myself, I'd put on weight. I had done more damage to my emotional equipment. I was just very shaky and thought I was going mad. I felt it was hopeless and I wanted to end it all. My life was beginning to fall to pieces. I was a damn nuisance to be around.

PLAYBOY: Did you drink while you were acting?

HOPKINS: No, but I may as well have been drinking, because I was so hung over and intoxicated. You can function well while drinking. I did it quite successfully.

PLAYBOY: How long has it been since you last had a drink?

HOPKINS: Seventeen years.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever worry that you would lose your edge if you were to give up booze?

HOPKINS: Yeah, initially. But I didn't care, I just wanted to get that monkey off my back.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you found Alcoholics Anonymous?

HOPKINS: You can't print that name, you know.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HOPKINS: You have to respect the anonymity of the tradition. So you mustn't print that. I would be very angry if you were to print that.

PLAYBOY: This won't be the first time that name has seen print. The more important issue is why it works for you.

HOPKINS: I found there were people who were just like me, and their job is to help people who suffer just like themselves. A network is there night and day if you want it and it saved my life. I'm so indebted to them that I try to observe the rules and traditions.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once drive from Los Angeles to Phoenix without realizing that you'd done it?

HOPKINS: I remember doing it, but I had fallen asleep at the wheel. I was intoxicated and I came back to Los Angeles and just reached my wit's end. I could have killed somebody with my car.

PLAYBOY: You could have died as well.

HOPKINS: That was horrifying. All of my problems from when I was a little kid come back to this inability to fit in and live peacefully in the world, to this feeling of being an outsider. When you take drugs or booze it makes you fit in for a while. That's why it's so attractive. Booze is just narcotics in a bottle. It's a depressant. And anything you can get to fix you is an addiction. Whether it's sex or food or work or success, if it becomes a fixation then it's an addiction and you become dependent

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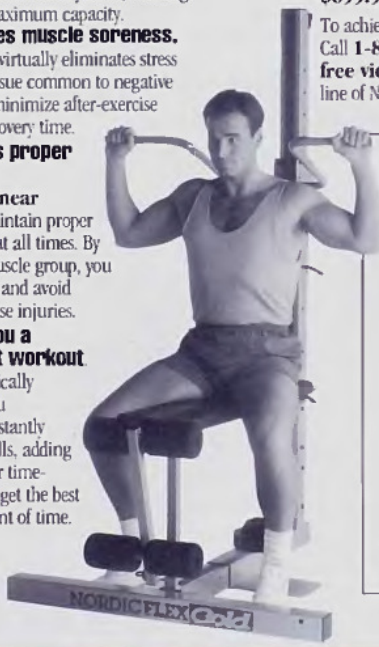

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on that addiction. It can ruin your life.

PLAYBOY: What about other drugs, such as marijuana or acid?

HOPKINS: No, I never messed with that stuff. But I have had enough tequila in me to know what an acid trip is like.

PLAYBOY: Was your drinking part of the cause of the failure of your first marriage?

HOPKINS: I don't want to talk about that.

PLAYBOY: At all?

HOPKINS: Nope. It's over. It was my problem. My fault. We produced one child from that and got divorced.

PLAYBOY: We don't know much about it.

HOPKINS: I don't want you to know anything. It's over.

PLAYBOY: Can we talk at all about your daughter?

HOPKINS: No. Because she's changed her name. She wants to get on with her career.

PLAYBOY: Are you friends with her?

HOPKINS: Oh, yeah. I saw her just recently, but that's over as well. You're not going to get anything out of me. I'm keeping to myself the personal parts of my life that would be painful to my ex-wife and daughter. I accept full responsibility. It was something that didn't work. It's over.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once play a character in *The Good Father* who had to vent his rage against his wife?

HOPKINS: Yes, I did. The director, Mike Newell, was a complex man. He wanted to talk about the part and degrees of rage and anger. I said, "Listen, let's just shoot it. I know all about anger." He said, "Yeah, but let's talk about it." And I said, "No, look, I bring the child back, I dump him on the mother. She slams the door in my face and I kick the door, that's it. There's nothing about degrees of anger. I know this man inside out and backward; he's me. I've done all these things, I've been through a marriage, I've been through a disastrous divorce. I have all that violence in me, so let's just do it." So we did.

During one scene in that movie I broke down, which I had never done before. I've always been in charge of my emotions, but I broke down. I had walked out of my first marriage, which was a disaster, and I left my child, Abigail. I felt ashamed and angry with myself. It's the first time I acknowledged that anything had any ties on me, because I've always tried to deny emotion. It shook me.

PLAYBOY: So your personal life intruded on your life of make-believe?

HOPKINS: Yes. I'm stunned by the hurt the children go through over divorces, with their innocence and with adult stupidity. It hurt me that I'd been irresponsible. But I wasn't fit for marriage or to bring up a family.

PLAYBOY: How old was your child when you were playing this role?

HOPKINS: About 15, 16 maybe. She has a small part in *The Remains of the Day*. She's a good actress.

PLAYBOY: Did she ask you to get her a part?

HOPKINS: No, I just went to the producer and said, "I'd like my daughter to do this. What do you think?"

PLAYBOY: Did she have any problem with that?

HOPKINS: No, she loved it.

PLAYBOY: Do you give her advice?

HOPKINS: No. When we were on the set together I stayed away. She changed her name so they didn't know who she was. We were in a scene together. She's one of the housemaids and she's with my father as he's dying and she wakes him up when I come into the room. She said, "I was nervous." And I put my arm around her and said, "You looked terrific, it was great."

PLAYBOY: You've said seeing her was like seeing yourself in drag.

HOPKINS: We do look a little alike, but she has all the burning questions I had. She's much smarter than I am. She's very determined.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take for you to become friends? Was that a difficult process?

"It hurt me that I'd been irresponsible. But I wasn't fit for marriage or to bring up a family."

HOPKINS: We got close a few years ago and she came and stayed with us. She was doing her own numbers, playing some sorts of scenes for herself, trying to impress me or being manipulative. I said, forget it. I just withdrew. I always withdraw from people. I try not to let people absorb too much of my energy. Once people start latching on to me and try to draw things out of me and control me, I wave them goodbye, sometimes forever, and I won't go back. I don't like being controlled by anyone.

PLAYBOY: But when it comes to your own daughter, don't you make certain allowances? Clearly you two have had a reconciliation.

HOPKINS: I was quite prepared to go into the wilderness without her. I was prepared not to see her again. It doesn't matter to me, you see. We have to be tough and callous about it all, live our lives. It's a selfish way of looking at it, but I don't have a conscience. I suppose it's a bit indifferent.

PLAYBOY: Do you have contact with her mother as well?

HOPKINS: No. After our scene together I wrote to her mother and her grandmother and said, "She did really well at this and I'm so pleased for her." But that's it.

PLAYBOY: Your second marriage has lasted for 20 years. How did you meet Jennifer Lynton?

HOPKINS: I was up in Scotland for a film called *When Eight Bells Toll* and she was working for the production company. I arrived at the airport worse for wear, having had a few drinks on a late plane—I'd missed the other one—and her boss said, "One of our actors is missing and he's probably going to turn up on the next flight; could you go down and meet him and give him his call sheets for tomorrow morning? He's a bit of a nuisance. His name is Tony Hopkins." And as I got off the plane she was there and as soon as she saw me she thought, That's him. I'm going to marry him. And then she took an instant dislike to me. I was rude, like lots of actors.

PLAYBOY: Did you even notice her?

HOPKINS: Nope. And a few weeks later I was at a party and I asked her out. She wrote to a friend of hers and said, "I met an actor named Anthony Hopkins and he was quite offensive, but I feel drawn to him in some strange way."

PLAYBOY: Are you uncomfortable with your former intensity?

HOPKINS: Yes, I am. I want to forget it. It was a stage in my life when I was very unattractive, very tiresome. It sounds weird, but everything to do with acting—the intensity of acting, the meaning, the importance of this to me now—is incomprehensible. My whole attitude about it has changed drastically in the past couple of years. The whole acting business has changed. It's work, it's a job, it's something I do quite well and I enjoy it. It doesn't consume my brain, it doesn't eat me up. I show up and do what's in front of me. It's the only way I can function.

PLAYBOY: Are you a changed man?

HOPKINS: It's like having slipped off the edge. I feel a sort of emptiness; there's no resistance for me. I've done a few television interviews lately, and I was looking at myself. If I were someone else watching this man, I would have thought, What an extraordinary attitude to his work. Because I feel detached from it. It's as if all my ambition is gone. I'm not comfortable talking about this. It leaves me puzzled, as if to say, "What importance is any of this?" It's of no consequence at all to me.

PLAYBOY: Still, to get an insight into who you are, we have to look at who you were.

HOPKINS: The only negative or violent emotion I feel is that I get scared when I get cornered by the intensity of this business, by people who say, "You have to do

(continued on page 155)

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MASTERS AND JOHNSON: ADULTERY

IN THEIR LATEST BOOK, "HETEROSEXUALITY," AMERICA'S LEADING SEX RESEARCHERS TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT AFFAIRS

EXTRAMARITAL SEX hasn't disappeared in the Nineties. In fact, there is little evidence that participation in extramarital sex has even slowed down a notch in the age of AIDS. Reflecting this reality, affairs are the regular subject of movies, television shows and novels. In many ways, it seems as though America is obsessed with extramarital sex.

Most married couples claim to believe in the value of monogamy, but a sizable number of married men and women stray from this ideal. Various estimates suggest that anywhere from 26 percent to 66 percent of married American men and 18 percent to 69 percent of married American women have had extramarital sex. And, according to another group of researchers, 90 percent of the wives in a sample who suspected their husbands of straying outside the marriage were correct in their assumptions, while 87 percent of the husbands who thought their wives had had extramarital experiences were accurate. Our own findings support those results, though there are many instances where one or more affairs have occurred but are unsuspected by the spouse. However, stark statistics don't do much to illuminate the subject beyond suggesting that extramarital sex can hardly be considered unusual or abnormal behavior.

Unlike some authorities, we do not see all extramarital sex as inherently destructive. While we certainly agree that extramarital sex can be a divisive (and frequently explosive) issue, there are also many situations in which its positive aspects outweigh its negatives by a wide margin. Affairs can help keep a marriage together by reducing sexual tension, which in turn can lessen other forms of marital conflict. Affairs sometimes turn out to be personal growth experiences. Affairs don't always provide better sex or more happiness than a marriage; because of this, they can help a person appreciate the quality of his or her marriage at a time when this may have been in question. Perhaps, paradoxically, affairs sometimes lead to a rejuvenation of sex within a

ARTICLE BY
WILLIAM MASTERS
VIRGINIA JOHNSON
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ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

marriage, so in this sense they may actually contribute to marital satisfaction.

Our willingness to see that extramarital involvements can have a positive side should not be taken as a wholehearted endorsement of such behavior. We are firmly convinced that the down side of extramarital sex usually looms larger than any potential benefits that can be objectively ascribed to this situation.

TYPES OF AFFAIRS

As a matter of convenience, we will designate affairs that last less than six months as short-term. In this category come situation-specific affairs, which are typically one-night stands or short-term liaisons that arise because the opportunity presents itself as convenient and alluring rather than as a result of premeditation. Other common types of short-term affairs (in addition to the ones that are situation-specific) include those we can label as anger-revenge affairs and predivorce affairs.

Situation-specific affairs share several other common features. For example, they are kindled by alcohol use more than any other type of affair. Alcohol provides just enough loosening of ordinary social inhibitions that many individuals who were not actively on the prowl for extramarital sex acquiesce to the intrigue of the situation far more readily than they would have done while stone-cold sober. Another frequent element of situation-specific affairs is that they generally have a low probability of being discovered, which adds some obvious luster to their appeal. In large part, this stems from two facts: These affairs usually involve strangers (or someone who isn't in the spouse's circle of friends or acquaintances), and they often occur some distance from one's home. For these reasons, the situation-specific affair carries less baggage than other affairs. The simplicity of such affairs fulfills whatever requirements the two participants bring to bed with them.

From our research, we believe that at least a quarter of participants in these brief, unplanned affairs are either absolute neophytes or have had limited experience with extramarital sexual involvement. Consider this account from a repentant 30-year-old minister whose wife was home in Atlanta with the kids while he was attending a religious seminar in Washington, D.C.: "I have always been a person who tries to practice what he preaches, to put it in kind of trite terms, so I am very ashamed of what I'm about to tell you. After eight years of a completely happy marriage, after having gently turned down seductive congregants on dozens of occasions, and after having sworn to myself that I could resist any temptation that was thrown my way, I was shocked to find out that I was much weaker than I ever could have imagined. Here's what happened: I went out to dinner with a group of six or seven people who were at this seminar. When we went back to the hotel, we went into the bar for more conversation. Looking back, I had had a few glasses of wine at dinner; at the bar, I had another drink or two. Suddenly, there were just three of us sitting there—a teacher from Oklahoma, a woman from Ohio and me. The teacher got up and excused himself, and this woman—this very attractive woman—asked if I wouldn't keep her company while she finished her drink. Gallant person that I am, I agreed. Before I realized what was happening, she was rubbing my leg with her foot and running her moist tongue around her lips over and over again. I was on fire, and all I could think about was having her douse my flame. We got to her room in about 20 seconds, and we jumped on each other before I could even catch my breath. Now, I'm not blaming her in any way. I was a completely willing participant. But the next morning when I woke up, I felt like I had lost my head completely. I have never gotten up the courage to tell my wife what happened. It's just something I chalk up to experience, and something that I hope has taught me a lesson."

Anger-revenge affairs are also apt to be short-lived, though there are exceptions that have considerable staying power. Revenge affairs can be seen particularly among women who have no interest in the intricacies and logistical planning that a string of affairs involves. For them, the convenience of a once-a-week or once-a-month lover is a good trade-off for one who might be more attractive or exciting. For anyone choosing an affair primarily as a means of venting anger or getting back at a spouse for real or imagined injustices, the sex itself has a different sort of meaning than in most other affairs. "Look at how I'm degrading myself" is often just a transparent way of saying, "Look how I'm degrading you" to an inattentive or hostile spouse. Consider the following 34-year-old artist's plight—and her solution: "I'm just a normal sort of woman with normal needs and wants. I thought I had a pretty normal marriage. But my husband turned into such a fanatical fitness nut, with two hours a day of running and another hour a day at his office health club, that my place was more like the cook and trainer for the Olympic team than his wife. I had to make special vitamin–wheat-germ–egg-white concoctions. I had to wash the hamburger meat to eliminate fat. I had to get up at 5:30 in the morning so he could have his morning run. And with all of this training, he fell asleep by 9:00 every night. I became so angry when Bill escalated his training to 80 miles of roadwork a week that I wanted a divorce. Instead, I got back at him by starting an affair with one of his buddies, one who was happy to stay home and have sex instead of pounding the pavement in the pouring rain."

Predivorce affairs are more like test flights—forays into the world of sex outside marriage as a prelude to making the final decision to terminate an already shaky relationship. Predivorce affairs allow a man or a woman to examine several critical issues: Am I really missing something in my marriage, or is everyone's sex pretty much the same as mine? Can I function adequately with a new partner? What sexual and relationship issues will I face after I get divorced?

Long-term affairs serve a broader range of purposes and, in general, assume greater complexity. Long-term affairs commonly fall into the following categories: Marriage maintenance affairs, hedonistic affairs, cathartic affairs, intimacy reduction affairs, kinky affairs and reactive affairs.

Marriage maintenance affairs are convenient arrangements that provide a key ingredient that is missing from one or the other partner's marriage. By supplying this much-needed element, the affair actually stabilizes the marriage and makes a breakup less likely. The missing element may be the same for both people—for example, it may be a willingness to experiment with sex—but frequently the affair provides different ingredients to the participants in a mutually beneficial exchange.

Although common wisdom has it that affairs often lead to marital dissolution, we have encountered hundreds of marriages held together and solidified by affairs. Generally, they fell in the category of marriage maintenance affairs. As several people have told us, these affairs are cheaper and more interesting than going to a marriage counselor.

Hedonistic affairs focus on the sexual and sensual action. They are pure and straightforward demonstrations of Freud's pleasure principle: They rarely lead to emotional entanglements and generally avoid the recriminations and ambiguities of other types of affairs that have a more driving focus. For those who are able to regard sex as a form of recreation—a term we do not

(continued on page 152)

"You're right, Sergei—Catherine is great!"

SAFE SEX

Great Sex

using the power of imagination to counter the scourge of our times

Photography By Michel Comte

DESIRE DOES NOT RETREAT. Despite the fear, political infighting, finger-pointing and ignorance that mark the second decade of an AIDS epidemic, our bodies are still here: Skin is eager for intimacy, lips yearn for contact. We feel the way people have always felt, wishing for the same sexual fulfillment and for passion to transform our days with magic, even as we work through a dilemma that is unique to our times.

Our society worships bodies. We are obsessive about sex. But right now, ignorance of AIDS is an

MARTINA JONES *(above): The daughter of music mogul Quincy Jones revels in an embrace.* **LIBBY EDELMAN** *(right): The shoe and clothing impresario of Sam & Libby frolics barefoot on the beach.*

"Everybody has his or her own fantasy about the pictures we should do."

—MICHEL COMTE

•

invitation to death. In the face of it all, intimacy must continue. The immediate solution? Education mixed with a heady dose of imagination. If you can imagine hot sex, then you can imagine—and have—hot safe sex.

Into the continuum that links imagination and education comes Michel Comte, a Swiss-born photographer who is a household name in both haute couture and art galleries. He seeks to cut through the rhetoric about safe sex and to raise our awareness—both of the consequences of our acts and of the glorious possibilities—through the photographs that you see on these pages.

"I have lost a lot of friends to AIDS," says Comte, a friendly, soft-spoken man whose face is worn from shooting more than 200 days on this project since 1992. "It's a hard thing to talk about. But with all the things that are not being done about AIDS worldwide, I thought it would be important to start reaching people with a project that goes a little farther than just next door."

PLAYBOY sparked Comte's photographic work by offering a donation to the

On this page, **SOFIA COPPOLA,** *wearing the sheer chemise, reclines in bed with* **ZOE CASSAVETES** *(daughter of John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands) and* **DONOVAN LEITCH** *(son of the singer Donovan). Opposite page: Actress* **SONIA BRAGA.**

"The most important thing is to support AIDS research. I wish there were a scientist whose neck I could rub once in a while."

—SONIA BRAGA

"There's nothing I enjoy more than buying condoms."

—SANDRA BERNHARD

•

American Foundation for AIDS Research—a nonprofit, nongovernmental agency that channels charitable donations to research projects all over the U.S.—in exchange for a first look at the photo essay.

"I've been thinking about this project for a long time," says Comte. "PLAYBOY is an ideal place to launch it because it's a magazine about sex that is presentable in everybody's living room. PLAYBOY was a good partner to start this with."

This was precisely the working arrangement Comte had sought, and he has since duplicated it in other ways. He donates his time to create intimate portraits that comment on safe sex. The photos are then auctioned, sold, featured in magazines or put on exhibit—all in return for donations to AIDS foundations, pediatric AIDS programs and hospices worldwide.

Many of those who worked on the project with Comte point out that this is more than a feel-good exercise, more than a chance to raise awareness, more than art. People with AIDS and those who have tested positive for HIV need hands-on care, and the entire global community is searching for a cure. Both of these things will take money, and Comte's project is designed to put resources directly into the hands of

KELLY LYNCH *(opposite page, top), of "Drugstore Cowboy";* **MARIEL HEMINGWAY** *(opposite page, bottom), of television's "Civil Wars"; the model* **DOMINIQUE COMTE** *(above); stand-up gal and condom connoisseur* **SANDRA BERNHARD** *(right).*

"Love yourself first, the rest will follow."

—MIMI ROGERS

•

scientists and doctors, so they won't have to waste precious time screaming at deaf bureaucracies.

"The most important thing right now is to support AIDS research," says Brazilian actress Sonia Braga, best known for her star turn in the movie *Kiss of the Spider Woman*. She was an eager enlistee for Comte's cause. "I hope the scientists know we totally depend on them and support them. They are so focused, they must be in the labs 24 hours a day. I wish there were a scientist whose neck I could rub once in a while.

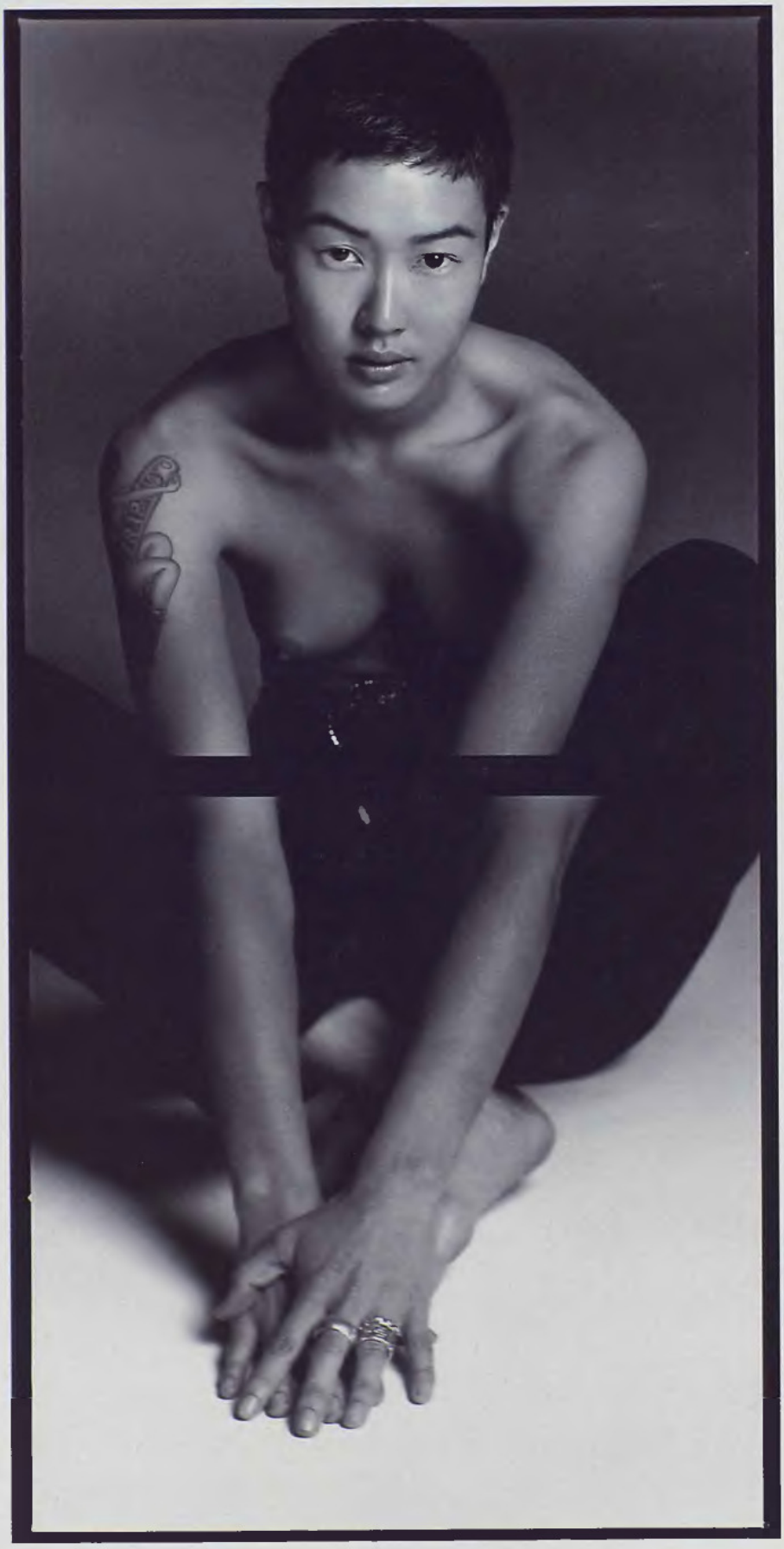
"Since I'm not a scientist," the actress continues, "all I can do is help raise money and raise consciousness, to make sure that the politicians become involved. Everyone should be participating in this cause as a part of day-to-day life, because it affects men, women and children. We all want to make love, we want to feel good, and we all want to help our friends, so AIDS is a big threat."

What started as a shoot for PLAYBOY has blossomed into a project almost bigger than Comte can grasp. Once word got out, people were enthusiastic about getting involved. To date, he has photographed more than 190 men and women, about half of them celebrities. The rest were found through friends or through chance encounters or were recruited from schools and even gangs from East L.A.

The model Jenny Shimizu, whose career was launched through her participation in Comte's project, was one such recruit. "The minute I walked into his studio, it was just spontaneous. Within five minutes, we started shooting. He made me feel very comfortable in all of the pictures. It was the first roll of film I had ever posed for."

Asked what she hopes to achieve through the project, she says: "I hope to change people's perceptions about AIDS. The disease is horrible, and it is ravaging physical human bodies. But at the same time, we need to remember that there are so many people who care about what's going on, who are striving to help find the cure. Once people see all the others who are involved,

MIMI ROGERS *(this page, appearing with a friend), of "The Rapture." Model* **HELENA CHRISTIANSEN** *(right).*



"If you practice safe sex,
you can have great sex
and enjoy life."
—JENNY SHIMIZU

•

then they are all going to jump on the bandwagon."

"I've tried not to make it a campaign about death," says Comte. "I've tried to make it positive. It encourages people to have sex and to be safe. Some of the pictures are very hard-core."

The result has been a contemporary portrait of the sexual reaction to AIDS and an overwhelming affirmation of deeper and more satisfying sex.

"Life is still rich, and sex should be abundant and sensitive," says Jeff Koons, a painter and sculptor who worked for several weeks on portraits with Comte. "It is important that people don't feel that practicing safe sex restricts pleasure."

No one needs to convince actress and comedian Sandra Bernhard that this is the case. "I actually have always equated eroticism with condoms," she says. "I had three older brothers and they always had them hidden in their desk drawers. I doubt they used them very much, but they had them. So there was something very erotic about rubbers. I don't find it a turnoff. In a way, it eroticizes sex for me. I think condoms are sexy."

"I ask people what they think about safe sex, and about sex," says Comte. "I

JENNY SHIMIZU *(left) rocked fashion with her punky look. Model* **CARLA BRUNI** *(below) has dated Mick Jagger. Opposite: Models and actors romp.*

"I'm going to continue for the next couple years full-time. All for safe sex."

—MICHEL COMTE

•

offer my ideas, if I know the people. Everybody has his or her own fantasy about the pictures we should do."

This safe-sex project will be hard to miss in 1994. Comte plans to issue two books of the photos and to host "big events" in major cities in the U.S. and Europe, at which photos will be auctioned. Tina Turner and Boy George, among other notables, are doing music to support the effort, and designers are fashioning clothes. The potential millions in proceeds will help pay for the fight against AIDS. The entire project is being filmed, and four TV spots have been produced. The photographs will also be shown in a series of exhibitions in Europe.

"I am going to Havana to photograph people," Comte says. "Then I'll go to Brazil. I'm not going to stop. I'm going to continue for the next couple years full-time. All for safe sex."

Desire does not retreat, and neither, yet, has the virus. Still, there is a way out: through research, through safe sex, through imagination unbound. And that's what Michel Comte's project is all about. —DEAN KUIPERS

Newlywed **SHANNEN DOHERTY** *caps a wild year by lending her alluring image to a good cause.*

the welcome wagon ski team is looking for one real woman to lead it to victory. but what will it cost?

THE COURTING OF MOLLY SWENSON

ILLUSTRATION BY BRYAN LEISTER

fiction by **RAY DEAN MIZE**

WITH SECONDS to spare I climbed into the starting gate, reached over the timing wand and planted my poles in the downhill snow. Beside me my opponent from the Exploding Hamsters did the same. I shuffled my skis rapidly back and forth, the alternating tips of my green Olins jabbing beneath the starting wand to melt a film of water for a faster start.

Below me the red-and-blue gates of the dual giant-slalom course wound down the slope like a pair of frantically mating snakes only to disappear behind a solid windbreak of pines. Even farther below lay the Beaver Creek base lodge, its deck crowded with brightly clothed skiers soaking up the afternoon sun. And beyond that, way down in the distant bottom of the Eagle River valley, sprawled the town of Avon, ugly stepsister to the

Cinderella city of Vail.

"Come on, Jase," said Wally Ratcliff. "Remember, all you gotta do is finish."

"Right," I said. The icy ruts around the gates shone like burnished steel.

"We're not going to be last anymore," said Wally. "This week we've got a real woman."

And that was the key. Every team in the Vail–Beaver Creek league was required to have at least one woman, which meant that every team had exactly four men and one woman. The men all ran the course in about the same time, give or take a couple of seconds. But a fast woman could beat a slow woman by ten seconds or more.

The official rules were simple: One run per racer, with the five individual times adding up to the team total. If any member missed a gate or skied off the course, the team would be disqualified. The unofficial rules were simpler: He who has the fastest woman wins.

•

I sneaked a quick look over my shoulder. Sure enough, behind Wally stood the woman he'd promised us. She was short and bouncy in a banana-yellow jumpsuit and matching earmuffs, and she smiled with what I hoped was tomboyish recklessness. Wally had told us that she was a Vail ski instructor. But if she were that good, why hadn't any of the other teams latched on to her?

"Ready," said the starter. "Five, four, three, two." The electronic timer shrilled its piercing signal: beep, beep, beep. I leaned out over my poles, kicked my heels into the air and blasted downward, my boots ticking through the timing wand to start the clock. The Hamster and I skated furiously for five steps and then tucked into the first ruts.

I whipped through the gate. A quick gliding step, and I chattered through the second rut. I took another step, not quite wide enough, and entered the third gate too high. My edge gave way and dropped me to the bottom of the rut, as hard and rough as an ax-hewn log, but my skis molded to the uneven surface and slung me onward. Step, gate, step, gate, faster and faster down the course, breathing harder at every turn. I tucked tight for the finish line and, at the last moment, popped my tips to break the beam.

Skidding sideways, I looked back at the electronic timer: 25.3. Two tenths of a second behind the Hamster. I jammed to a stop beside my teammates Fritz Heflin and Manny Trevi.

"Nice run," said Fritz. He used his pole to flick a few loose flakes off his trademark skis, a pair of Red Sleds. Fritz was studying fire science at Colorado Mountain College and lived in a room above the Avon firehouse. He wore expedition-weight underwear and shopped for the rest of his clothes at the Salvation Army. He would wear pretty much anything just so long as it was red.

"Mmmm," said Manny, who wasn't big on the spoken word. He'd recently changed his last name from Treviño to Trevi. Some people thought he was putting on airs, but those of us who knew him figured he was just trying to save a syllable.

The three of us leaned on our poles and stared up the slope.

"Racing fourth," blared the loudspeaker, "are Danny Johnson for the Exploding Hamsters . . . and Karl Marx for Welcome Wagon."

Karl Marx was Wally's race name this week. The rest of us had been, in order of start, René Descartes, John Locke and David Hume. Every week, for as long as we'd been racing and losing, we'd adopted a different set of names. We were too embarrassed both to lose and to have our names associated with a sponsor as lame as Welcome Wagon.

Our local Welcome Wagon was a gang of blue-haired women who forced themselves on unsuspecting newcomers and showered them with discount coupons and unsolicited advice. The Welcome Wagon woman would always insist on visiting the "lady of the house" in order to recommend the "best" stores, restaurants and services. In fact, she recommended only those businesses that paid Welcome Wagon for the advertising. What made it so lame was that Welcome Wagon passed itself off as a folksy public service. It was actually a nationwide corporation that raked in millions. And, unlike other local sponsors, Welcome Wagon insisted we ski under its name.

"They're off," boomed the loudspeaker. Manny looked to the sky and crossed himself.

"God bless Karl Marx," said Fritz.

"Forgive him, Lord," I added. "He didn't really mean that about the opiate of the masses."

Unfortunately, Wally was a genuine Wally in every sense of the word. He was short, nearsighted, pudgy and severely uncoordinated. And although nearly 30 years old, he was still working as a bellhop at the Poste Montane. To make matters worse, he insisted on wearing the longest skis that he could find, usually something upwards of 220 centimeters.

Today, despite our pleading, he'd worn his downhill racing skis. Downhill boards aren't much help on a giant-slalom course. They're so stiff that they just begin to loosen up at 40 miles an hour, and they carve a natural turn that's so long and gradual it resembles nothing so much as a straight line.

The Hamster rounded the corner, swishing through each gate with the graceful rhythm of someone who's raced since childhood. He popped across the finish just as Wally skidded into view, boards clacking like an armload of kindling. Wally twisted violently, his feet and knees pointed in one direction, his upper body in another. Between gates he sprang upright, straightened and twisted the other way, forcing his reluctant skis to shudder through yet another turn far tighter than they'd been built for.

"Two more gates," said Fritz. "Just two more gates."

Wally came out of the last rut canted over onto his inside ski. He windmilled desperately but continued to tilt inward. He hit on his side and the snow exploded. One ski popped out, and then the other. A split second later Wally emerged headfirst, sliding on his belly, and crossed the finish line to stop the clock.

The rules of skiing say nothing about finishing standing. Or even with all your equipment.

"Hmmpp," said Manny.

"Way to go," shouted Fritz.

I said nothing, torn between wanting to congratulate him and wanting to kill him for wearing such enormous skis.

"Racing fifth," said the loudspeaker, "are Susi Fallows for the Exploding Hamsters . . . and Ludwig Wittgenstein for Welcome Wagon."

Wittgenstein was our woman, the female who would finally make Welcome Wagon a winner. We exchanged high fives all around.

"So, Wally," I said. "How come nobody else nabbed her?"

"Beats me," he said, knocking the snow out of his goggles. "But as soon as I saw her, I knew she was exactly what we needed."

We'd gone through a guest woman a week since the beginning of the season. Most had failed to finish, much less ski fast. Fast women were an endangered species at Vail–Beaver Creek. Few women chose the cold, impoverished life of the ski bum, and the fastest had been grabbed before the season began.

"Where did you say she teaches?" asked Fritz.

"Up at Vail," said Wally.

"That's funny," said Fritz. "She must be new."

As a fire science major, Fritz spent his free time pounding the moguls at Vail, a streak of tattered red on his beloved Sleds. He devoted the rest of his time to worshiping at the feet of female ski instructors.

(continued on page 130)

"I got a really neat job today. I didn't even know computer programmers <u>used</u> nude models."

BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD
AC/DC
METALLICA
THE STUPID TOUR
GEE, BART, IF YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE DUMBER, THAT COULD BE YOU.

The Golden Age of Stupid

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DUMB, THE HALF-WITTED MAN IS KING

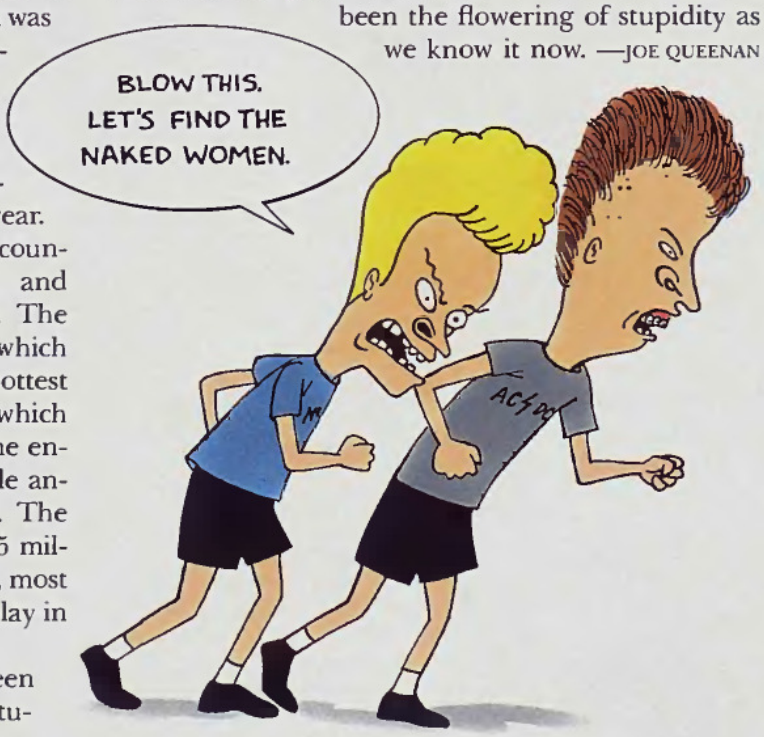
DURING THE first 5000 years of recorded history, it was possible to survive as an incredibly stupid person, but it wasn't possible to make any real money at it. Country bumpkins, village idiots and addlepated lummoxes were more or less tolerated through the ages, but they were seldom rewarded and were rarely thought of as role models.

All this has changed in the age of Beavis and Butt-head, Ren and Stimpy, Wayne and Garth and the guy who called that time-out for Michigan with 11 seconds left in the 1993 NCAA basketball final. Today, joyously stupid people such as Roseanne Arnold and Madonna are revered as national treasures, while canny opportunists such as Rush Limbaugh make their fortunes pretending to be morons. Truly, there has never been a better time to be stupid.

Just think how important stupidity has become in everyday life. The most popular book in America was written by Howard Stern, a clown. The most popular radio show in America is hosted by Rush Limbaugh, a posturing meathead. The top fashion statement in America is a baseball cap worn backward, knucklehead style, with oversized shorts pulled down to reveal one's underwear. The most popular musical idiom in America is country-and-western—hee-haw—with heavy metal and rap—clunk, screech—nipping at its bootheels. The hottest program on MTV is *Beavis and Butt-head*, which chronicles the adventures of two dimwits. The hottest program on Nickelodeon is *Ren & Stimpy*, which chronicles the adventures of two boneheads. One entire network—Fox—is devoted to stupidity, while another—MTV—is mostly dedicated to stupidity. The most money ever paid to an NBA rookie—$74.5 million—was awarded last summer to Chris Webber, most famous for calling that time-out—the dumbest play in the history of college basketball.

Of course, it is important to distinguish between innate stupidity—a way of life—and rehearsed stupidity—a hobby, a sham or a good way to build television ratings. Consider Hoosier stupidity. David Letterman, a native of Indiana, does dumb things on his show as a postmodern, ironic ploy to draw attention to other people's incredible stupidity. Dan Quayle, a native of Indiana, is wit-impaired.

One troubling aspect of contemporary stupidity is that trailblazing numbskulls of yesteryear, who laid the groundwork for today's morons, have not received the credit they are due. Without a dope like Elvis Presley there would be no chowderheads like Axl Rose. Without bozos like Morton Downey, Jr., and Joe Pyne we wouldn't have a muttonhead like Rush Limbaugh. Without a troika of lunkheads like the Three Stooges, there could never have been a dynamic duo of duncery like Beavis and Butt-head. And without Jerry Lewis, there never could have been the flowering of stupidity as we know it now. —JOE QUEENAN



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BOSWICK

These are a few of the stupidest things

DOLLARS FOR DULLARDS: *Beavis and Butt-head* is MTV's most successful program. The duo's CD and book are both huge successes. Beavis and Butt-head have been called the Ebert and Siskel of rock. In fact, White Zombie and Babes in Toyland have credited dramatic increases in album sales to favorable mentions on the show. In assessing their worth to Viacom, which owns Beavis and Butt-head, *Advertising Age* proclaimed that they are "just the kind of copyrights that increasingly are essential passports into the new media age." The show, by the way, generates a conservatively estimated $10 million each year for Viacom.

Magnets of Stupidity

Graceland
Branson, Missouri
Reno, Nevada
Las Vegas, Nevada
Cannes

Failed Stupid People

Sean Young
Mickey Rourke
Sid Vicious
the Boz
Mike Tyson
Jerry Van Dyke

Smart, But Capable of Great Cluelessness

Neville Chamberlain
Wilt Chamberlain
Susan Sontag
the Federal Reserve Board
Fritz Mondale
IBM

Stupid Songs That Use the Word We

We Will Rock You
We Are the Champions of the World
We Are the World
We Didn't Start the Fire

Stupid Historical Events

the Trojans accept the horse
Napoléon invades Russia
Hitler invades Russia
Jim Fregosi lets arm-dead Mitch Williams pitch to Joe Carter

Obviously Stupid Objects

the accordion
things that come out of the nose, and the candy named after them
the Titanic
Haitian voter-registration forms
the Maginot Line
nondairy creamers
the Trabant
polenta

People Who Are So Smart, They're Stupid

Fay Vincent
Richard Darman
Marilyn vos Savant
Steven Jobs
William Kuntsler
Ralph Nader
H. Ross Perot

Stupid Juries

the Rodney King jury
the Reginald Denny jury
the John DeLorean jury
the Ivan Boesky jury
the Claus von Bulow jury

Previously Stupid People Who Now Pass for Smart

Terry Bradshaw
Regis Philbin
William Shatner
Marshall Tito
Jerry Garcia
Boris Yeltsin
Charles Barkley
Montel Williams

Stupid Highlights of Last Year

Branch Davidian showdown
risotterias
Clear Pepsi
the NAFTA debate
NBC letting David Letterman go
NBC hiring Conan O'Brien

Trailblazing Bucketheads

the Three Stooges
Lawrence Welk
Ptolemy
Ed Norton

Lovable, Tasteful, Inoffensive Nincompoops

Bob Denver
Don Adams
the cast of *F Troop*
Ted Knight
Ronald Reagan
Gerald Ford
the Ramones

Meanspirited Meatheads

Howard Stern
Patrick Buchanan
Joseph McCarthy
Axl Rose
Andrew Dice Clay

Dumb, But Fun

bungee jumping
music videos
platform shoes
dating
puppies
corndogs
Lollapalooza

Dumb Heartthrobs

Robert James Waller
Michael Bolton
Joey Lawrence
Fabio
John Kennedy, Jr.
Billy Baldwin
Joey Buttafuoco
Heather Locklear

Merely Dumb	Actually Stupid
Nickelodeon	the Fox Network
imitating David Letterman	imitating Beavis and Butt-head
Vanilla Fudge	Vanilla Ice
professional boxing	professional wrestling
the French	the Serbs
Dinah Shore	Pauly Shore
Gilligan's Island	*Fantasy Island*
L.A. Guns	Guns n' Roses
Beavis	Butt-head
cocaine	crack
Martin	Lewis
Whoopi Goldberg	Ted Danson
Game Boy	Newton

Stupid, And Should Have Known Better

Ted Kennedy
Robert Packwood
Ross Perot
Chevy Chase
Michael Jackson
Heidi Fleiss

Stupid, But Impressive Genes

Tori Spelling
William Kennedy Smith
Princess Stephanie
Victoria Sellers

PENNZOIL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

NATURALLY, IT'S *Neriah*

meet miss march:
treasure of the sierras

"MY PARENTS raised me on a commune in Angels Camp, in the Sierras," says 21-year-old Neriah Davis, who is turning heads on the shaded terrace of a Sunset Boulevard restaurant. As we chat, November leaves drift onto our table, and mother nature provides an eerie counterpoint—we're being dusted by ash from wildfires raging in Topanga Canyon.

Neriah's early life in the central Sierra Nevada gold-mining town of Angels Camp was bucolic but raw. "We didn't have electricity. We didn't have a TV. When we wanted to take a bath, we had to heat the water and pour it into the bathtub. My parents grew all their own food. It was like *Little House on the Prairie*. I love that that's the way I grew up."

The commune was a former kayaking school called the Confluence. When Neriah, her parents and her three siblings moved there in the mid-Seventies, they fought efforts to dam the Stanislaus River. "My dad was one of the main protesters. When I was seven or eight, just a little kid, he would get us up early in the morning and dress us as trees and rocks, and we'd all stand in the middle of the road holding

Neriah loved the California desert location for these shots. It had a gypsy feel, and even a few coyotes. "We didn't do any lingerie shots in the studio," she says. "I was so happy."

signs and chanting, 'Don't dam the river!'" In recent years, Neriah's father, who is part Cherokee, has been organizing support for members of the Hopi Nation who are engaged in a land-rights struggle at Big Mountain in Arizona. Neriah coordinated part of a Thanksgiving relief caravan that joined him there.

She came to Los Angeles with her try-anything-once spirit, and within a week she landed the first of a series of small acting jobs, including a supporting role in USA's made-for-cable movie *Marilyn & Bobby*. She went on to land modeling gigs that put her on the cover of a *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*.

"I did this poster. Oh, my gosh, it was crazy," she says, laughing. "The photographer and I drove up to a ramp on the 101 Freeway in Woodland Hills, and I was standing there totally nude with this sign that read WILL WORK FOR SEX. I was wearing pink lipstick and pink pumps. Cars were driving by. It was the craziest crazy thing I've ever done. I've heard it's one of the best-selling posters right now."

She admits that appearing in PLAYBOY made her consider

"We were adventurers," says Neriah, recalling her upbringing in a Sierra commune, where her dad taught her to rappel down mine shafts, raft the river and hike. "We had wild parties there. We would have a potluck dinner, then play instruments and sing and dance all night. I haven't been to a party like that in a long time."

OCT 94 CAL
NERIAH

If Neriah has to return to a rustic lifestyle, she's not worried: "I could do it. I know how. I'm not frightened by anything that might happen in my life."

possible conflicts with her newfound Christianity. Thinking for a moment, she says, "I feel that these shots are not going to make a difference in the world. But, then, another side of me *likes* to do this. I'm an exhibitionist. It was fun to do that freeway shot. I think people should have different facets to their personality." Although Los Angeles gives her some interesting opportunities, Neriah's return to the ranch cannot be far off. She wants to own a mountain farm—after she does a few movies and some more modeling—and she's weighing a plan to work in Costa Rica with her boyfriend to develop a Christian adventure camp for kids.

"I'm not materialistic," she says. "Living in the city, it's real hard to be close to God. I find that when I'm at my parents' house, I feel blessed and find inner peace. I don't feel that way here. It's hard to keep your insides healthy." Need a better reason to get out in the woods? We'll meet you back at camp, angel.

—CLINT GILA

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
OCT 94
CAL
NERIAH
Neriah Davis

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Neriah Davis

BUST: 36C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 10/12/72 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles, CA

AMBITIONS: To live my life according to God's will for me.

TURN-ONS: full-body massage, a beautiful sunset with my sweetie, Good blues music!

TURNOFFS: Who am I to judge?

IDEAL HOME: Country-style ranch, horses, a big garden. No TV, no stoplights!

MOST OUTRAGEOUS JOB: Posing on the 101 freeway for a national poster, wearing only a sign that says "Will Work for Sex."

BEST DATE: Camping under a full moon at a music festival in the High Sierras.

I RESPECT: American Indian Leonard Peltier, who was jailed after the FBI standoff at Wounded Knee.

My 18th Birthday

Cover Girl

Living it up in London - 1993

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two inebriated Muscovites stumbled into a liquor store. "How many?" one asked. "Two? Or maybe three?"

"Not three," the other said. "We bought three yesterday and I got awful hiccups and you barfed all over. I think we'd better stop at two."

"OK," his friend said to the clerk, "give us five bottles of vodka and two candy bars."

While waiting in line for a movie, a man was startled when someone behind him began to massage his head and neck. The pressure prevented him from turning around at first, but by the time the kneading spread to his shoulders, he was so relaxed, he didn't bother. Only when the strange hands moved to the small of his back did he spin around in protest.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked, looking into the face of a middle-aged man.

"I'm a chiropractor," the fellow replied. "You looked so tense, so full of stress, that I couldn't resist showing you what I can do for you."

"Yeah? Well, keep your hands to yourself," the first man barked. "I'm a lawyer, and you don't see me screwing anybody, do you?"

What's the best thing about living next door to Hare Krishnas? You can always get a ride to the airport.

The 200-year-old man was presented at a press conference and was questioned by reporters. "How did you live to be 200 years old?" one asked.

"It's actually quite simple," the ancient fellow replied. "I never, ever argue."

"That can't be right," the reporter said. "It has to be something else, like exercise, or your diet, or abstinence, or meditation. It doesn't make any sense," he insisted. "Just not arguing won't keep you alive for 200 years."

The old man stared at the young reporter for a few seconds. Finally, he spoke. "Maybe you're right."

While the bar patron savored a double martini, an attractive woman sat down next to him. The bartender served her a glass of orange juice, and the man turned to her and said, "This is a special day. I'm celebrating."

"I'm celebrating, too," she said, clinking glasses with him.

"What are you celebrating?" he asked.

"For years I've been trying to have a child," she replied. "Today, my gynecologist told me I'm pregnant!"

"Congratulations," the man said, lifting his glass. "As it happens, I'm a chicken farmer, and for years all my hens were infertile. But today they're finally fertile."

"How did that happen?"

"I switched cocks."

"I'll drink to that," she said, smiling.

How do you define an optimist? An accordion player with a beeper.

A young ventriloquist was playing a small roadhouse in the Ozarks when he cracked a few hillbilly jokes, prompting a burly man to stand up and shout: "Ah'm gettin' mighty tired of these kind of jokes! Not all of us is stupid, y'know."

"I'm really sorry, sir," the flustered ventriloquist replied. "It was all in jest."

"Hey," the hillbilly snarled, "I ain't talkin' to you. I'm talkin' to that smartass on yer knee!"

By late afternoon of the second day of battle, it was clear that the platoon was greatly outnumbered, outgunned and outflanked. The first lieutenant gathered his men for a pep talk. "We must keep fighting," he said, "until the last bullet. Then retreat." The officer paused and cleared his throat before continuing. "As I'm a little gimpy, I'll be starting back now."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Time to go, guys—it's been real. . . !"

MURDER,

MAYHEM,

MUTILATION—

AND NOW

ALL EYES ON COURT TV

A WORD

FROM

OUR

SPONSOR

MY NAME IS Craig, and I am an addict. I'm powerless over my appetite for the endless and sordid drama that plays out 24 hours a day on the cable network called Court TV. I sit like a slug while a spectacle of slime and debauchery, lies and lawyering, murder, rape, torture, butchery, cannibalism and every other wretched thing that can go wrong among God's creatures unfolds before me. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. But there is no help. When you're hooked the way that I'm hooked, it's like being on jury duty in hell.

•

I don't think there's a 12-step program for Court TV junkies yet, but if there were I would be there a couple times a week, sitting in one of those folding chairs, drinking bad coffee, smoking cigarettes, waiting my turn to confess the details of an otherwise productive life gone to ruin under the spell of this nasty addiction.

As we speak, I'm trapped in the trial of the Menendez brothers, Lyle and Erik, a couple of tennis-playing rich boys who stormed into the family room of their Beverly Hills mansion and slaughtered their parents, Jose and Kitty, with a pair of Mossburg shotguns. We're somewhere around day 40 or 50 of the case—I'm not sure. I've stopped counting, the way drunks stop counting their drinks.

Lyle is on the stand doing his best to convince the jurors that he and younger brother Erik pumped 16 rounds of buckshot into their parents in self-defense. Never mind that the only weapons found near the bodies were the spoons Mom and Dad had been using to eat berries and cream as they watched television. This was a house of dread, say the brothers, a terrifying realm ruled by a viciously incestuous father whose methods of discipline would have frightened the Marquis de Sade. We lived in terror, goes their story. Finally, it was kill or be killed.

As Lyle testifies, a graphic keeps appearing on the screen under his college-boy face: "The brothers stood to inherit an estate worth $14 million," it says, alluding to the prosecution's theory that greed was the motive for the shootings. Other captions follow in an endless summary for viewers who were just channel-surfing: date of the alleged crime, witness and lawyer IDs, pithy descriptions of what part of the story the witness is being asked about. "Lyle is describing sexual abuse at the hands of his father. . . ."

Oh, God, is he ever. He can barely get the words out. I can barely watch, but I do. If Lyle is telling the truth, Dad deserved to die a lot more slowly and painfully *(continued on page 122)*

article
By Craig Vetter

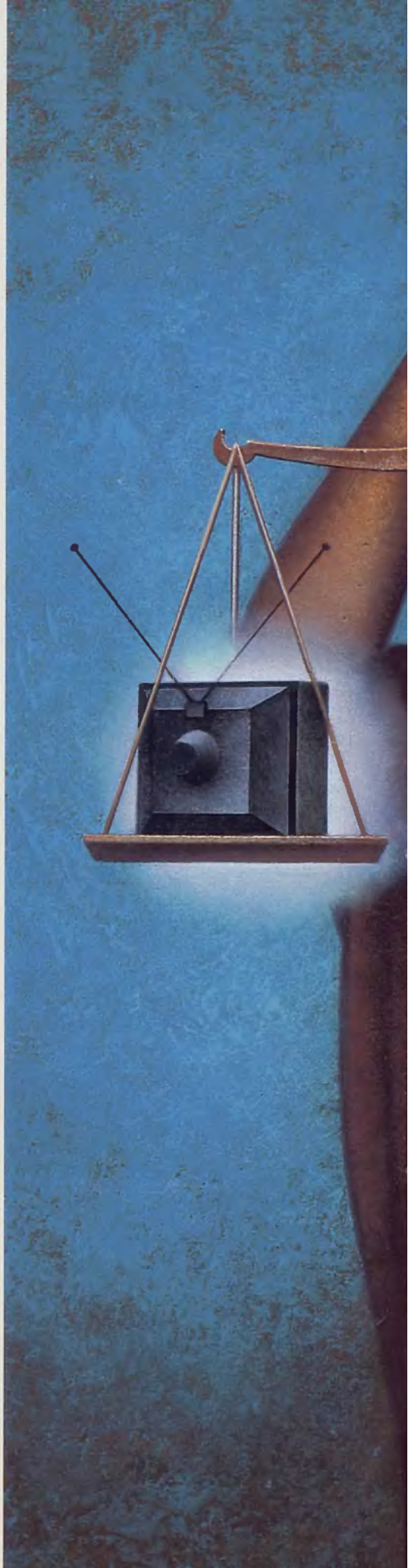
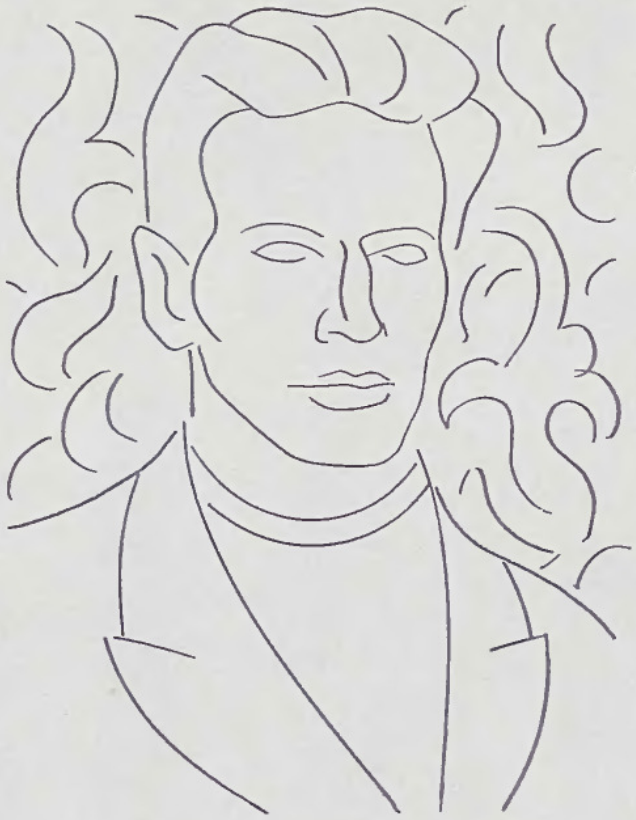


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

Calvin Klein

THE SPRING AND SUMMER MENSWEAR FROM AMERICA'S TOP DESIGNER IS A RUNWAY SUCCESS

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE



TALK ABOUT a guy who loves his work: Calvin Klein has been spotted in retail stores buying his own designs. Of course, Klein isn't the only Calvin Klein Menswear fan. Since the debut of his fall 1992 collection (his first in six years), the American fashion designer has built a following that rivals that of his top European competitors. John F. Kennedy, Jr., Warren Beatty, Gregory Hines and Richard Gere, among others, are Calvin devotees. Klein also recently became the first individual to receive the fashion world's two top honors in the same year: He was named both 1993 Menswear and Womenswear Designer of the Year by the Council of Fashion Designers of America. Not bad for a guy whose career was launched by accident. As Klein explains, "I've known that I wanted to design clothes and have my own business since I was five years old." Growing up in the Bronx, Klein taught himself to sketch and sew and later sought formal education at New York's High School of Art and Design and at the Fashion Institute of Technology. After spending several years apprenticing in an outerwear and suit house on Seventh Avenue, Klein and his buddy, businessman Barry Schwartz, decided to combine their talents and open their own fashion house. Klein was in his showroom in a New York hotel when a buyer from Bonwit Teller mistakenly got off the elevator on the wrong floor. Spotting the young designer's work, the buyer was impressed and immediately placed an order worth $50,000. "The rest," Klein says, "is history." What is it about Klein's American-born-and-bred clothing that is so appealing? Take a look at the photos on these six pages, shot at Klein's 1994 spring and summer runway show, and you'll understand. The suits, sports jackets and pants are tailored but not restrictive. It's a look that Klein describes as "loose, airy and extremely versatile." In fact, versatility and value are critical elements of the designer's work. "I have no interest in making men's suits that cost $3000," says Klein. "I am not going to pay that kind of money myself. It just doesn't make sense." What does make sense to Klein is creating tailored clothing that combines "luxury and elegance with the comfort of sportswear." Linen, for example, "is a fabric that has inspired me," says Klein—so much so that the designer used it in this season's single- and double-breasted suits and sports jackets as well as in dress shirts, sport shirts, sweaters, pants and shorts. He has even put a relaxed spin on formalwear. The starched-shirt-and-bow-tie look is replaced by a tux worn with a linen shirt open at the collar. "It's elegant yet sexy," Klein says. You'll get no argument from us.

The Calvin Klein suit is evidence that dressing for work no longer has to be as discomforting as the day-to-day grind. For spring and summer, Klein pairs long, narrow jackets with full-cut pleated pants for added comfort. The suit at left includes a linen-and-silk plaid four-button jacket with pleated trousers, $1095, a linen shirt, $250, and a knit tie, $73.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN LECCA / ILLUSTRATION BY TRACY SABIN

"Men have grown accustomed to relaxed clothing and uncomplicated pieces," says Klein. "It's no longer just about looking good, but about clothes that are comfortable, easy and real." Obviously, Klein has applied that insight to this season's dress and sportswear. Suits, for example, are made of natural fabrics such as lightweight wool and linen and have long, lean silhouettes with soft shoulders. Colors are subdued (stone, ash, navy and charcoal are some of our favorites) and shirts made of linen can be dressed up or down to fit the occasian. Taking it from the top, far left: The linen Donegal tweed three-button single-breasted suit with three open-patch pockets, notched lapels and pleated trousers, about $1200, is combined with a linen checked dress shirt, $250, and a knit tie with wide horizontal stripes, $75. Top, center: A hand-knit silk sweater, $670, is worn over a linen camp shirt, $225, and linen burlap shorts, abaut $200, and accessorized with plastic and engraved-metal glasses, $175. Top, near left: A wool tricotine six-button double-breasted suit with notched lapels, besom flapped pockets and pleated trousers, $1230, is paired with a linen long-point-collar dress shirt, $225, and a silk printed tie, about $85. Bottom, far left: A linen unconstructed four-buttan sports jacket with notched lapels, about $700, is teamed with pull-on pants, $250, and a sport shirt, $220, all made of linen. Bottom, center: An ombré linen striped sweater, about $300, is tucked into linen full-cut double-pleated trousers, $250. Bottam, near left: A linen tweed six-button double-breasted suit with notched lapels and full-cut pleated trousers, $1030, is worn with a linen plaid camp shirt, about $220.

Left and above: If you want a suit that is designed with plenty of room for movement, Calvin Klein is your man. His sophisticated, fluid style is evidenced in this easygaing navy wool tricotine three-button single-breasted suit with flap packets and full-cut double-pleated trousers, about $1200, worn with a soft linen camp shirt, abaut $225.

Left and below: Reinstating the elegance of the past, Klein's high-button-stanced three-piece "harks back to the sultry romance of Havana in the Forties," says the designer. This wool gabardine double-breasted model features a six-button jacket, a five-button vest and pleated trousers, $1130, shown with a linen dress shirt, $230, and a silk tie, $85.

Left: How do you dress down a double-breasted suit? Pair it with a cardigan sweater, as Klein does here. The suit combines a linen herringbone six-button double-breasted jacket with notched lapels and pleated trousers, $930, with a linen dress shirt, $225, a linen mélange-knit cardigan, $225, and a silk knit tie, $75.

Right: To instill further the notion of relaxed dressing, Klein capped off his spring and summer 1994 menswear show with this no-tie black-tie look. It includes a wool crepe four-button double-breasted tuxedo with peaked satin lapels and pleated trousers, $1283, and a linen long-sleeved camp shirt, about $225.

Where & How to Buy on page 149.

NIGEL'S WILD RIDE

NIGEL MANSELL, THE CHAMPION LOLA-FLOGGER AND OVAL-KILLER, HAS PROVED ONE THING—IN THE HIGH-STAKES GAME OF MOTOR RACING, IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS

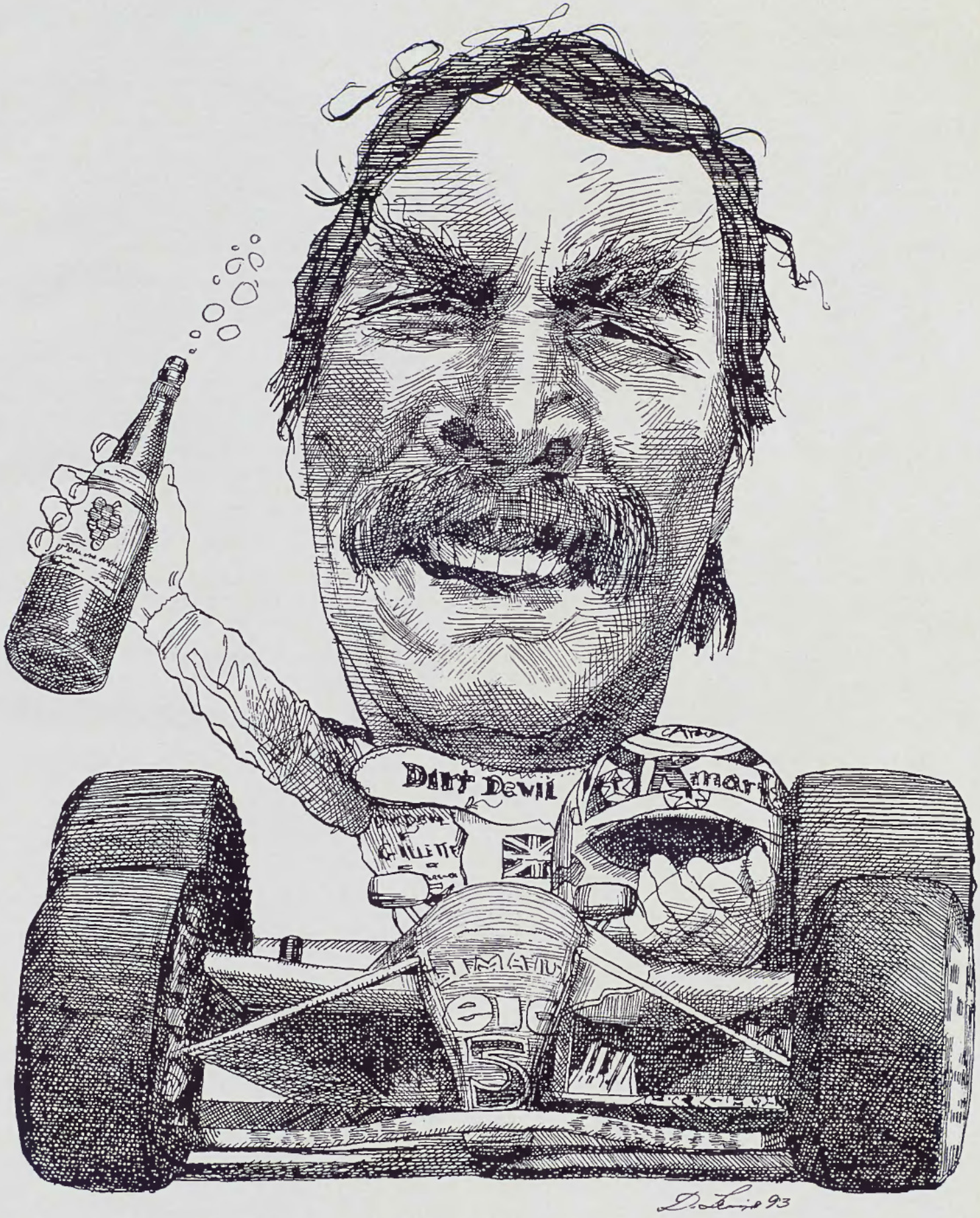
BY SAM MOSES

ENGLISH race-car driver Nigel Mansell speeds down the backstretch at Portland International Raceway in Oregon at 160 miles per hour, marveling at the scenery. "You should see this," he radios to his crew as the straightaway stretches along a concrete wall and his Lola climbs to 170 mph. "There's quite a lovely view of a snow-covered mountain." His eyes are pointed down the road toward the turn approaching at 180. Carl Haas, the car's owner along with Paul Newman, also marvels—that Mansell can sightsee and provide color commentary at 180 mph. Mansell had never been to Portland, yet he is second fastest in practice, using his two sessions to learn the track. There's only one problem: his competition, the Penske-Chevy driven by the fastest man in practice, Indy 500 winner Emerson Fittipaldi. The car was designed and constructed in the Penske racing shop in England and Fittipaldi had declared this latest in a long line of winners to be the best Penske chassis ever. If Mansell wanted to steal pole position from Fittipaldi he knew that he would have to drive, for at least one lap, like a motherflogger—or, more precisely, like a Lola-flogger.

As the qualifying session progresses, both drivers shave tenths of seconds off their lap times. With two minutes remaining, Fittipaldi's 1:01.007 is quickest, and Mansell has only one chance left. In fact, he's been saving his tires for this last-minute shot. When he drove for Ferrari, Italian fans had dubbed him *il leone*, the lion, to describe the way he grabbed each challenge with his teeth. Now he keeps his turbocharged Ford-Cosworth engine screaming near its 13,000 rpm limit on its hot lap. As the Lola squirms under the power, the chassis tries to snap sideways; if Mansell twitches the steering wheel a split second too early or too late, a fraction of an inch too much or too little, control will be lost. That's called ten-tenths driving. He takes the checkered flag and hears his crew chief shout "P1" over the radio. His final lap is at 1:00.902, and he is on the pole by a tenth of a second.

The Budweiser–G.I. Joe's 200 at Portland was Mansell's sixth Indycar race, and qualifying was at least his fifth brilliant performance. Afterward, he held Haas captive on a golf cart at the far edge of the team's canopied infield compound. Mansell's bushy eyebrows were bouncing up and down, his mustache was against Haas' ear, and his lips were flying as fast as his Lola had flown through the chicane on his pole-winning lap. "Look at Nigel grinding on Carl," observed amused team coordinator Bill Yeager, watching out of one eye as he pretended to pay attention to his lunch. "He's already trying to hammer down his contract for next year, and he's hitting Carl while he's hot." Yeager, a 67-year-old

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE


Dirt Devil
Amar
D. Levine 93

legend who was one of Mansell's new American "mates," tried to hold back a snicker as the animated Brit rattled on. "Nigel's grinding on him," said Yeager, "just like he does to get what he wants on his race car. He doesn't back off until he gets it."

And sometimes Mansell will get it just for satisfaction, and then walk away. That's what he did in 1992, after winning the Formula I world championship with the Williams team. He claimed the title in breathtaking style by winning 14 poles and nine races in his Williams-Renault, more in one year than any Grand Prix driver in history. But he was not happy, claiming he had been manipulated by his car owner, Frank Williams, during contract negotiations for 1993. As Mansell was reading his retirement statement at a press conference in Monza, Italy to a worldwide television audience, a note was passed to him offering $5 million more to stay. But Mansell had been unredeemably offended. The world champion announced that his terms had just been met, but that it was too late. "It was the ballsiest move he's ever made, on or off the track," says Peter Windsor, the Williams public relations manager and Mansell's ally, who also quit over the matter. Says Mansell, "It was never about money. It was about playing fair and trying to win the world championship."

•

So Mansell swapped the champagne-and-caviar ambience of Formula I for the backyard-barbecue flavor of the Indycar circuit and moved his family from their wet and windy estate on the Isle of Man to a sunny mansion on the Gulf of Mexico in Florida. In America, he wanted to meet new people and challenges, drive new cars at higher speeds and conquer new oval-shaped worlds. Or, as Paul Newman aptly put it, Mansell was about to embark on a "great adventure." He reportedly signed up for just under $5 million.

The Italians see the lion in Mansell, while the British fans, who adore him, call him their English bulldog ("Our Nige" is how the London tabloids tagged him after he won the 1992 world championship). He drives the same way he negotiates: He just doesn't back off. Not for the turns, not for the curbs and most definitely not for his competitors. It's a style and strategy that has put Mansell at the top, though he has often driven against traffic. Since his days as a kid racing go-carts in the Midlands, he has crushed vertebrae in his back, broken his neck once, smashed his left foot and absorbed a bloody blow to his head from a fence post. That injury drew a priest, whose final prayers stirred young Nigel out of unconsciousness long enough to tell the padre to sod off. Mansell's trail is littered with broken bones, crushed hearts, raging controversies, sagged spirits and small tragedies (as well as demolished race cars). But for every downstroke there has been an upstroke. If he had taken any other route he probably wouldn't have gotten where he is today.

He's champion of the PPG Indycar World Series, driver of the year and—almost incidentally—Indycar rookie of the year. In the 1993 season Mansell won five races, took six pole positions and set five one-lap track records in qualifying. He finished third in the Indy 500 after nearly winning it (he was named rookie of the year there, too). He also crashed three times, injured his lower back, sprained and then damaged ligaments in his right wrist and was involved in a handful of scrapes with cars that he felt had gotten in his way. He finished the season with 191 points to Fittipaldi's 183 and earned more than $2.5 million in prize money in addition to his reported retainer of nearly $5 million. No driver had ever won consecutive Formula I and Indycar championships. (Only Fittipaldi and Mario Andretti—coincidentally, Mansell's teammate with Newman-Haas Racing—have also won both titles.) Then he returned triumphant to England, entered an exhibition race for small sedans so that his fans could see him perform at his home track and subsequently crashed into a bridge abutment. Mansell destroyed the car, bruised three ribs and knocked himself unconscious once again.

Mansell, of course, was not entirely unknown when he arrived in the U.S. in 1993. No fewer than 90 international motor-sports reporters were waiting in Phoenix for his first session in an Indycar. He also found a following that had worshiped in the church of ESPN, whose Sunday sunrise service of live Formula I races had made Nigel Mansell a familiar name, if not a god, in millions of households. Most other Formula I drivers appeared to be cold-hearted, with brains like the computer chips that control their cars' throttle, gearbox and suspension. Not Mansell. Although he sometimes drives as if he were superhuman—but never robot-like—he behaves in a decidedly human manner, and that makes him popular. How could fans not pull for a man who's either going to win or crash—his car, his body, his security—trying? You have to love a Grand Prix driver who once stopped on his way to a race to take an injured duck to the vet. Like a regular person, he drops, forgets and bumps into things. One time he had to sit out a race after a car ran over his foot. The man is accident-prone. After qualifying at a race in Cleveland last year, Mansell entered the press trailer on his face. His right wrist was severely sprained, yet he drove to third place the next day.

Sharks, snakes, heights and small cars scare him. He sometimes acts silly on purpose and is considered a cutup among his friends. He plonks his head in the basket of bread on the table while laughing at his own naughty jokes. He sneaks off to the golf course at every opportunity, coaches his son Leo's soccer team and likes a good game of snooker with his mates, as well as handball, judo, golf, shooting, swimming, tennis and squash. In Monaco, where he always drives spectacularly (he led his first Grand Prix there in 1984 and was leaving the field in his wake during a downpour, driving with abandon until he crashed), he sometimes stood out in other ways. Surrounded by the stylish and sophisticated Formula 1 set, he wore Bermuda shorts and a sweatshirt while holding his daughter Chloe's hand, carrying Leo on his shoulders and pushing baby Greg in a stroller. "My idea of a heavenly day off is to curl up on the sofa with Chloe, watch cartoons and take a nap," he says. When his wife, Rosanne, was in the hospital giving birth to Leo, Nigel stayed home to take care of Chloe. "A very special time in my life," he says. "I realized what being a mother is all about.

"I don't want to be a showman at home. I do enough of that on the circuit," he adds. "You're pumped up to be such a star. But I don't want to lose the reality of being human. At the end of the day, we're only flesh and blood."

"The key to Nigel is that he can't stand to be alone," says Peter Windsor. "He absolutely, positively can't stomach, detests and can't handle being alone. He always surrounds himself with people, not so much to be the center of attention but because he needs them behind him, waiting for him to perform. That's why his family means so much to him, and why he used to take his mates from the Isle of Man along to Formula I races, which drove some people nuts. Few understand the depth, sincerity and commitment of Nigel. If he's your friend, you couldn't ask for a better one."

Mansell's early encounters with America, though colorful, were not auspicious. The first time he came here to race, at the Long Beach Grand Prix in 1981, he didn't understand that police take it personally when you run

(continued on page 148)

"Qué pasa, Hideki? You used to be a hoot."

LITERARY GOLF

A READER'S GUIDE TO THE COURSE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

IF YOU ARE tired of hacking away on traditional golf courses, you may want to try reading these greens and fairways. The following front nine illustrates what would happen if some of our better-known contemporary writers spent more of their time thinking about par than they do about plot.

(1) JAY MCINERNEY—PAR 4

This hole is best played at night. Use your clubs randomly. Drive with your wedge, putt with your driver. What the hell? You can kill the whole night just wandering from one club to another. You won't make par, anyway. You'll never make par. A string of traps lines the fairway. The morning could find you in any one of them.

(2) FLANNERY O'CONNOR—PAR 5

A good lie is hard to find on this hole. Things just seem to go wrong. The dark wind, which always gusts from the South, plays havoc with your shots. A murky stream cuts in front of the green. Odd strangers wander onto the fairway from the cotton fields that line the hole. If they see your ball, they may put it in their pocket and offer no explanation.

(3) DAVID MAMET—PAR 4

This is a tough hole. This hole you need balls to play, *balls* to play it. This hole separates the men from the boys, the players from the children, from the ones who squat to pee. Make par on this hole, make par, you get on the board. On the board. You like, you *like* this hole. There's a guy in the clubhouse, Shelly, in the *clubhouse* there's a guy who will sell it to you. *Sell* it to you. The whole fucking hole. *(text concluded on page 146)*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

(2) FLANNERY O'CONNOR: PAR 5
FUCK
(3) DAVID MAMET: PAR 4
(4) JIM THOMPSON: PAR .38
(7) ANNE TYLER: PAR 5
(8) JOSEPH HELLER: PAR 22
PRO
PRO
(9) JOHN STEINBECK: PAR 5

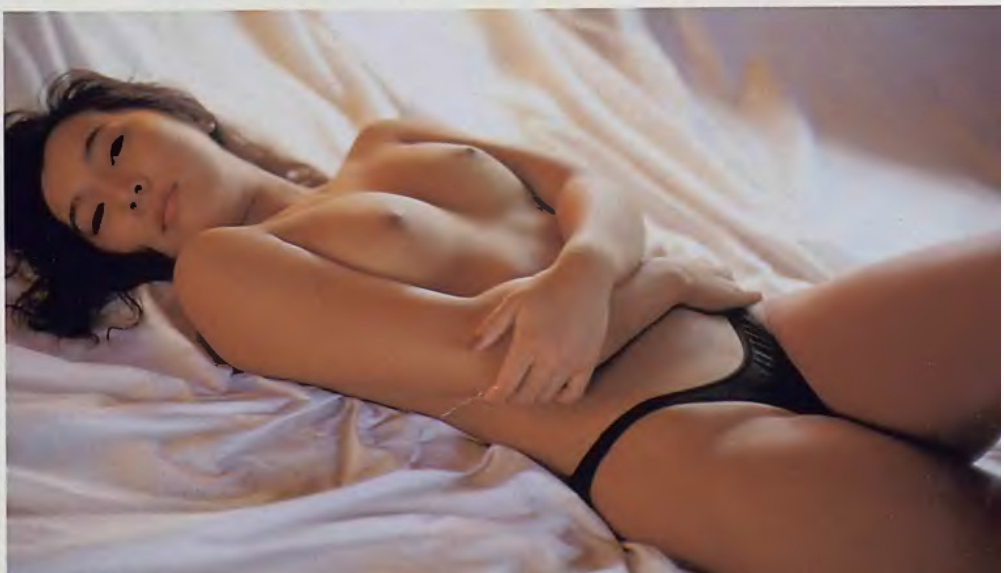
HYUNDAI

PLAYBOY'S WORLD TOUR '94

an assembly of international beauties to honor 40 years of a global *playboy*

WE HAVE FRIENDS in the most interesting places. Who would have imagined, 40 years ago, that our magazine would be published in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary—countries where at one time a guy could be arrested for reading PLAYBOY? Now, we're celebrating the recent launch of our 17th international edition, in South Africa, and in so doing we note with joy and appreciation another important transition: that nation's commitment to racial justice. So sit back and enjoy our worldwide freedom ride. We think you'll agree it's worth the trip.

Our tour begins with Nikki Petersen (opposite page) of Cape Town, South Africa. Nikki appeared in *Playboy South Africa* to "broaden my horizons." Klaudia Kovorikova (right) is a Czech-born model. Her lifelong possion for Italy was consummated in a steamy shoot for *Playboy Italy*. *Playboy Hungary*'s Eliza Vezér (below) is a bartender who knows 152 cocktail mixes. The recipe for her ideal man? "He's a mixture of Arnold Schwarzenegger and Albert Schweitzer."



Clockwise from top left on the opposite page: *Playboy Turkey*'s Asli figures that one name is probably enough. Cristina Mortagua, of Rio de Janeiro, loves to exercise, flirt and dance. This Brazilian model says she looks for "intelligence and charm" in her men. *Playboy Japan*'s Hitomi Morase is a 22-year-old jazz dance instructor who has a black belt in kendo (Japanese fencing). "I'm a very curious person," says Hitomi, "and I hope people are curious about me." Dutch-born Kim van der Vlerk, who comes to us from *Playboy Greece*, thinks her freckles are her most intriguing feature. "I'm crazy about adventure," says Kim, "so I chose to travel." The travel bug is shared by Australia's Patricia Jacqueline Nicholson (on this page)—not surprising, considering that her dad is Anglo-Indian and her mom is Spanish-Mexican. "I'm not a serious person," claims the 5'3" beauty. "But I know what I want and usually I can get it."

Meet Gwendolyn Boot (left) of the Netherlonds, o former party onimol who claims thot she's now o couch pototo. "I like reading," exploins Gwendolyn. Whot obout? "Men, of course." Lindo Zwoon (below left), also from Hollond, majored in home economics. She can bolance our checkbook ony time. Hsiu-Fen Lee (below right) comes to us from *Playboy Taiwan*. She's on English teacher ond amoteur photographer. Moving clockwise oround the opposite poge from top left: Hollond's Rochel ter Horst wonts to see the world ond loves to walk in the summer rain. She soys forthrightly: "Sex is important to me. But I only go for the very best—sex that I still remember weeks loter." British-born Cloire-Louise of *Playboy Germany* soys she often makes hosty decisions: "If I get on interesting offer, I don't hesitote." Argentino's Mónico Guido is on octress who's appeored in her country both in theater ond on TV. From *Playboy Poland* comes Molwino Rzeczkowska, o music lover who's not crazy obout winters in Polond, but who worms up with dancing.

Moving clockwise from the top left around the opposite page: Say *iholo!* to Victoria Llena, a stage actress who was the 15th Anniversary Playmate for *Playboy Spain* last November. "Being a Playmate has been like a magic adventure," says Victoria, who loved posing for PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Pompeo Posar. And 26-year-old Maggie Ng comes to us from *Playboy Hong Kang*, where she works as a photographer's assistant. Jiussana Briseño of Guadalajara, Mexico enjoys painting, writing and dancing to flamenco music. Jiussana is proud to appear in PLAYBOY, in the tradition of her idol, Marilyn Manroe. Markéta Vaculová, who enjoys cooking and making jewelry when she isn't off on a modeling jab, was *Playboy Czechoslavakia*'s First Anniversary Playmate. Says Markéta, "Posing nude means new energy and freedom for me." At right is Mari Alexandre, a 21-year-old beauty from Brazil. Mari tells us that she's looking for a man who's "polite, kind, tender and sincere."

COURT TV *(continued from page 100)*

"William Kennedy Smith was dragged into the dock, and a generation of Court TV junkies was born."

than he did. The camera in the back of the courtroom has zoomed in on Lyle's face. It is slashed with pain. His voice is out of control over the full range of emotional stutter and fade and sob. "And then . . . he'd take . . . the toothbrush . . . and. . . ."

"Could he be acting?" asks the CTV anchor during a break in the action.

"I don't think anybody's that good an actor," answers the guest analyst, one of three or four lawyers rotated in and out of the New York studios over the course of the day to talk about the offensive and defensive strategies of the case, to critique the demeanor of lawyers and witnesses and explain the legal zigs and zags. They remind me of NFL color commentators, and they come to their work with a bucket of clichés as deep as anything that slops over the stadium TV booths.

Including: Never ask a question you don't know the answer to. You have to have a theory; you have to know where you're going. On defense, you have to humanize your client. If you go too long, you'll lose the jury. We lawyers tend to forget how sophisticated juries are. Most cases are won or lost on voir dire. Of course, it's easy to sit up here and criticize; it's a lot different when you're down there in the pit.

Sometimes, the commentators slip into analogies that obliterate the difference between sports and trial lawyering: "These trials are like a boxing match. Cross-examination is like your jab. You have to continue to punch."

"Did you love your mother?" the prosecutor asks Lyle.

"I loved my mother."

"When you put the shotgun up against her left cheek and pulled the trigger, did you love her?"

"Yes," he says, his voice trembling.

"Was that an act of love?"

Lyle pretty much took a standing eight count on that one, but body punches like that are rare in the live, gavel-to-gavel coverage you get on CTV. The pace of these trials crawls, lurches, stalls and repeats testimony as if the lawyers generally believe justice to be not only blind but deaf, forgetful and stupid as well.

•

"The real thing isn't pretty," says Steven Brill. But, he adds, "It is a system whose values are so special that it's hard not to come away from it all with a proud chill."

Brill's goose bumps are probably augmented by the fact that CTV was his idea. He is a lawyer and a journalist, and he runs the influential legal journal *American Lawyer*. An articulate and flamboyant 43-year-old, he uses his cigar like a baton as he talks about his vision for a new age of nonfiction courtroom television that will, once and for all, strip the legal profession of its *Perry Mason* and *L.A. Law* mythology.

And if the CTV color commentators seem to treat trial lawyering as a game, it's because that's exactly what it is. Brill calls it "a game in which the quality of the players and their strategies counts. A game dramatically at odds with the impression laypeople get from the perfectly scripted, always articulate lawyer heroes of fictional television. A game in which the lawyers are fallible human beings with varying skills and a propensity to cough and shuffle papers and hesitate and misspeak. A game no one should be ashamed of. Yes, a national pastime—that we should cherish and even get a kick out of watching on the tube."

As hard as it may be to try to sell a national pastime slower than baseball, Brill did it. He raised $40 million from Time Warner, NBC and others, and the Courtroom Television Network debuted on July 1, 1991, with coverage of four trials. The channel has been on the air every minute of every day since then, broadcasting trials chosen from the 2 million cases a year that grind their way through the justice system in the 47 states that allow television cameras into the courtroom.

Over its first five months, CTV put the unblinking eye on a wide range of proceedings, about half of them murder or lesser criminal offenses, half civil suits. Viewership built slowly. Then lightning struck: William Kennedy Smith was dragged into the dock in West Palm Beach, Florida on a rape charge. CTV was the pool camera, and though it was not the only network to broadcast the proceedings, its relentless coverage of the trial (and the carnival that surrounded it) tripled its ratings in some markets, and a generation of Court TV junkies was born.

The Smith trial was my first fix of CTV. It started casually enough. I thought I'd tune in here and there for an update or a snippet of testimony. From the newspaper accounts I had read and the gossip I had heard, I had no doubt that he was guilty. The rich are always guilty in my little kangaroo court, and I started watching the trial with the sincere hope that Smith was going to have his privileged ass marched straight through the process and strapped into a dunking stool.

But as witness after witness took the stand and were examined and cross-examined, as the accuser wept through her testimony, as the accused stuck to his version like a man on a ledge, the story itself swept me away. I watched live testimony almost every day, and when my own life tore me away from the tube, I caught up by watching the taped replay CTV ran at night. And somewhere in the course of the testimony, a rare and wonderful thing happened—I changed my mind.

By the time the jury voted, I voted with them: not guilty. Which didn't mean innocent. Smith didn't tell the whole truth, I knew that. But when you've watched as much CTV as I have, what you come to believe is that all accusers, accused and witnesses lie—a little or a lot—the way all offensive linemen use their hands to hold back the pass rush. The verdict comes down to whether or not you can catch them at it.

•

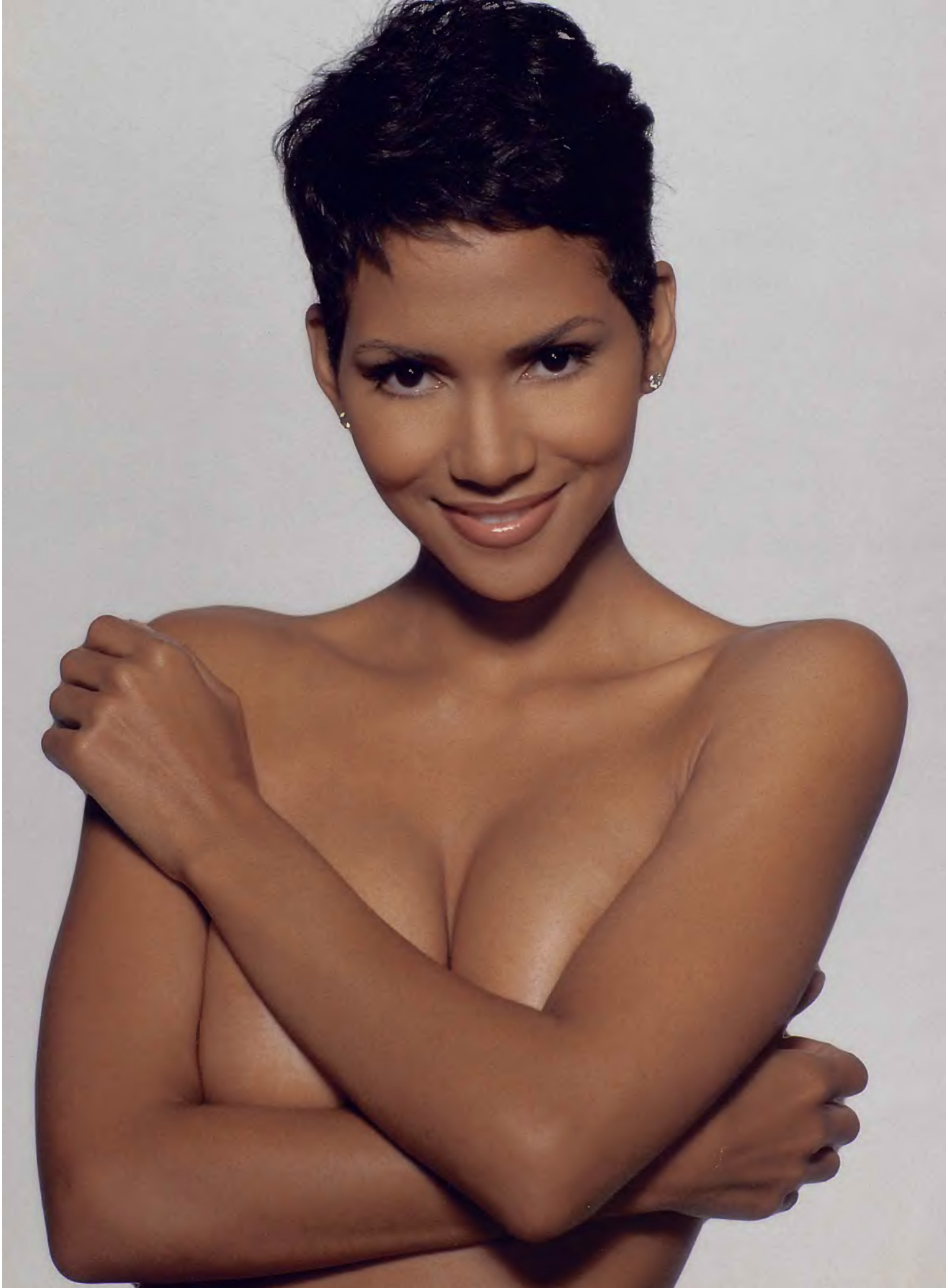
It hasn't been easy to catch the Menendez brothers lying. They've had four years since the killings to prepare their long and twisted story, and during that time they've come up with innocent explanations for most of the details that might otherwise make them look guilty of premeditation. On the stand, Lyle was particularly good at the bob and weave that kept him from being caught flat-footed in a lie.

But here is younger brother Erik, about to wander into an ambush that will leave his credibility badly wounded, maybe dead. This is the shaky brother, the one who allegedly confessed the killings to his shrink, Jerome Oziel, which is the only reason these two were arrested for the crime. The camera has often caught Erik at the witness table gnawing at the last shreds of his fingernails. A recurring caption under his pallid face tells us that he is on Xanax as he testifies.

Under cross-examination, he tries to explain why he and Lyle drove all the way to San Diego and used a false ID to

(continued on page 143)

"Brace yourself, doctor—it's another one of those!"



20 QUESTIONS

HALLE BERRY

hollywood's freshest face speaks out on insulting rap lyrics and recreational swearing and warns robin givens not to pick a fight

Halle Berry, the 25-year-old Cleveland-born actress and former beauty pageant contestant, knows how to leave a lasting impression. She brought an earthbound sweetness to "Strictly Business" and "The Last Boy Scout" and straight-backed dignity to the six-hour miniseries "Queen." For Spike Lee's "Jungle Fever," she gave a rancid-mouthed crackhead some dimension. In "Boomerang," Berry turned her third-lead, nice-girl art director into an impressive scene-stealer.

Now Berry is taking off in another direction, showing up as Rosetta Stone, a slithering, prehistoric temptress in Universal's "The Flintstones," co-starring John Goodman and Elizabeth Taylor. Midway through the shoot, we sent writer Margy Rochlin to speak with Berry at her West Hollywood hotel room: "The first thing Halle did," says Rochlin, "was offer me a weak handshake and admit that the idea of a long interview made her nervous. Then she threw herself down on her white couch and blabbed for the next two hours. She kept pleading, 'If you get bored, just tell me.' She never gave me a reason to."

1.

PLAYBOY: In order to prepare for your role as a crack addict in *Jungle Fever*, you didn't bathe for ten days. What is the up side of skipping your morning shower?

BERRY: It was a freeing experience. We are so civilized. We have to be clean and smell nice and look pretty. It was refreshing just to let myself go and not care.

I dread getting up in the morning and taking a shower, putting on makeup and fixing my hair. With that role, I could just pop out of bed, have my breakfast and go. I didn't even brush my teeth. You know how you get those little razor bumps when you shave under your arms too much? I didn't have that. And when I finally did shave, it was like a baby's bottom under my arms. I was showing everybody: "Look how pretty my underarms are!"

2.

PLAYBOY: Did a different sort of guy start following you home?

BERRY: The bums! [*Laughs*] The bums were like, "Hey, baby, you're looking pretty good." It was funny because I'd actually talk to them. Some of them are crazy; they really need to be in a mental institution. But others really do have something to say. They're just down on their luck.

3.

PLAYBOY: We know about the straw, blue, rasp and cran. What distinguishes the Halleberry?

BERRY: The Halleberry is a very sweet berry, and that's important. Being sweet and nice to people goes a long, long way.

4.

PLAYBOY: When can a lady use four-letter words?

BERRY: When I'm really in the mood or pissed off, I can curse with the best of them. That is so much a part of me. But I curse only when I'm with my friends—I don't do it in public. In *Jungle Fever*, I could do and say whatever I wanted because I was that character. I could say "Fuck everybody!" I had all these fantasies that I would tell Spike to fuck himself. But I never did.

5.

PLAYBOY: What's something that your husband, Atlanta Braves outfielder David Justice, doesn't appreciate about you that a movie director would?

BERRY: That I cry a lot. When I cry my husband sometimes doesn't react like there's a woman crying but says, "Come on, stop crying." If I didn't cry all the time, maybe he'd be more frantic like he's supposed to be. But I'm just real emotional. I cry when I'm mad, I cry when I'm sad, I cry when I'm happy. I cry a lot. Except when I'm doing a film. When they say "cry," all of a sudden I get dry.

6.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when you go to the ballpark and your husband goes 0 for 4?

BERRY: I couldn't care less. I love him no matter what he's batting. But I feel bad for him because I know he's going to feel really down about it. He's going to take the heat from the press, from the fans. I hurt for him.

But I don't go to the games anymore unless they're All-Star or playoff games. Now I watch them on TV. Whenever I was home, I would always go to the stadium and sit there and be a good wife. But I get so frustrated when he's not having a good day. I hear people saying, "Justice, you suck!" "Trade him!" Or he'll come up to bat and they'll say, "This time try to hit something besides air!" I take it personally. He's my baby, and I just don't like it. If I weren't Halle Berry, I would go off on some of those people. I feel like saying, "Hey, buddy, can *you* hit a ball going 95 miles an hour? Then shut the fuck up!" That is the ultimate fantasy.

7.

PLAYBOY: How did you make your peace with baseball?

BERRY: I had to make a real effort at first. Those games are long. At my first baseball game, I was ready to go after an hour. Once I started to learn about the game—the intricate parts of it, the pitches, the plays, how to keep score—that made the time go by. Now I can sit through a three-hour game and think, Wow, where did the time go?

8.

PLAYBOY: You were first attracted to your husband when you spotted him on MTV. If someone hadn't hooked you up, what would have been your next move?

BERRY: I had it all planned out, which is kind of sick. I was in South Carolina making *Queen*, and I was going to have my sister go with me to a Braves game. I was going to come up with some reason why I had to go down into the tunnel. I mean, I wasn't going to come on to him. I had just gotten over a really bad relationship and I had banned men for at least a year.

But I just knew that if I could look him in the face, he'd fall in love with me and I'd fall in love with him.

I'd already started to go through the motions. I found out when the team was going to be in Atlanta and I tried to plan my flight. Then all of a sudden it hit me: No man's going to want a woman this desperate. I'm going to look like an asshole.

Then, two *(continued on page 146)*

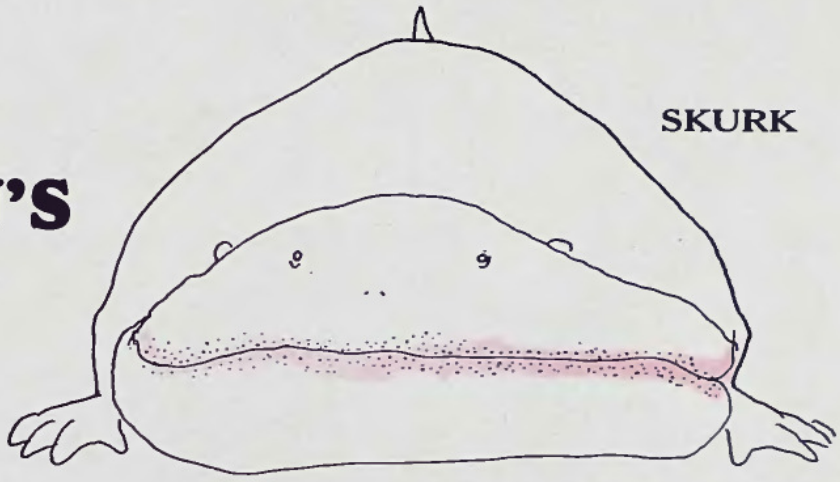
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GWENDOLEN CATES

SILVERSTEIN'S ZOO

we fondly reprise an imaginary menagerie for children of all ages

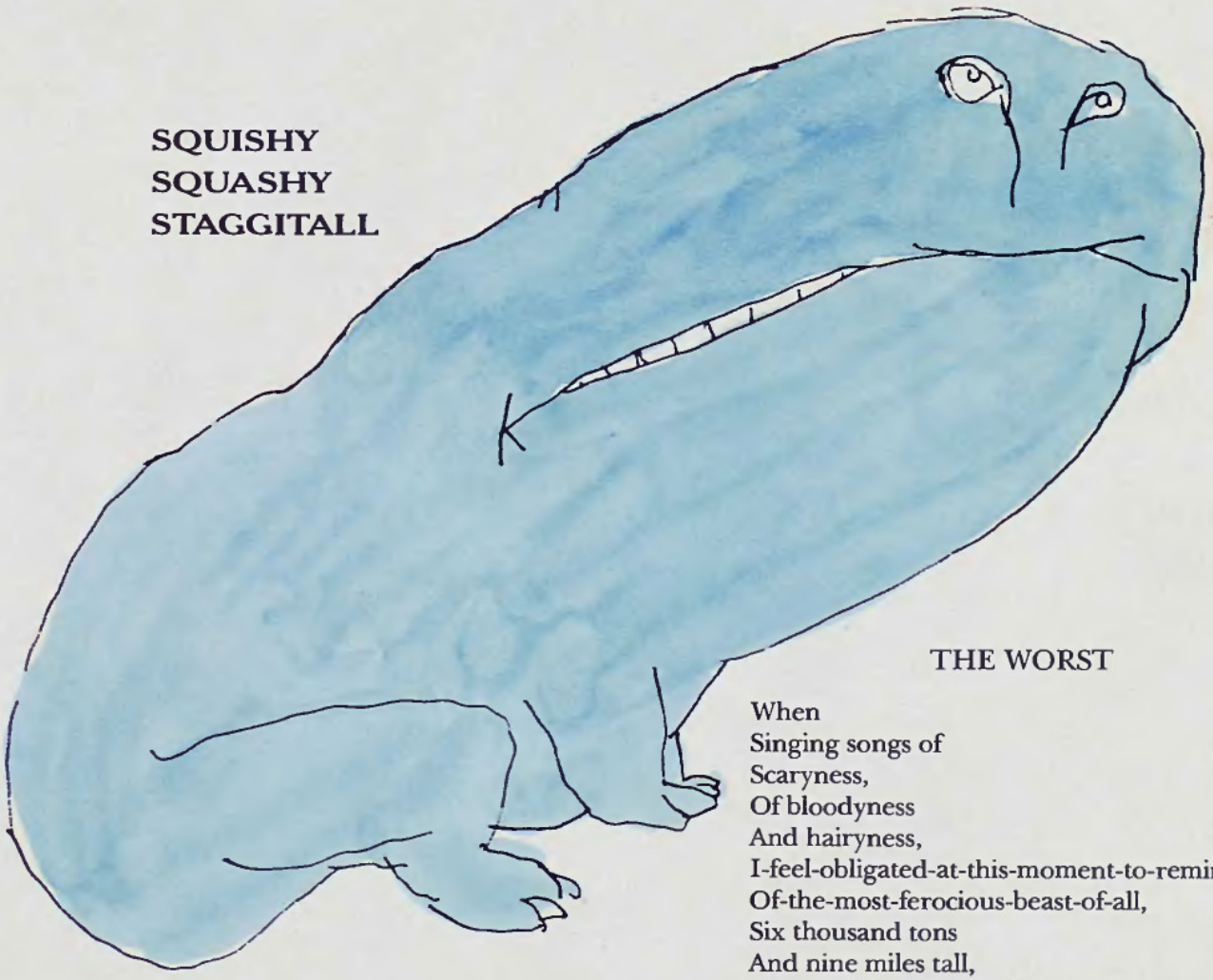
satire

By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



THE FRIENDLY OLD SLEEPY-EYED SKURK

The Sleepy-Eyed Skurk, he's a nice old thing,
He'll let you sit inside his mouth
If you knock on his chin,
He'll let you in.
But I rather doubt
He'll let you out.



THE WORST

When
Singing songs of
Scaryness,
Of bloodyness
And hairyness,
I-feel-obligated-at-this-moment-to-remind-you
Of-the-most-ferocious-beast-of-all,
Six thousand tons
And nine miles tall,
The Squishy Squashy Staggitall . . .
That's standing right behind you.

GLUB-TOOTHED SLINE

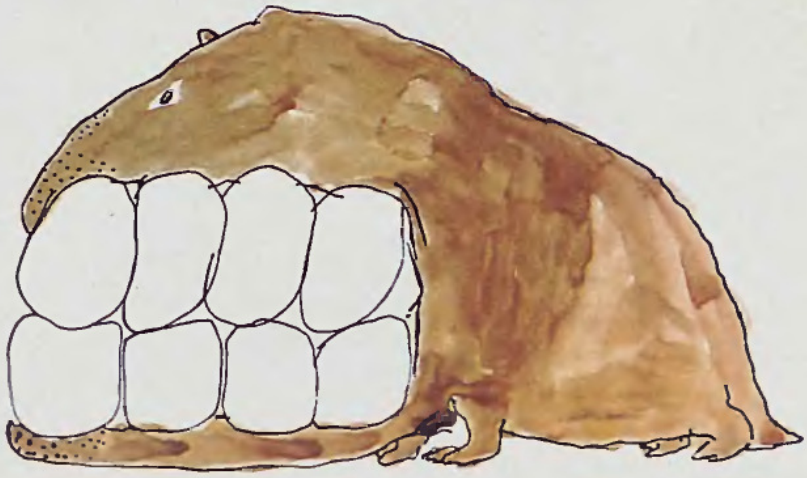
WHEN THE SLINE COMES TO DINE

When the Glub-Toothed Sline
Comes to my house to dine,
You may find me in France or Detroit
Or off in Khartoum,
Or in the spare room
Of my Uncle Ed's place in Beloit.

You may call me in Philly,
Racine or Rabat.
You may reach me in Malmö or Ghor.
You may see me in Paris,
And likely as not,
You will run into me at the store.

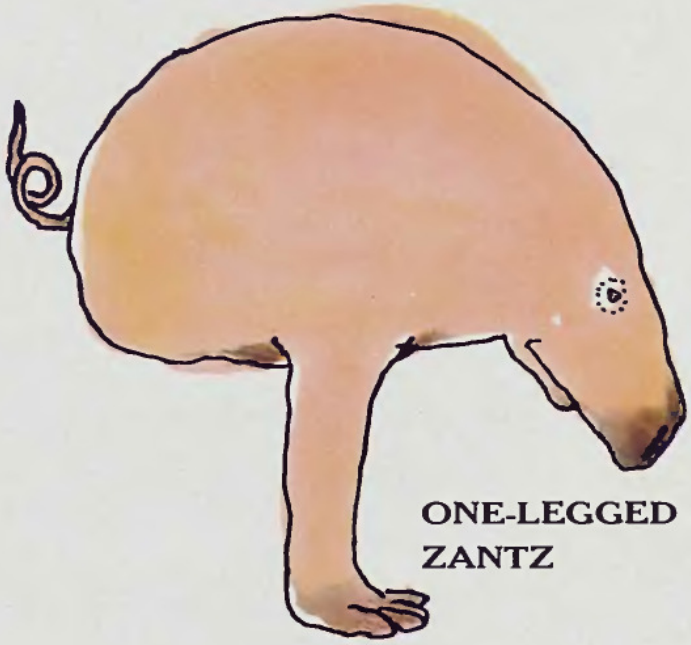
You may find me in Hamburg,
Or up in Saint Paul,
In Kyoto, Kenosha or Gnome.
But one thing is sure,
If you find me at all,
You *never* shall find me at home.

QUICK-DIGESTING SNEET



OOOPS!

We've been caught by a Quick-Digesting Sneet,
And now we are dodging his molars,
And now we are restin'
In his lower intestine,
And now we're back out on the street . . .



ONE-LEGGED ZANTZ

PLEASE BE KIND

Please be kind to the One-Legged Zantz.
Consider his feelings,
Don't ask him to dance.

QUICK-DISGUISING GINNIT

THE GINNIT

This is the Quick-Disguising Ginnit.
Didn't he have you fooled for a minute?

WILD CHEROTE

A COAT OF CHEROTE

I'd like a coat of Wild Cherote.
It's warm and fleecy as can be.
But note: What if the Wild Cherote
Would like a coat of Me?

MUFFER

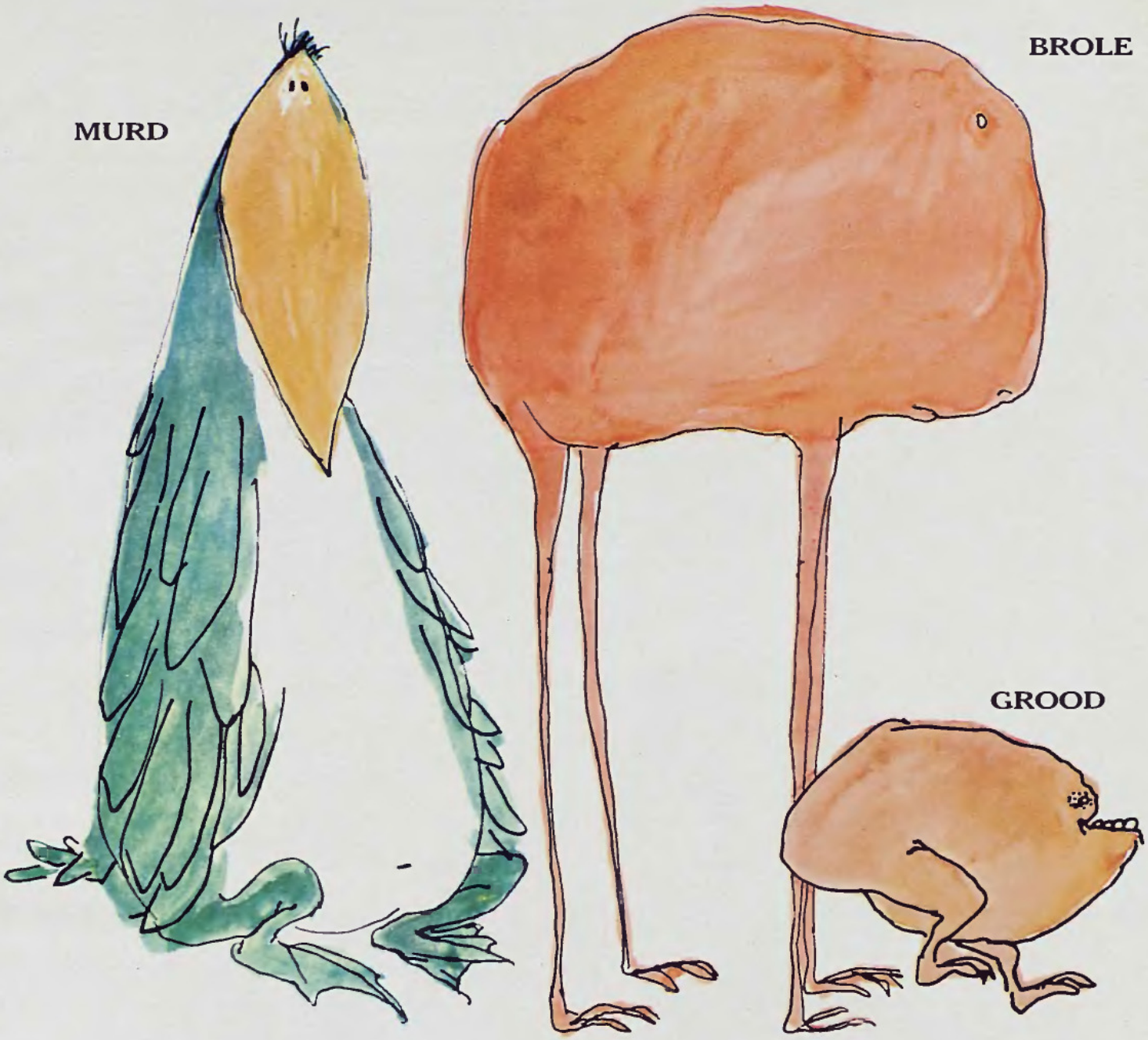
SEE THE MUFFER

Above, you see the Muffer, who . . .
You *don't?*
Well anyway, you see his tracks, the Muffer has gone to sup . . .
You *don't?*
Why, that sly old beast . . .
I do believe he's gone and covered them up!

UNDERSLUNG ZATH

THE WRATH OF THE ZATH

I fear the wrath
Of the Underslung Zath.
Will someone else tell him
It's time for his bath?



A FAMILY AFFAIR

Oh, the Bulbulous Brole
Is a beast with a soul
And a manner serene and sedate.
A model of meekness,
With only one weakness,
And that is for eating his mate,
Heigh-ho,
A masculine need for his mate.

Now the White-Breasted Murd
Is a delicate bird,
With a song that is tenderly sung.
She is gentle and shy,
With a matronly eye,
And a fondness for eating her young,
Heigh-ho,
A motherly love for her young.

The young Gross-Bottomed Grood—
He takes milk for his food
And goopies and bran for his tummy.
And he goos with delight,
When sometimes at night,
He can swallow his daddy and mummy,
Heigh-ho,
A filial love fills his tummy.

And, oh, were you here
For the wedding, my dear?
And the quiet buffet that ensued?
When the Bulbulous Brole
Wed the Murd, I am tole,
And produced a young Gross-Bottomed Grood,
Heigh-ho,
A gurgling Gross-Bottomed Grood.

 (continued from page 80)

"She strode to the bar, a pure Rocky Mountain beauty. 'Now that,' I said, 'is a real woman.'"

"No," said Wally, "she's been teaching tots all season."

"Tots?" Fritz stumbled as though the word were foreign.

"Bambinos?" Manny questioned in disbelief.

"Day care?" I said.

Skiing for Tots was a glorified nursery school at the base of the gondola. The tots shuffled around on short skis inside a fenced playground decorated with painted plywood knockoffs of famous cartoon characters. The playground itself was so flat that it didn't even have a lift. Tots instructors spent most of their time finding lost mittens or unbundling their tiny charges for trips to the potty.

Susi Fallows ripped the last few gates and popped a ski through the timing beam. The Hamsters cheered, smug to the last man. Our woman Wittgenstein was nowhere to be seen.

"Welcome Wagon," said the loudspeaker, "has DQed."

Manny groaned and pointed. Far off to our left, well off the course, a small yellow figure hurtled down the mountain in wide, out-of-control turns. On the still air came the sound of sobbing.

The Hamsters, the most successful league team in recent memory, exchanged two-handed rapid-fire high fives, as though they were real hamsters running in an exercise wheel. Then they formed a circle, stuck their gloved paws together in the center and gave their famous hamster-in-the-microwave shout. It started low and built to a high-pitched squeal. "Squueeaakk!"

Off they skied, down to the base lodge to drink and celebrate some more. And we, who wondered what it was like to win, slowly followed.

•

We skipped the base lodge with its pet-shop atmosphere of happy Hamsters and après-ski tourists. We drove down to Avon to the one place where we could always count on being at least semidepressed—the Hole in the Wall.

We pulled into the lot in Fritz' red pickup, decorated with four FIREFIGHTERS ARE HOT bumper stickers, and parked next to the other salt-stained pickups, beaters and Blazers. Dumping our skis in the frozen rack out front, we clomped in and tramped over damp sawdust and empty peanut shells to a corner table. Fritz ordered a pitcher. Nobody felt much like talking.

A few out-of-place tourists sat at the bar in their après togs, sipping mixed drinks and Coronas with limes. Next to them were some big boys in insulated coveralls, just down from the molybdenum mine at Climax, as well as several bearded claim workers from Leadville. Near the bar, two Vail lift operators threw darts. One of them toed a line of silver duct tape, leaned forward and flicked a dart into the triple 20.

"Come on, guys," said Fritz. "Cheer up. Remember why we race."

There was a long silence.

Manny broke the tension. "Why?"

"For the fun of it," said Fritz.

We stared at him.

"Hey," said Fritz, "next week's the last race of the season. Who should we be this time? How about famous totalitarian dictators? I've got dibs on Stalin—he's a Red."

No one answered.

"Famous medieval martyrs?"

"What we need," I told them, "is a woman."

Wally winced.

In the far corner the identical Swenson twins were shooting eight ball. Tom, the one with crooked teeth, twisted a cube of blue chalk on his cue tip while Tim lined up an easy shot into the corner pocket. Tim struck the ball solidly, but it nicked one cushion and bounced back and forth in the mouth of the pocket. Both twins exclaimed loudly over the miss, fishing for a sucker for a money game.

The fun-loving Swenson twins were the main reason that the Secret Service—assigned to protect Gerald Ford's home at Beaver Creek—no longer permitted its agents to come to the Hole in the Wall. A few weeks earlier, two off-duty agents had been drinking near the pool table when the twins began to work them over. Without ever looking, the twins poked them with pool cues on the backswing and occasionally sent the cue ball popping off the table in their general direction, apologizing all the while. Finally, the four of them had headed out to the parking lot to have it out *mano a mano*.

The fight itself was disappointing. Federal cutbacks have really hurt the quality of Secret Service training.

Rumor had it that two new agents had been assigned as replacements, but nobody had actually seen them yet. The agents spent their working hours hiding with walkie-talkies, staking out Ford's house and the dead-end road that led up to it. They watched the house year-round, whether or not the ex-president was there. In their free time they skied.

With a blast of cold the door swung open and in sauntered Molly Swenson. She strode to the bar, a vision of pure Rocky Mountain beauty. Her cheeks and nose were red with cold, her blue eyes glistened with windblown tears and her cracked lips shone with a thick layer of Carmex. Her sun-damaged hair, flecked with snow, hung halfway down the back of her stained sheepskin coat. She wore loose wool pants and a scuffed pair of caribou boots, and she smelled of all the right things—woodsmoke, strong coffee, damp German shepherds and scorched ski wax.

She nodded slightly to her two older brothers and ordered a double whiskey—neat.

"Now that," I said, "is a real woman."

"Not a chance," said Fritz.

Barely 20, Molly had already been the ruin of more than one man in Eagle County. The entire sprawling Swenson clan, from the old man all the way down to Molly and the twins, had been born with a streak of recklessness a mile wide. Molly had used that streak to become a first-class downhill racer at Battle Mountain High School, headed for a state championship until the coach kicked her off the team for skipping practices. The coach said she lacked discipline. Truth was, Molly raced for the thrill of it, the adrenaline rush of pushing to the edge of disaster and then riding that edge all the way to the bottom. The more she practiced, the less thrill there was. So she stopped practicing.

Still, she was good enough to win a ski scholarship to the University of Colorado down in Boulder. She stuck it out for a year and then dropped out to rock climb, windsurf, bungee jump and ski extreme—all of which cost money. She moved back to Vail and began dating Todd Brenner, a senior guide for Vail Mountain Outfitters. Todd had made two assaults on Everest and spent an entire winter camping in Alaska's Brooks Range. Neither prepared him for Molly.

Within three months he'd spent half his life savings, lost two thirds of his mountaineering equipment, smashed his white-water kayak, fallen while ice climbing and broken an axle on his Blazer on a boulder 12,000 feet up the Gore Range. No one was surprised that Todd couldn't afford her. But every outdoorsman among us was horrified to learn that even he couldn't keep up with her.

With that, Molly's social life ground

ANOTHER BLIND DATE

WHY DO I KEEP DOING THIS?
BING BONG
10 GO
NKR
UM, HELLO. NICE TO MEET YOU.
UH, SAME HERE. HOW YA DOING?
KEITH ROBINSON
HMM... HAS POTENTIAL....
BOY, SHE'S REALLY CUTE....
SHE'S CLASSY... NOT LIKE THE OTHER BIMBOS MIKE'S FIXED ME UP WITH....
WELL, HE CHEWS WITH HIS MOUTH CLOSED AND HE DOESN'T DROOL....
SHE HAS A GREAT BODY. SHE MUST WORK OUT.
NICE MOVES. I BET HE'D BE TERRIFIC IN BED!
SHE HAS SO MANY INTERESTS! I COULD SPEND A LIFETIME WITH HER AND NEVER GET BORED!
HE SEEMS SO PATIENT, AND HE REALLY LISTENS. HE'D BE GREAT WITH KIDS....
JAVA HUT
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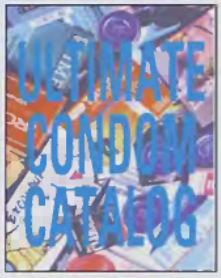

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to a halt. No man in Eagle County would date her. Soon word spread to Summit County and the rest of the high country. She became known across the entire western slope as a beautiful untouchable, a divine curse, the ultimate widowmaker. Men traveled from miles around just to gawk. They stared at her as though standing on a trail face-to-face with an eight-foot mountain lion or a record timber rattler.

Molly turned to the tourists, who were willing but weak. Vacationing stockbrokers, bankers, lawyers, surgeons and wet-behind-the-ears MBAs flocked to her. But their desk jobs and motorized stair machines had in no way prepared them for a night out with Molly. They rarely survived the pre-dinner drinks, full-course dinner with wine and after-dinner drinks—much less the night tobogganing, snow tag, snowball fights, tequila shots and frantic jitterbugging and Western stomping. None of them had made it as far as her bed.

And woe betide the foolish, hung-over tourist who tried to ski with her the next day. Molly had a special fondness for jumping cornices in the Back Bowls and blazing off-piste through the trees. She loved to schuss the Volkswagen-size moguls of Tourist Trap, or do a full-speed tuck under the logs that had been felled by Vail Associates to block off Hairbag Alley once and for all. Molly had become a pillar of the local orthopedic-surgery industry, with a steady stream of would-be suitors hauled down the mountain on sleds.

"Seriously," said Wally, "how are you going to get Molly to race? She hasn't raced on a league team for years."

"Easy," I said. "I'll use psychology."

I was the egghead of our team, the guy with the B.A. in history from Colorado College. "I'll use the one surefire way to get exactly what you want."

"Which is?" prompted Fritz.

"Ask."

Fritz groaned. "I know women," he said. "It'll never work."

I pushed back my chair and began my long walk toward Molly. Most of the truly stupid things men do they do out of peer pressure. Two boys on a playground who would be just as happy to shake hands and walk away will pound each other senseless if egged on by their friends. Which is why women hate going to football games. Grown men are fine by themselves, but they tend to degenerate in groups.

As I walked, I felt my friends' eyes hot on my back. Through the soles of my ski boots, my feet recorded the fine texture of the sawdust and the crunch of each peanut shell. My mouth went dry and my tongue thickened as if I'd crawled through the desert for weeks on end.

I sat down on the stool next to Molly. She turned and arched a perfect eyebrow, outlined by a thin white scar.

"Hi," I said.

"Jase," she answered.

"Buy you a beer?" I blurted and immediately regretted it.

She had a full shot of whiskey in front of her and two untouched beers by her elbow. As I sat there, a second whiskey arrived. The bartender nodded toward the other end of the bar, where a tourist in a Day-Glo lime-and-pink jacket smiled meaningfully. Molly beamed back.

She pushed the newly arrived glass toward me. "Whiskey?"

"No, thanks," I said and prepared to launch into my appeal.

Tim appeared on the other side of Molly and swiped a mug of beer. "Thanks, Sis," he whispered. He looked at one of the tourists and lofted the beer. "Cheers," he said in a fake English accent and went back to the pool table.

"Molly," I said, "I'd like to ask you something."

"Something personal?"

"Not exactly. We've known each other a long time, right?"

"Sure," she said. "I'm a native, and you're damn near one."

"I was wondering if you could do me a favor."

"Maybe. But then you'd owe me." She sipped her whiskey. "What's the favor?"

Tim left the pool table and walked down the bar to the tourist in lime and pink. "So," I heard Tim say, "interested in my sister? No promises, but if you buy me a beer. . . ."

I shifted my attention back to Molly. "Well, I was just wondering if maybe, you know, you could kind of help me out."

"Like what?" she asked. Her eyes were the deep blue of a mountain lake, emptied of life by acid rain.

I stammered. "Like maybe ski for us."

"Jase, Jase," she said. "You know I don't ski league."

"I know, but maybe as kind of an end-of-the-season joke. . . ."

A keen sense of humor ran in the Swenson family. "Which team?"

"You can always race under an assumed name," I said.

"Which team?" she asked a bit louder.

"Well, it's kind of a public-service organization."

Molly stared expectantly.

"Welcome Wagon," I said.

"No." She tossed back the rest of her whiskey. "No way. I will not race for anything as uncool as Welcome Wagon."

A heavy paw fell on my left shoulder. "Sis?" asked Tom, lisping through his crooked teeth. "Is this guy bothering you?"

Of all Molly's brothers, Tom was her favorite. A few years back, a biker had started picking on Tom, calling him a "re-tard." Molly had picked up a pool cue and broken his jaw.

"Geez." I stood and carefully removed Tom's hand. "Remember me? Jason? We

"It's all the violence that does it."

played football together at Battle Mountain High?"

"Oh, hey," he said. Tom had been a ferocious starting guard who could never remember his blocking assignments. Before each game he wrote the plays on pieces of tape and wrapped them round his wrists. Unfortunately, we usually played on muddy fields and the plays soon became illegible. The coach made it my job, on every down, to tell Tom his blocking assignments.

"Sure I remember you," said Tom, and then added hopefully, "Wanna go out in the parking lot?"

"Nope," I said. I walked back to where the rest of the team was waiting. They'd been watching and didn't need an explanation. Wally ordered another pitcher. We talked about how the Broncos might do next fall and what we'd do after the end of ski season. Fritz was flying to Mexico for a week of beach and cantinas. Wally was driving home to see his parents. And Manny and I were just going to kick back, maybe rent a car and run down to Vegas.

"Here," said Tom. He tossed a loose mass of twisted metal in front of me. It jangled as it hit the tabletop. Spoons, forks and knives from the bar's kitchen were bent around one another like links in a chain, along with two twisted keys, an unraveled coat hanger from the rack by the door, several unidentifiable bits of metal and an out-of-state license plate.

"Now do you want to go out in the parking lot?"

Tom had always taken great joy in twisting things. As a child he'd broken most of his toys, mangled the antennas on the family TV and ridden stolen bicycles into brick walls while pretending to be a crash dummy. His destructive instincts had served him well on the football team. But on the ski team it had been another matter. Rather than ski around the gates, Tom had insisted on knocking them down with forearm slams.

The twisted pile of metal reminded me of something I'd seen before. I turned it over. The pieces slumped into a new shape and a vague memory tickled my mind.

"Hey," yelped one of the tourists, "that's my license plate."

Tom turned to him, ever hopeful. "Do you want to go out in the parking lot?"

It came back to me then. Art history. Twisted pieces of naked metal by Moore, Calder and Oldenburg. "Art," I told Tom. "This is a work of modern art."

"Yeah?"

The tourist stepped between us. "You half-wit," he said in disbelief. "You ripped off my license plate."

I leaned around the tourist. "Definite talent," I told Tom. "Listen, when can we talk about this?"

"Uh. . . ." Tom was momentarily taken aback.

The tourist grabbed Tom by the arm. "You're going to pay for this. Those plates cost me 40 bucks apiece."

The bartender broke in. "All right, guys. You know the drill. Take it outside."

The two of them walked out the door followed, of course, by the rest of us—Tim, Molly, the miners from Climax, the claim workers from Leadville, the lift operators and team Welcome Wagon. And the fight? Well, they just don't make tourists like they used to.

•

At 11 P.M. I reported to my job at the Poste Montane at Beaver Creek, where I worked the night desk. I figure that there are two kinds of jobs in life—real jobs and rock-and-roll jobs. Real jobs require concentration. Rock-and-roll jobs you can do just as well while listening to Megadeth.

Night desk at the Poste Montane was simplicity itself. It also meant that whenever it snowed I was awake and ready for first tracks. I checked the reservations for late check-ins. Zip. Then I took two requests for wake-up calls, filled out the day's accounting sheet and entered the numbers in the computer. By one A.M. I was snoozing in the back room.

At 5:30 A.M. the alarm jolted me awake. I scurried into the kitchen, set the coffee to brew and microwaved frozen muffins and ham-and-cheese croissants for the hotel's complimentary breakfast. I munched down two croissants—strictly verboten for the hired help—lighted a couple of logs in the lobby fireplace and set the side table. I finished just in time to start the wake-up calls.

Outside, thin flakes drifted steadily down on the 14 or 15 inches that had built up overnight. I went out and kicked through the new-fallen snow. The flakes burst apart, filling the air with glittering dust.

•

The twins were right where I figured they'd be, waiting for the quad chair to open. Both had on their powder skis, long GS boards with lots of surface and the steel edges rounded to nearly nothing. They wore neon jackets to make it easier for the tourists to follow.

I cocked the bindings on my Olins and tossed them down on the corrugated snow groomed by last night's Snow Cats. I snapped on my skis and began to stretch. Moments later the lift attendant removed the crossed bamboo poles and motioned us toward the detached quad chair. "Do us a favor," he said to the twins. "Ski inbounds."

We sat. The chair rattled down the chute, clamped onto the moving cable and swept skyward. No one pulled down the safety bar.

"So, Tom," I said, "have you thought about last night?"

"Sure have," he said, smiling. He had a purple shadow under one eye. "Boy, was that fun."

"No, no," I said. "Art. What do you think about art?"

"Art who?" cut in Tim, as clever as always.

"Noah's Art," said Tom.

"Art O'Choke," said Tim.

"Art Vark," said Tom.

"You couldn't get me to try this even if we were married!"

I chimed in. "'Art Crane."

They stopped laughing. The quad chair rose and fell over several lift towers. The only sound was the low, vibrating hum of the steel cable as it ran through the tower pulleys.

"Tom," I said, "I really liked the sculpture you did last night. I thought it was . . . interesting."

"Especially with the license plate," said Tim.

I ignored him. "I could dig up some books, show you some famous art made out of nothing but twisted metal."

Tom looked from me to Tim and back again.

"Well," he said, "maybe."

We passed the last tower and descended. With a clang the quad chair detached from the cable and slowed to a crawl. The three of us stood and then skied a hundred yards or so down the mountain. Our skis ran silent beneath the new-fallen snow.

"Help you make tracks?" I offered.

Tim shrugged. "Sure. We'll even give you a lift back to town."

We leaned on our poles, watching the quad chairs come over the rise. Six or seven came up empty. But the next chair was full—four male tourists in bright one-piece powder suits. They skied a short distance, stopped and waited. The following chair brought up two more.

"Victims?" asked Tom.

"Victims," said Tim. "Dead in our sights." He shoved off down the mountain, whooping loudly. Tom and I followed with a couple of loud yahoos.

We glided through the knee-deep powder, rhythmically bouncing from side to side, carving endless S-curves in the untouched snow as we wove our tracks in a smooth triple braid. We looked and sounded like a bunch of locals on our way to a secret trove of champagne powder. And the tourists followed.

Turn after turn, the green tips of my Olins broke the surface and plunged below like a porpoise sewing stitches in the sea. I felt no bottom, no edges, no vibrations. All was smooth and quiet. The only clues that I was even moving were the wind in my face and the dark pines rushing up the mountain toward me.

At the bottom of the first pitch, Tim pulled up. Tom and I curved to a stop beside him. "Whooo-wheee!" yelled Tim. I sneaked a quick look back up the slope. The tourists were hot on our heels.

Tim shoved off again, but this time he cut onto an old burn that ran at right angles. We followed him, still whooping and hollering. In the new snow, the tourists had no idea they'd even left the trail.

At the bottom of the burn, Tim cut onto the lower half of an avalanche chute and then into a meadow. Still the tourists followed. Down we skied, lower and lower, lower than the lowest chair at Beaver Creek. For several hundred yards we slalomed through a pine forest, cutting between the individual trees, their boughs bent with snow. Tom nicked a branch and it sprang up, powder exploding in all directions. The tourists fell behind at the edge of the forest, but we knew they'd follow our tracks. They no longer had a choice.

We flattened out onto an old logging road. Up ahead, three Swenson cabs were parked in the clearing, ski racks on top, white clouds of exhaust pumping out the tailpipes. Old man Swenson leaned against the lead cab and lighted a fresh Marlboro from a dying butt.

"Morning," he said, and then to the twins, "I was beginning to wonder if you boys had give it up altogether." The old man took a deep pull and forced smoke out his frozen nostrils. I figured the three of them had woken before dawn and driven up the cabs. Then the old man had hauled the twins around to the lifts at Beaver Creek and doubled back to wait.

Tim and Tom sat in the open doors of their cabs and pulled off their ski boots. Each had a pair of work boots waiting warm and toasty under the cabs' heaters. They laced up their work boots, popped the trunks and stuffed their neon jackets and ski boots out of sight.

The first group of tourists would recognize the twins, of course. But the second, third and fourth groups wouldn't. Each new group that followed the tracks would just make that many more tracks. And the number of unwitting Swenson cab customers would swell exponentially until the ski patrol discovered the cutoff and blocked it with bamboo poles.

I tossed my Olins up onto Tom's cab. "Hey, Tom," I said, "you don't mind a little company, do you?"

"Nope," said Tom.

But it was Tim who clamped a hand over my skis. "You're riding with me," he said. "Or you're not riding."

"I'd rather ride with Tom, if it's all the same to you."

"My cab," said Tim, "or no cab." He locked my skis to his rack.

Just then, the six tourists skidded around the corner. From the looks on their faces, they weren't any too happy.

"My God," said Tim, slapping his forehead. "You guys didn't cut off the trail and follow us, did you?"

No answer.

"Damn," said Tim. "Well, we were about to start work anyway. Anybody need a cab back to Beaver Creek?"

There was nothing for miles but empty woods.

The Swensons were decent about it, though. They clamped on the tourists' skis for them and gave them advice on the best runs and the best places to eat. Having swindled them in the first place, they now buttered them up for tips.

I sat up front with Tim, with two tourists in the back. He kept up a cheerful patter as we crawled down the twisting road. When we hit the highway he tuned the radio to easy listening and

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cranked up the volume. Like most locals, Tim believed that tourists gave bigger tips under the mind-numbing influence of easy listening. The radio blared the theme song from *Flashdance*. One of the tourists hummed along.

"So, Jase," said Tim. "What's up?"

"Not much. You know, the usual."

"No, no," he said. "What are you trying to pull on my brother? What's with all this art stuff?"

"Nothing," I said. "I just think he's got a lot of hidden talent."

Tim flicked on the turn signal for the exit to Avon and Beaver Creek. "I'm a scammer, Jase," he said. "You know that. I make 'em up and I make 'em happen. And I can smell 'em a mile off."

"There's nothing," I said.

Tim made the turn and looped back under the interstate. "There better not be. I'm watching you, Jase. I got my eye on you."

We crossed the bridge over the Eagle River and began our climb to the lifts.

Later that afternoon I rode the bus to the Vail library, checked out three coffee-table books with glossy photographs of twisted metal sculptures and took them back to work. I saw Tom twice over the next four days, but both times he was with Tim. So I just said hi and went on my way.

Wednesday night I met Fritz, Manny and Wally down at the Hole in the Wall. We held our meetings on Wednesdays and raced on Friday afternoons.

"So," said Wally, "is Molly going to race?"

"Probably," I said. I figured with the season ending they'd have a few weeks to get over my lie. And if we didn't get Molly, there wasn't anyone else who'd make a difference.

"Really?" said Fritz.

Just then Molly breezed in the door. Fritz opened his mouth, but before he could speak I grabbed his arm and spoke low. "She just doesn't know it yet."

"Shit," said Wally. "Come Friday we won't have anybody at all."

"DQed before we even start," said Fritz.

"Look," I said. "I've got it under control. OK? It's almost in the bag." I shoved back my chair and headed across the room.

Molly took her usual seat at the corner of the bar, her back to the pool table. She shucked off her sheepskin coat, tossed back her hair and unzipped the top of her blue synthetic-fleece pullover.

"God, it's hot in here," she said to the bartender.

"That's the way they like it," he said. Like most bartenders, he had long since resigned himself to the way things were.

I slid onto an empty stool. "Double whiskey for the lady, draft for me."

"Thanks," said Molly. She smiled the way she'd smile at any other sucker who bought her a drink.

We chatted about how warm it was getting, the slush in the Back Bowls, the softening moguls on Birds of Prey. I asked her what she was going to do after the lifts closed. She said she was thinking about going down to Argentina for the summer, maybe climb, maybe teach skiing at Las Leñas. Maybe even pick up an Italian accent for her Spanish.

"Cómo te va, ché?" she asked, marking the words like an Argentine. Her laughter was smooth, unself-conscious.

"How about you?" she said.

"Probably work through mud season. Maybe take a week off and go down to Vegas with Manny Trevi."

"Sure," said Molly, "but what're you going to do long-term?" She had a breathtaking way of cutting straight to the personal. "You don't belong here anymore, Jase. You've got a good education—Colorado College, the Harvard of the Rockies. So what're you going to do with yourself?"

Some people are practically born with deep callings. They fall out of a tree at six and decide right then and there that they want to be a doctor. Or they get elected president of their first-grade class and hang their hat on becoming a lawyer. But me, I'd never really had any deep desire to become anything in particular. And yet, at the same time, I've always had the feeling that there was something important out there waiting just for me, a custom semi cruising the highways of life with my name for a hood ornament. And someday, if I waited long enough, it would come hurtling down on me, blasting its air horn, and crunch to a stop.

"Don't know," I admitted. "How about you?"

"I don't know, either. I was always so caught up in the things I was doing—climbing and skiing and camping—that I never really thought about it. I mean, when you're 200 feet up a granite face, and you look down between your feet and see that it's a clean drop, you don't really worry about next year. That moment's the only thing that matters. And I'm not knocking it. But sometimes I wonder about the rest. What'll I do when I'm 60? Do I even want to be 60?"

"I know what you mean."

She laughed again, easy. "Must be a sign of old age."

"What about Tom?"

"What do you mean, 'What about Tom?'"

"You know," I said. "What's he going to do, drive cabs all his life? Tim's smart, he'll always find something. But as for Tom . . . I just don't know."

"And what business is that of yours?"

"None. I just worry about the big guy."

"No, you don't. Give me a break, Jase. You'd burn him in a minute if it got you somewhere."

"Molly, Molly. . . ."

"Don't Molly me," she said, standing. "And I'm not going to ski for your lame little team, either."

I reached for her sheepskin coat, but she snatched it away. "I can help myself," she said, and stormed out.

•

When I got off work the next morning, I grabbed my skis and headed for the lift. I was doomed anyway, so I figured I might as well get in a few runs and try not to think about tomorrow's race. The detached quad had a line backed up, so I trudged around the end of the base lodge and headed for the triple chair. The triple took cross-country skiers up to their mountaintop trails and was a good way to beat the crowds.

I nearly dropped my Olins. There stood Tom about to get on the lift. No Tim, no Molly. Just Tom. A stranger sidestepped up the hill a few yards behind him.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Wait up!"

I ran up the hill, snapped on my skis and skated up beside Tom and the stranger just as the chair swung around. The chair's front edge clipped me behind the knees. I sat down hard and the three of us were scooped into the air. The stranger sat between us, gripping the bucking chair.

Tom reached a big hand under his neon parka. "Beer?" he said and held up two bottles.

"Sure." I reached over the stranger, took one and twisted off the cap. We clicked bottles in front of the stranger, who grimaced in annoyance. Tom chugged his. I took a little more time with mine.

"So," I said, "I've got those books I told you about. The ones on art?"

"Yeah?" Tom seemed only mildly interested.

"Yeah. I've got them at the front desk at the Poste Montane. And there are some pictures you really gotta see." I tilted my head back for a final swig.

"Empty?" asked Tom. I nodded. The chair rose toward the second lift tower. Off to the left, at the end of the highest cul-de-sac, squatted Gerald Ford's house. His backyard pool was protected by a blue vinyl cover.

"Bet you can't hit Ford's pool from here," said Tom.

"Yeah?" I said. "Bet what?"

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said the stranger.

"Well, you ain't me," said Tom, and let fly. His bottle sailed up against the empty sky, tumbling end over end like a football. With a distant pop it shattered on the concrete pool deck and sent shards of brown glass rattling across the taut vinyl cover.

"Damn," said Tom.

"Close," I said. "What do you bet I make it?"

"Secret Service," said the stranger to Tom. "You're under arrest."

Without a moment's hesitation Tom slipped a paw behind the agent's back and shoved him off the front of the chair. The agent pitched forward into space. His boots caught momentarily on the ski rest and then his skis snapped off on the bottom of the chair. Flailing helplessly, he fell through more than three stories of empty air. He hit on his back with a muffled whoompf, punching a crater into the groomed slope. His skis and poles stabbed into the snow around him.

He lay still for a moment or two. Then he stumbled to his feet, shaking his fist and cursing.

After we quit laughing I realized the seriousness of our situation. He would ski down to the lift operator and have him telephone the ski patrol up top. Meanwhile, we were trapped on this lift. Which meant we were going to spend at least a night in jail. And Tom, who'd had other run-ins with the law, might be staying a while longer.

On the other hand, I'd have today and tonight to work on Tom. And Molly would surely come to visit.

We crested the last rise. Ahead of us at the top of the lift, our welcoming committee was strung out across the skyline, five or six ski patrolmen and a couple of instructors. The lift operator leaned his head out the window of his hut and slowed our chair to a crawl. Three more ski patrolmen hurried out of the warming shack.

Far below us a narrow gash ran between the trees. It had been cut years before to clear room for the lift towers. But it was far too steep and rocky to be used as a ski run.

"Hold on to the chair," said Tom. I grabbed the side rail and before I knew what he was doing, he bailed out. He seemed to fall forever, his skis floating below him, his jacket puffed with wind, his body spread-eagle as he rotated through a slow half twist. He hit on his skis on the 50-degree slope, his upper body slamming backward as he disappeared in a cloud of powder. A split second later he rocketed out of the cloud, still struggling to pull himself forward onto his skis. He dinged one rock and then another as he used raw strength to lever himself forward. Then, just as he regained his balance, he sailed off a 15-foot cliff. He landed, tips raised, and slalomed out of sight.

My pitching chair lurched forward at full speed, pinning me back in my seat. One rat had escaped the trap. They weren't about to lose the other.

Five ski patrolmen escorted me down to the base lodge, where the snarling Secret Service agent identified me. An Eagle County deputy snapped on the handcuffs.

•

"Just tell me who you were with," said Mark, "and you're out of here." They'd pulled in deputy Mark Cluff because we'd gone to high school together. They figured that would make it easier.

"I already know it was one of the Swenson twins," said Mark.

I sat on the edge of my bunk, silent.

"Tim or Tom?"

Nothing.

"Which one?"

Still nothing.

"Coffee?"

"Cream," I said, "no sugar."

He left to make the coffee, more for himself than for me. They'd taken away my watch along with my belt, pocketknife, billfold and shoelaces, but I knew I'd been there awhile. This was my second shift of questioners.

Another deputy let Mark back into my cell. Mark handed me a cup of instant with a light-yellow dusting of artificial creamer.

"You're in a heap of trouble," he said. "Conspiracy. Aiding and abetting. Assault on a federal officer."

"Attempted vandalism," said the other deputy, "on the president's pool."

I spoke slowly, enunciating the words to help them understand. "I didn't do anything."

"Big trouble," said Mark. "Federal trouble. You want to reconsider and call a lawyer?"

I shook my head.

"Then do you waive right to counsel and agree to talk of your own free will?"

I shook my head again.

"Look," said Mark, "I know how it is. You don't want to rat on a friend. Right? So here's what we'll do. You just nod your head. Was it Tim?"

I stared straight ahead.

"Was it Tom?"

I didn't even blink.

"Did he have crooked teeth?"

I shrugged.

"Come on, Jase," he said. "Don't make me put you on a lie detector."

"Come on, yourself," I said. "Eagle County doesn't have a lie detector. And even if it did, everybody knows they're not admissible in court."

"Is that so, Mr. Smarty-pants?" said Mark. "Well, we'll just see about that."

Mark questioned me most of the night. At dawn he turned me over to the third shift. But I could tell their hearts weren't in it. After all, if I wouldn't talk to a classmate from Battle Mountain High, who would I talk to? Funny thing was, I didn't know myself why I didn't just tell them Tom had done it. Sure, it was the ex-president's pool and, sure, it was a federal agent. But there wasn't any real harm done. What would they give him, a couple of months?

Finally, they left me alone. The rough wool of the cot's Army surplus blanket

"What I have in mind is a boat."

was riddled with black-edged holes from old cigarette burns. I crawled under the blanket, shoes and all, and fell asleep.

•

Keys rattled in the lock. I pried open my eyes to a painful squint.

"Visitor," said the day-shift deputy.

Molly stood at the door, her blonde hair cascading over a new teal racing jacket. She carried a pan covered with aluminum foil. "Hey," she said. "I brought you some lunch."

"Hey yourself." I thought for a moment about how I must look, unshaven and smelly, my hair sticking up like a mangy porcupine. But then, it didn't really matter anymore. "Thanks."

The guard locked us in.

She walked over to the cot, the cuffs of her black ski pants swishing together. She sat down beside me and handed me the pan and a spoon. I tore off the aluminum foil and a steam cloud of spices rose up and scalded my face. The pan was full of thick brown sauce, slabs of dark meat and chunks of carrots and potatoes. I ate halfway to the bottom before I came up for air.

"Tasty," I said. "What is it?"

"Moose stew. Dad was driving down the interstate last night when he saw one of those hazardous-waste trucks from Denver flatten a moose. So he circled back and beat the game warden to the steaks."

Just to be scenic, the government had built Interstate 70 right alongside the Eagle River. Unfortunately, this meant that every animal on the wrong side of the interstate had to cross the road to get a drink. Several hundred game animals later, the government had added a special moose underpass. But somehow, they'd never quite figured out how to teach the moose to use it.

"It's great," I said.

"Listen." Molly lowered her voice. "You haven't told them anything, have you?"

"Nope."

"Swear to God?"

"Swear to God."

"Cross your heart and hope not to be castrated?"

"That, too," I said.

"You're not just hiding in here, safe from us Swensons, while you wait to testify against my brother?"

"Absolutely not."

Molly sat there looking at me for a long moment, as cold as a winter trout. "You know," she said finally, "I believe you."

"Thanks."

"I'm going to bail you out. And if you aren't lying, you'll be more than happy to walk out of here with me."

Ten minutes later the day crew gave me back my shoelaces, belt, pocketknife, billfold and watch. They warned me not to leave the county and turned me over to Molly.

She'd parked the family pickup out front. I hopped in the passenger side, still clutching the pan of stew, and Molly fired up the engine. She didn't talk again until we'd turned onto the highway, headed up-valley.

"You may not have known it, Jase, but they pulled in both the twins for dumping that Secret Service agent. They showed him a lineup. And he picked out Tom."

"Yeah? Then how come I just spent all night being questioned?"

"Because," she said with a smile, "they showed him a couple more lineups. And this time he picked out Tim. He thought he'd picked out the same man both times."

That's when it hit me. "He didn't know there were two of them."

"Nope," she said. "And unless he could identify just one of the twins, they had to let both of them go. That is, just so long as you didn't spill your guts."

"Which I didn't."

She leaned over and gave me a peck on the cheek. "That's why my skis are in back. Just this once I'm going to race."

I sat in dazed silence as we rattled up the hill toward Beaver Creek.

"God," she said under her breath. She spat out the words. "Welcome Wagon. Who would've believed it?"

•

Fritz, Manny and I waited at the bottom of the course. The air seemed suddenly crisper, and the red and blue of the gates stood out sharply against the snow. We had ourselves a woman.

Once again we'd been paired with the Exploding Hamsters. So far, they were two seconds ahead in total time. But they hung their heads, sullen. They'd seen Molly at the top of the course. Susi Fallows was fast, no question about it. But Molly was in a class all her own.

"Racing fourth," rasped the loudspeaker, "are Danny Johnson for the Exploding Hamsters . . . and Wally Ratcliff for Welcome Wagon."

For the first time ever we were skiing under our real names. Manny had even persuaded Wally, after a wedgie or two, to race on a normal pair of skis. In the lift line Wally had shuffled around on his borrowed 207s. "They're too short," he'd said, but Manny had stared him to silence.

We looked up the course.

"Come on, Wally," I said. "Just finish."

"Umm," added Manny.

The Hamster whooshed into sight. He rounded the corner and ripped past the top gate, his inside shoulder thrust stylishly forward. A dozen yards behind him Wally skidded into view. His skis rasped across the iced ruts like chalk shuddering across a blackboard. Wally ran three gates without any problems but clipped the fourth one. His weight shifted to his inside ski, his outside leg waved helplessly in the air. He twisted his body, arms spread wide. Inch by inch he forced his ski back down to the snow.

He brushed by the last gate and tucked the finish.

"Time?" he asked, gasping.

"We're four seconds down," said Fritz. He'd raced first and kept track of the totals. "Molly has to beat Susi by at least four seconds."

"Easy," I said.

"Remember," warned Fritz, "she hasn't raced in three or four years." But he was grinning like the rest of us. I did a happy sideways shuffle. Molly mania was setting in.

Down the hill from us the Hamsters huddled in silence. No exercise-wheel high fives. No microwave squeaks.

"Racing fifth," boomed the speaker, "are Susi Fallows for the Exploding Hamsters . . . and Molly Swenson for Welcome Wagon."

There was a crackling pause.

"And . . . they're off!"

I craned my neck, staring up the slope toward where they would appear. Everyone else did the same. The wind died. An eerie silence fell over the slope. No skiers came down the other runs, no birds flew, no tree branches creaked. The finish banner hung slack.

Molly appeared in a flash of teal, flowing effortlessly around the gates. There were no telltale roosters behind her skis, no skritch of steel on ice. She merged with the ruts, and they in turn accelerated her through the curves. I had never seen anyone carry that much speed down a course.

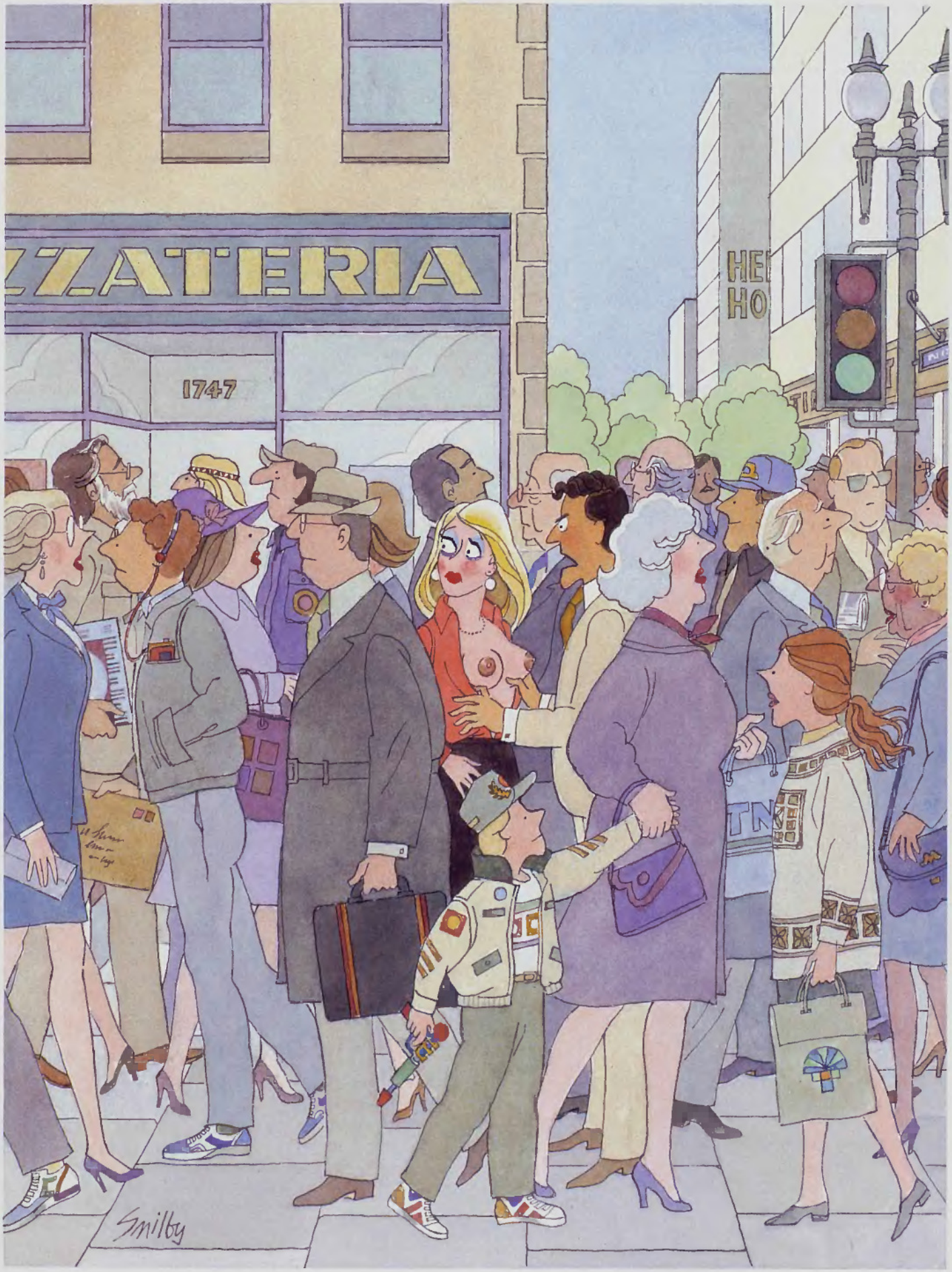
We stood gaping, too stunned even to cheer. And that was when it happened. One moment she was charging a gate and the next moment she caught an edge and smashed face first into the snow. One ski popped high into the air, came down on its side and slithered toward the woods. Her goggles and hat remained behind as she tumbled and slid, trying to brake herself with her remaining ski. She slid past the next gate—on the wrong side.

Susi Fallows rounded the corner, skiing with good technique. The Hamsters burst into their microwave cheer. "Squueeaakk!" They turned to do their exercise-wheel high fives.

Then they froze.

Molly had scrambled onto one ski and was half leaping, half sidestepping back up to the gate. Susi passed Molly at full speed. A fraction of a second later, Molly rounded the gate on the correct side.

Susi had a lead of at least ten yards. But Molly skied with her left foot and sprinted with her right, like a child riding a scooter. As soon as she regained speed, she lifted her right leg in front of her and raced on her left alone. She



"'Be careful, someone will see'—that's all you ever say—'Be careful, someone will see.'"

swooped through each turn, taking one normally and the next balanced precariously on her outside edge, her left thigh bulging with the strain. But most incredible of all, she was gaining on Susi.

On the inside of the second-to-last turn, Molly whipped past Susi. She slammed through the final gate with her shoulder, uprooting it entirely, and then tucked until she was practically sitting on her left ski, her right leg stretched in front of her. She flashed across the finish, breaking the beam with the toe of her extended boot. She had beaten Susi by an entire gate.

We whooped like madmen, all of us, the Hamsters and Welcome Wagon both. Molly skidded into our midst, blood trickling down her face where her goggles had cut her. The four of us crowded around in a group hug. Seconds later, the Hamsters piled in as well.

"I'm sorry, Jase," said Molly, and she began to cry.

She had beaten Susi by a full two and a half seconds. Not enough for us to win.

•

After we'd showered and dressed, team Welcome Wagon gathered at the Hole in the Wall for an end-of-the-season drink. We began with a toast to Molly. Two hours later the table was littered with empty pitchers. Fritz waved a hand in the air, "'Nother pitcher." The barmaid tried to sneak back two of the empties, but Manny and Wally hung on to them. "Don't take our pitchers," said Fritz. "Bring us another one."

Molly nursed a double whiskey neat, with ice on the side. She absentmindedly rubbed one of the ice cubes against her lower lip, stitched across the middle where her ski had hit her. A line of butterfly bandages held together the cut along the outside of her eye.

"I'm sorry, Jase," she said.

"Don't be sorry," I said once again. "You were great."

"Kee-rist," said Fritz.

"I really am going down to Argentina this summer," said Molly. Her fingers touched mine beneath the table. "You want to come?"

And suddenly, there it was, that custom semi on the road of life, bigger and blacker than I'd ever dreamed. I knew I couldn't afford her and I didn't even know how long I could keep up with her. It might be only a matter of weeks before we ran through my savings and broke half the bones in my body. But there it stood, idling impatiently by the side of the road, with my name spelled out across the hood in huge chrome letters. And it seemed to be asking me one single question: Was I going to climb in and ride, or had I just been tanning my thumbs all these years?

I grasped her fingers beneath the table and squeezed.

A heavy paw slammed down on my left shoulder. Was that it? I thought. Was that all there was before I died?

"Jase," said Tom.

"Tom," I answered. But I didn't let go of Molly's hand.

"You know," he said, "while you were in jail, I looked at some pictures in those books of yours. I can do stuff like that."

"Not now, Tom," said Molly.

Tom huffed off into the snow, slamming the door behind him.

I stared into her eyes, as deep and clear and blue as any high mountain lake, and saw only my own reflection. The acid rain had dissolved the bones of those who'd gone before.

From outside there came a groan of bending metal. "Jesus," said Fritz. He jumped to his feet and stared out the window. "He's wrapped my Sleds around my bumper."

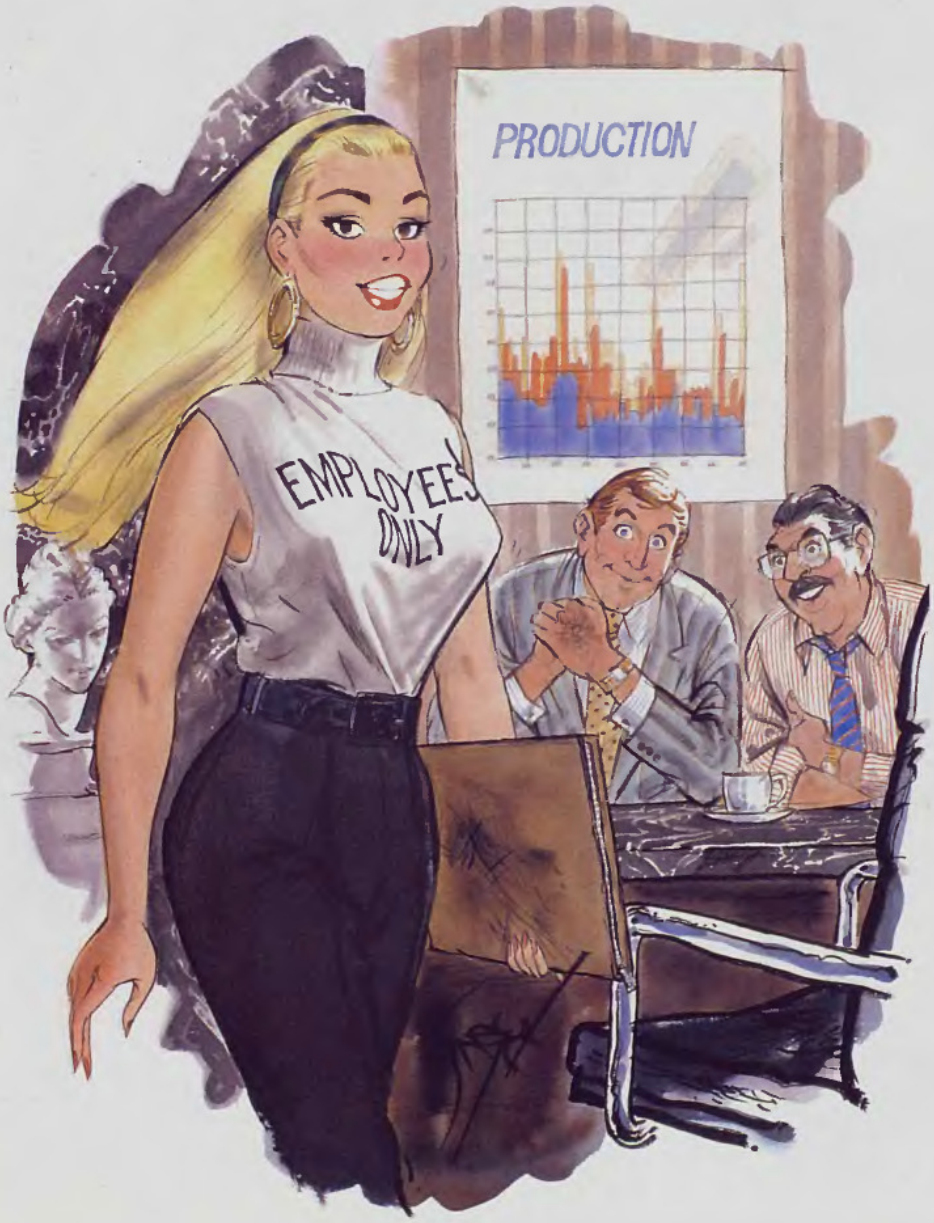
Tom reappeared in the doorway. "Jase," he said, cheerful once again. "I forget. Which skis are yours?"

"The green Olins," snarled Fritz.

I closed my eyes then and kissed Molly full on her swollen lips. The rough black threads of her stitches caught on my lower lip for a moment, and then her warm mouth closed over mine, softer than I could ever have imagined. From outside there came a flat crack like a rifle shot. Still kissing Molly, my eyes squeezed shut against the world, I watched in my mind as my Olins snapped into splintered wood and twisted steel.

"I'm sorry," said Molly.

"Don't be," I answered and kissed her again. "Just buy me a new pair when we get to Argentina."



"She's very loyal to the firm."

 (continued from page 122)

"There were those who reacted to the coverage as if picture windows had been installed in a whorehouse."

buy the shotguns. Fear and confusion, he says: They originally tried to buy handguns at a local Big Five sports store. After they had looked at several pistols, the clerk told them there was a two-week waiting period on handgun purchases. And because they were sure their father was going to kill them that weekend, and because they just sort of found themselves in San Diego as they drove, they went ahead and bought the shotguns there, using a driver's license they'd copped from a friend because, well, neither had a valid California license.

Erik's D.A.—one of two prosecutors in the case, which also has two juries and two defense attorneys; each brother gets his own—asks for details about the pistols they looked at. Erik doesn't remember much about them, he says. The D.A. presses, then springs his trap.

"Mr. Menendez," asks the D.A., "did you know that Big Five stopped carrying handguns in March 1986?" This was three years before Erik claimed to have shopped for them at the store.

A small moment, perhaps, but after waiting for more than two months for a clear and damaging ripple in the brothers' story, I felt like I had seen the Loch Ness monster rise up and eat a boat. My excitement was shared by the CTV anchor, courthouse correspondent and studio analyst, all of whom began to refer to the exchange as a *Perry Mason* moment.

•

Fictionalized courtroom drama became a popular television format with shows such as *The Verdict Is Yours* and *Divorce Court*, both of which used actors to simulate real trials. More recently, *The People's Court* took a step toward realism by installing a dyspeptic retired Los Angeles superior court judge named Joseph Wapner to adjudicate actual small-claims disputes brought by people who had originally filed them in California courts. Dog bites, women whose hair was fried at the beauty parlor and unpaid personal loans predominated. Each case took about ten minutes, and if things threatened to run long, Wapner, who was judge and jury, jumped down the litigants' throats with a lecture on manners, grammar, morals or the law, then gaveled out his decision. During its 12 first-run years on the air, the show was wildly successful. It is, in some ways, the spiritual precursor to CTV.

According to Brill, the inspiration for his channel came as he rode in a New York taxi listening to a radio update on the trial of Joel Steinberg, who was accused of beating his adopted daughter to death. Brill's interest in the trial, and his frustration with media sound bites, gave him the idea for a TV network that would be to the court system what C-Span is to Congress.

Early reviews of CTV were generally good. Most critics liked the strong journalistic approach of the anchors and correspondents, the way that the coverage walked the line between straightforwardness and sensationalism. In the Smith trial, the accuser's name was withheld and her face obscured to protect her identity. The jury was not photographed and profane language was bleeped out.

There were, however, those who reacted to the coverage as if picture windows had been installed in a whorehouse.

"I must tell you I'm worried about it," said President George Bush of the Smith trial. "I'm worried about so much filth and indecent material coming through

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the airwaves and through these trials into people's homes."

Bush's point hit home a few weeks later, while I was having dinner with the 11-year-old daughter of a friend, who told me proudly, "I learned the word ejaculate from the Smith trial."

I was about to learn a new word from CTV: paraphilia. It means sexually perverted behavior, and I heard it for the first time as I watched lawyers fussing over psychological minutiae in the sanity hearing of Jeffrey Dahmer, a man who had confessed to 17 murders. Day after day, I watched as photos of his savagery were entered as evidence, as lawyers asked and argued what were, for them, crucial questions. Did he drill holes in his victims' skulls before or after he killed them? Did the triple bagging of the bones indicate mental disease, or was it a sign that he was aware, responsible and sane?

And what about me? Glued to this horror show, extending my vocabulary unto nausea. And what about George Bush, if he and Barbara were to tune in accidentally for the reading of Dahmer's cookbook?

•

One of the prosecutors in the Menendez case is referring to the transcript, around page 14,000. I imagine the unseen jurors slumped in their chairs, sighing, fighting the urge to sleep or to run screaming from the courthouse. They have been here for 12 or 13 weeks, and unlike those of us on the CTV jury, they cannot get up to stretch or have coffee, nor can they shout obscenities when the attorneys ask the same question and get the same answer for the 77th time. If I were in the box with them it's likely I would have committed a murder of my own, perpetrated against one of the lawyers; or maybe given the term hung jury a whole new meaning by nailing my belt to the wall and hanging myself.

"Actually," says the CTV commentator, "studies have shown that many jurors pass the time in sexual fantasies."

"Do you think it helps the defense when a trial goes this long?" asks the CTV anchor.

"It's a lot harder to send someone to the gas chamber when you've looked at them for three months," says the commentator.

•

My favorite expert analyst in this trial so far has been Gerry Spence, a defense lawyer from Wyoming who looks and sounds like a cross between Clarence Darrow and Buffalo Bill Cody. Wearing a Western-style jacket, he sat in for an afternoon while a D.A. named Pamela Bozanich cross-examined Erik Menendez. Spence, the spirited old war-horse, didn't like what he saw. Young lawyers have no style, he said. Law schools were breeding it out of them, turning them into dry, plodding technicians. "The music, the sound that carries the emotional content, isn't there," he said, using his big, mellifluous voice to demonstrate what he meant.

When the discussion turned to the Menendez brothers' case, he told an anecdote about a sheriff he had defended who had shot a man between the eyes. Asked why he had done it, the lawman gave Spence an answer that went to the heart of the brothers' defense. "There are just some folks," said the sheriff, "who need killing."

Spence believed, as have all the commentators (including F. Lee Bailey) that such a defense was going to be difficult to mount in this case. Not in regard to Jose Menendez—described by one witness as a man so mean he once made a BMW salesman cry—but in regard to Kitty, their mother. Her killing looks like an attempt to eliminate a witness and to guarantee inheritance.

•

If the Menendez brothers did kill their parents for money, it's working, at least as far as their legal bills are concerned. Gossip has it that they have, with the cooperation of surviving relatives, spent several million dollars assembling the best defense money can buy.

And here comes Erik's attorney to prove that it is money well spent by offering evidence that Big Five was still selling pellet pistols at the time Erik claims to have shopped there, and that his ignorance of firearms led him to believe that they were real guns.

Whether you believe that or not, it's a clever stroke, from one of the cleverest players the game is likely to see. Her name is Leslie Abramson: Brooklyn-born, with wild blonde hair. Sharp, pugnacious and tough, she is defending Erik with the explosive spirit of a 90-pound woman lifting a one-ton automobile off a trapped child. Her record in murder trials is strong, and there are signs that even with this unlikely defense, it may become even better. The brothers are receiving 30 to 50 letters a day in jail from CTV viewers, most of whom believe their story, bleed for them and pray for their acquittal. T-shirts that say FREE THE MENENDEZ BROTHERS have appeared on the campus of American University in Washington, D.C.

During the CTV segments that invite viewers to call in questions and comments, the vote is split between guilty and not guilty. If anything like that is going on in the minds of the jurors, these boys will once again be out in their Armani suits, buying Porsches and Rolex watches.

Most of the callers begin with such comments as "I can't stop watching," "I should be working," "I'm a Court TV

"I wouldn't be in this trouble, your Honor, if only I had some of your intelligence, vision, wisdom and dedication."

junkie," "It's better than a soap opera," "Everybody I know is watching this."

In fact, the viewership of the Menendez trial on CTV has been wide enough to justify the worry, expressed by some early critics, that televised trial coverage would somehow change the process by expanding the gallery to the millions. It was a CTV viewer, after all, who called the Menendez prosecutors to tell them that Big Five had stopped selling handguns three years before the brothers claimed to have looked at them in the Santa Monica store. There is also the worry that prospective witnesses, who would otherwise be barred from the courtroom before their testimony, are watching the proceedings on CTV and, consciously or unconsciously, tailoring their testimony to fit.

There is no doubt that lawyers and defendants are using CTV like game films to hone their cases. During the trial of two men convicted of beating Reginald Denny during the Los Angeles riots, which CTV broadcast in tandem with the Menendez trial, one of the commentators expressed confusion and doubt about the defense strategy. At the next break in the action, Edi Faal, one of the defense attorneys, asked for and got an interview in which he explained to the CTV correspondent on the scene why his defense strategy made perfect legal sense.

•

Terry Moran is CTV's courthouse reporter at the Menendez trial. He stands on the courthouse plaza several times a day to relate trial progress and courthouse gossip and to report on the reactions of the unseen jurors. When he began his stand-ups, it was summer in Los Angeles, and the people strolling past were in shorts. Now, as he speculates on whether Judge Stanley Weisberg will allow an incriminating tape recording to be played for the jurors, autumn leaves are falling behind him and autumn fires are raging in the hills surrounding Los Angeles.

Moran is a smooth-spoken 34-year-old who for five years was a reporter for the *Legal Times*, a Washington, D.C. magazine also owned by Steven Brill. Moran has the kind of good looks that could have sailed him into the movies if he hadn't fallen into the confluence of show business and law that is CTV. In fact, over the course of this long, bizarre trial, he has attained a kind of matinee-idol status: People stop him in airports and on the street, and callers to CTV praise his command of the details of the case.

"When you live and breathe and dream a case for this long," he says, "you become a sponge."

•

Along with Moran, I, too, have become a sponge, or, better yet, a mollusk. Today the judge is referring to page 18,004 of the transcript, and I have sat transfixed through most of those pages with him. I have endured the testimony of the defense's psychological experts, whose hired-gun interpretation of the brothers' traumatic lives makes it sound as if Jose and Kitty should be dug up and killed again. I have heard the disputed tape recording made by their shrink in which Erik admits planning the killings, then listened as defense experts were recalled to muddy those waters. The defense is talking about putting the brothers back on the stand for redirect examination, which will be followed by recross, which will be followed by the prosecution's rebuttal, then a surrebutter by the defense, then maybe someday—perhaps when snow falls on Terry Moran in the courthouse plaza—closing arguments, deliberations, a verdict.

I, however, will not be there for it. Brill may be right about the beauty of this process, but this much exposure is giving me hives, not goose bumps. If I don't go cold turkey now, I may as well go ahead and order the Craftmatic adjustable bed that's advertised on CTV every hour or so and spend eight hours a day watching judges, prosecutors and defense lawyers chase that old whore justice around the courtroom.

I think I can kick the habit. The truth is, I don't care whether the Menendez brothers are found guilty or not guilty. It was the story that captured me, not the attempt to haggle right and wrong out of it. Watching the Menendez brothers suffer this trial, it is clear that real justice is a deeper, more mysterious concept than the crude tools of the legal system will ever discover. The ultimate punishment for killing your mother and father has already been delivered on these pathetic wretches and will ride with them for the rest of their miserable lives whether they go free or are duck-walked into the gas chamber. (Although, if the latter comes to pass, I think we can expect to see ten-foot drifts of snow on the Van Nuys courthouse plaza.)

Whatever happens, I've seen enough. I have a life to lead, flesh-and-blood stories to chase, crimes of my own to commit, perhaps. So I will not watch the trial of the man who supposedly murdered the Florida abortion doctor if CTV covers it. I will not watch the trial of the woman who cut off her husband's penis. And the Palm Beach lawyer and his socialite wife who accuses him of screwing his female clients will have to hammer out their lurid divorce without me.

Of course, I may just dip in to catch Leslie Abramson blowing fire and ice all over the jury in her closing argument. That will be something to see.

Just for an hour or so.

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LITERARY GOLF

(continued from page 112)

(4) JIM THOMPSON—PAR .38

One of the toughest holes in golf, you better have a long driver to play it. A big, long driver and plenty of muscle. No chip shots here. Just double shots—straight up. The fairway is dangerous, no place for little boys. If you hook to the left, better counter with a right to the body. If you slice, slice deep and hard. Don't bother shouting "fore." No one else will.

(5) STEPHEN KING—PAR 4

The ground has a tendency to bleed when you put in your tee. And if you slice your ball into the woods, you had better just leave it there. There's a dogleg on the left of the fairway, but don't pick it up. It may begin to growl. It's best not to spend too much time on the green, which sits beyond the Sematary. If you miss your second putt, just pick up your ball and leave before a hand reaches through the grass and grabs it. If you don't make par on this hole, you might just become a bogeyman. Permanently.

(6) NORMAN MAILER—PAR INTERMINABLE

The longest hole on this or any other course. For many years the LPGA boycotted it, finding the rough to be too rough. Now they just don't bother playing it. In fact, this hole is so long and convoluted, most people tee off, maybe hit an iron and then just pick up their ball. But take a good look down the fairway. Even though most players don't finish this hole, everyone has an opinion about it.

(7) ANNE TYLER—PAR 5

A quirky hole, with many twists and turns in the fairway. No matter how straight your approach, you never seem to have a direct line to the pin. This hole also causes players to do some odd things. You may become completely indecisive about which club to use. Or a ball you hook into the woods may fill you with a tremendous sense of loss and yearning. Watch out for the little molehills alongside the fairway. On this hole they can become mountains.

(8) JOSEPH HELLER—PAR 22

You can't finish the course unless you finish this hole. But you can't play this hole until you finish the course. For an explanation, see the guy in the pro shop. His name is Pro Pro. There's a bunker hidden on the left of the fairway in case of enemy attack. You also have to be careful on the elevated tee for any low-flying aircraft.

(9) JOHN STEINBECK—PAR 5

A dry, dusty hole. No green, just a patch of dirt at the end of a stretch of parched earth. No flowers line the fairway. No trees. No shade. It may take you all day to play this hole. A long hard day. And if a family comes by, with all its possessions strapped to a cart, just let them play through.

"So, do you gals ever get together as a group to just sort of hang out and exchange inside bimbo stuff?"

HALLE BERRY

(continued from page 125)

weeks later a guy called me from one of the Cincinnati papers to interview me. At the end he said, "You know, I've never done this before, but I have a really good friend who absolutely adores you and would love an autographed picture." I said, "Who?" And he said, "David Justice of the Atlanta Braves." I dropped the phone on the floor. I said, "Give him my phone number instead of an autograph." So an hour later David called me and we talked for three hours. We hit it off like [*snaps fingers*] that.

9.

PLAYBOY: Given the relative sexiness of baseball players, why did you go after a power hitter rather than a relief pitcher?
BERRY: Pitchers can look just like regular guys—short and kind of scrawny. Power hitters generally have better bodies and butts. They're stronger.

10.

PLAYBOY: You've been a lustful reference in at least one rap song. Is this something you support or condone?
BERRY: I have a real problem with all those songs that refer to women as bitches or in other derogatory terms. I don't listen to them, nor do I buy them, nor do I encourage others to. People I know say, "Well, I don't listen to the words, I like the beat." They don't realize that subconsciously they're hearing the words. It's degrading. As women, we're fighting so hard to be viewed in another way. I don't like my name associated with it. I know they think they're giving me a compliment, but I don't see it that way.

11.

PLAYBOY: In 1985 you were Miss Teen All American. In 1986 you were first runner-up for Miss USA. As the veteran of many beauty pageants, tell us: What makes a bad loser and what makes a bad winner?
BERRY: After the pageant, the bad loser will go around bad-mouthing everything. She'll put down the girl who won: "Look at her—she has fake tits! She has acne!" Just being obnoxious. She can't get over the fact that she lost: "Hello? You didn't win, goodbye, go home now."

A bad winner? I know this after judging pageants: During the interview these girls give their perfect pageant answers: "Yes, I'd like to save the world." Then afterward at the dinner with the winners, these girls turn into total snobs. They've already used you and abused you and gotten what they wanted out of you—the crown. Then they're like monsters.

12.

PLAYBOY: How did your more highbrow colleagues respond to the news that you'd signed on for *The Flintstones*?

BERRY: It's amazing how people can be so negative. Some people have said to me, "*The Flintstones*? That's a cartoon. I thought you wanted to be a serious actor. You just did *Queen*. I mean, Halle!"

But not everything's going to be *Queen* or *Malcolm X*. This film was really important to me because to be a black woman and to be the object of everybody's desire in this movie is such a coup. The fact that these executives at the studio, who are all white males, took the risk to have a black woman as this character says a lot as to where we're going. No, we don't want to be just sex objects or be just beautiful. But the level of consciousness is being raised, and that's important to me. We're starting to be seen a little bit differently.

13.

PLAYBOY: You haven't shown your revealing *Flintstones* costume to your husband. To soften the blow, are you going to give him an exclusive preview?

BERRY: No! He'll just see it on premiere night, if he can. He worries a lot about that kind of thing. I'd cause him a year of undue stress if I involved him with it. He's read things like, "She hasn't shown her husband," so he's like, "Well, what is it?" But sometimes the less he knows, the better. When it comes out, he'll see it. He'll see that it is what it is.

14.

PLAYBOY: "It" is?

BERRY: Very bare. A long fake-fur skirt with those jagged edges and a split all the way up the side. The top is tight, very pushy-uppy. Thin straps, barely there. It's like a bikini. But more than actually seeing the costume, it's what I do in the costume that makes it even worse. I seduce Fred. I slither around, crawl over desks and use everything I have to get him entranced—which I do pretty much throughout the whole movie. He's putty in my hands.

15.

PLAYBOY: No matter what film you're in, you're always the one who receives the kudos. Are your co-stars wary or curious about such a record?

BERRY: Hmm. Did you read my reviews for *Queen*? There were a few that really hit me hard. The harshest thing somebody said was that I didn't have the emotional range or capacity that this character needed. I thought, Say a lot of things, but I don't think that's true. I'm the most emotional person I know. They could have said other things—that I was stoic or stiff—but not that I don't have the emotional range.

I've learned not to take it personally. But it's hard. I gave my blood, sweat and tears for that role. I was working with a broken tailbone, in pain. So when someone just uses a stroke of the pen to dismiss what I've worked so hard at, it's disheartening.

16.

PLAYBOY: Is it easier for a film critic to like the work of someone who might actually be a nice person in real life?

BERRY: Yes, that certainly was the case with me and Robin Givens in *Boomerang*. People thought I played myself and she played herself. Robin has gotten such bad press because of what she did to Mike Tyson. So many people in the business think she's bitchy. People won't feel sympathetic toward her until she starts doing nice things in her personal life and people start writing about it. The image you portray is important. People ultimately have to like you to pay seven bucks to see you in a film.

17.

PLAYBOY: Every woman of the Nineties needs a method of self-defense. Have you ever been in a fight? If so, who won?

BERRY: Oh, yeah. Not in my adult life, since I'm now old enough to know better. Growing up I would get beat up a lot. I'm passive. I don't like confrontation. So sometimes people would pick on me because they knew I wouldn't fight back. But sometimes I'd stand up for myself, and I would end up in a fight. And, usually, I would get beat up—but only because it would be three or four of them and one of me. It made me stronger. If I ever fought one-on-one, I'd probably kick somebody's ass because I'm used to fighting four at a time. If I ever got into a fight with Robin Givens, I'd probably kill her. [*Laughs*]

18.

PLAYBOY: Let's focus on another of your daring adventures in role preparation: Before you played an exotic dancer in *The Last Boy Scout*, you paid the owner of a club to let you dance in a bikini top and G-string. What's the view from the perspective of a stripper?

BERRY: It's a bunch of drooling, drunk men looking up your underpants. Nothing against the girls who do it, but it was humiliating for me. You're just a thing. They're saying things to you.

19.

PLAYBOY: What comments did you appreciate? And what should have been left unsaid?

BERRY: I didn't appreciate any of them—until I was walking out and one of the guys said to me, "Sweetheart, you don't belong here. Get out."

20.

PLAYBOY: As a teenager you worked in clothing stores. What life lessons did you pick up while behind the cash register?

BERRY: When I worked in retail, the customer was always right. No matter what they do or what they think, the customer is always right. They forget that out here in Hollywood.

NIGEL MANSELL (continued from page 110)

"Cars, drivers and engines crashed, cracked and exploded. It was Mansell's kind of day."

red lights and drive faster than they do when they chase you. "Fast" for Mansell, of course, was so normal it never occurred to him that night 13 years ago in California that the cops' sirens were wailing for him. He pulled over to let them by, but he and his wife, Rosanne, who'd been on many a wild ride with him, were instead offered a shotgun barrel aimed through the windshield and a .38 pointed at their heads through the driver's side. Nigel was yanked out of the car, thrown over the hood and frisked. He tried to explain that he was just an unaware British racing driver late for an appearance on the Queen Mary, though the only thing he had to prove it was a St. Christopher medal with his name and blood type on it. But the police, beginning to realize that these two frightened foreigners were more tourist than criminal, began to calm down and back off. Mansell got them four tickets to the race, and they wrote him four tickets but never turned them in. In fact, one of them later became Mansell's good buddy, visiting him at his estate on the Isle of Man. Nigel himself went on to become a local town constable, patrolling peaceful Port Erin when he wasn't off racing.

That was Mansell's first Formula I season. Three years and not a lot of success later, Mansell again found himself weaving through traffic on American city streets, this time in Detroit. On the first corner of the first lap of the Grand Prix he went for a gap between Nelson Piquet and Alain Prost, and when the gap closed there was a monumental wreck. He was blamed and fined $6000, a blanket conviction to which race drivers are permanently attached, though he believed the crash wasn't his fault. But he claimed to be glad he was singled out and punished because, he says, "It made me realize what I was up against" in the cruel, political world of Formula I.

A week later he found himself up against a concrete wall in Dallas, but only after he had taken pole position and led most of the race and before he passed out on the sizzling track while pushing his conked-out race car. It was the only Formula I race ever run in Texas, and the fact that it was held in Dallas in July had much to do with its demise. Cars, drivers and engines crashed, cracked and exploded on the cooked concrete, which broke into chunks and formed potholes bigger than armadillos. It was Mansell's kind of day. Strapped in a cockpit that approached 140 degrees, wearing fire-resistant underwear and a triple-layer, quilted suit, he threw his black Lotus around street corners for 45 laps. He drove faster and harder than the drivers chasing him could believe or accept, since he'd never won a Grand Prix. Winner Keke Rosberg accused Mansell of driving unprofessionally by blocking him, and it would not be the last of such complaints.

"I led for the first half of the race, until my tires turned to rubbish. Toward the end I clipped a wall and lost my gears," Mansell recalls. "On the last lap the car broke altogether, and I was so annoyed that I got out and tried to force the bloody thing to finish by pushing it. But my body had other ideas, and I blacked out. All I succeeded in was making myself feel like I had a hell of a hangover the next day."

But even unconscious, he had earned one championship point for sixth place. Surely his Lotus team had been impressed by such effort. "No," he replies with a small laugh. "Most of the people in Formula I thought I was a complete idiot."

That's the difference between the jaded, coldly pragmatic world of Formula I and the American Indycar circuit. Heart still matters over here, which is why Mansell feels that he's found a home. And he staked his claim from the drop of the season's green flag. He took pole position and victory in his first race, on a street circuit in Australia. Then, practicing on the tricky, dogleg one-mile oval in Phoenix, he officially joined the club when he became the second of two types of Indycar drivers: those who are going to hit the wall, and those who have. The flaming, tail-first impact at 180 mph punched a gaping hole in the concrete and coldcocked Mansell, leaving him in the smashed Lola with a concussion and lower back injury.

A month after his first back injury in 1979, Mansell had risen from his bed like Dracula from his coffin at sundown—just as driven and just as hungry—for his Formula I tryout with Lotus. Similarly, after the Phoenix crash, he had two weeks to steel himself for the next race at Long Beach. Each morning the week before the race, a doctor drained 100cc of blood from Mansell's black-and-blue lower back to reduce the swelling, and he had to be lifted in and out of his car. But he still put it on the pole and finished third in the race after enraging reigning Indy 500 champ Al Unser, Jr., who smacked the wall trying to squeeze past Mansell as they entered a turn. "I've never seen anybody block me as bad as Nigel blocked me," said Unser, suggesting that Mansell would eventually get his. Mansell responded that he was the world champion, and Unser should have known his reputation for aggressively defending his position.

Drama and controversy follow Mansell like cops with flashing lights and wailing sirens. In Formula I, he was often faulted for melodramatic behavior, whining and rash moves on the track. Last year he was accused of expecting other drivers to move out of his way, while insisting on the right to defend against a pass. He seemed to broaden the definition of "blocking," and his execution was both criticized and copied. The issue was addressed by Championship Auto Racing Team officials and drivers in meetings last year. They eventually ruled that swerving once to prevent being passed was a legitimate defense of a position; swerving twice was blocking, and it would be penalized. Mansell was satisfied.

After Long Beach, Mansell underwent surgery in which two tubes excavated his ravaged lower back before it was sealed with 100 internal sutures. Doctors could have done the job in a manner to reduce sensitivity and pain, but that would have deadened the seat of his pants, which needed to be bursting with feeling for the Indy 500. Two weeks after the operation he showed up late for rookie practice at Indianapolis' Brickyard, the mightiest and most daunting oval of all. The Indy 500 would be the first oval-track race of his career. After driving a sensational, intelligent and sometimes aggressive race for some 460 miles, he was in the lead when a yellow flag came out. With no experience as the leader on restarts, he didn't know that the driver needs to floor it before reaching the starting line—way back between turns three and four, in fact. Emerson Fittipaldi, who was behind him and driving in his tenth Indy 500, knew that trick. When the green flag fell at the starting line, Fittipaldi's momentum blew him past Mansell, and Arie Luyendyk was dragged along by Fittipaldi's slipstream. Mansell chased Fittipaldi and Luyendyk so furiously to the finish that his right front wheel once hit the wall at 200 mph, shooting a magnesium flame, snapping his head and leaving a black stripe on the white concrete. "Only one person lost that race, and that was me," said the man who's been accused of never taking blame for a loss. He congratulated and praised Fittipaldi for his second Indy 500 victory and apologized to his own crew for his lapse.

Mansell showered the Indycar circuit with his talent in the races that followed. On the tracks where he was expected to be vulnerable—the wild one-mile ovals dubbed "bullrings" for their head-spinning action and potential for the drivers to get gored—he demonstrated genius

as he had never before done.

He drove intense and near-flawless races to win on short ovals in Milwaukee, New Hampshire and Nazareth, Pennsylvania, and he lapped all but his teammate Mario Andretti in winning the Marlboro 500 at the fastest oval on the circuit, Michigan International Speedway. His oval-track driving was summed up by ESPN racing analyst Derek Daly, who, in trying to capture Mansell's electric moves, exclaimed, "Nobody has told Mansell that it's not possible to do that."

As Editor-at-Speed of *AutoWeek* magazine, Mansell wrote about the breathtaking New Hampshire race, where on his 40th birthday he outdrove daring young Paul Tracy in heavy traffic. He said of the race: "It was some of the purest racing I've ever done. You're busy every minute on a mile oval. When you come to a four-car train, your car turns to junk because of the dirty air. The race was one of the most exciting and bewildering of my life," he continued. "Exciting because it was the most thoroughbred racing I've ever done—passing, repassing and passing again in the space of a lap, running two and three abreast through the turns and, on one occasion, four abreast down the front straightaway. Bewildering because I could not believe the moves Paul and Emerson were making in traffic, or that I'd be doing the same things later."

Peter Gibbons, Mansell's engineer on the Kmart-Texaco-Havoline team, has worked with Fittipaldi, Michael Andretti and Rick Mears, with whom he won the Indy 500 in 1991. Says Gibbons, "Before Nigel got here, I had heard he was difficult to work with, but in fact he's a dream for an engineer. Our chief mechanic, Tom Wurtz, feels the same way. Nigel is very demanding; he knows what he wants. A lap time Nigel brings you is as fast as the car will go, and he's so consistent that you can evaluate your chassis and aerodynamic changes in tenths of seconds. That's an incredible gift. I've never seen that in any other driver on a road course, and only Rick Mears could do it on an oval. That's what makes Nigel's performance so impressive. You could just watch his learning curve during the Indy 500. For the first 100 miles he was just finding out what he can do with an Indycar, and by the last 100—boom—he was passing like he'd been doing it for 20 years. When you think that he didn't even know how to drive an Indycar before this season, you realize that he's still scratching the surface."

•

Although Mansell displayed abundant ability and a taste for raw speed at an early age, he was not a natural. He got where he is mostly, as he puts it, by "dogged determination and bloody-mindedness." The first time he got his

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 28, 102 and 157, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

STYLE

Page 26: "The Leather Look": **Lambsuede blazer** by *M. Julian*, at Cignal stores nationwide. **Suede shirt jacket** by *Free Country*, at Club International stores nationwide. **Lambskin anorak** by *Andrew Marc*, at Bloomingdale's nationwide, Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide and Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Deerskin peacoat** by *New Republic*, at New Republic clothier, New York. **Buckskin jacket** by *Double RL*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **Leather vest** by *Michael Hoban*, available at North Beach Leather stores, 772 Madison Ave., NYC; Water Tower Place, 835 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 190 Geary St., San Francisco and 1365 Columbus Ave., San Francisco. **Steer-hide vest** by *Schott Bros.*, 800-631-5407. **Leather vest** by *Avirex USA*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., NYC. "Fresh Linen": **Suit and vest** by *Alfred Dunhill*, at Alfred Dunhill, 450 Park Ave., NYC and Water Tower Place, 835 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. **Silk, rayon and linen suit** by *Michael Kors*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, select stores. **Linen and cotton shirt** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at major department stores nationwide. **Shirts** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Pants and jacket** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **Pants** by *Industria*, at specialty stores nationwide. **Camp shirt** by *John Bartlett*, available at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. "Hot Shopping: New Orleans": *F & F Botanica*, 801 N. Broad Ave., 504-482-9142. *Circ deVille*, 2038 Magazine St., 504-523-3631. *Boomerang*, 1128 Decatur St., 504-566-7298. *Louisiana Music Factory*, 225 N. Peters, 504-523-1094. *Palm Court Jazz Cafe*, 1204 Decatur St., 504-525-0200. "Clothes Line": **Suits:** By *Alexander Julian*, at Macy's nationwide. By *Harve Bernard*, at fine specialty and department stores nationwide. By *Yves St. Laurent*, at select Dillard's stores nationwide. **Loafers** by *Bally*, for information call 800-825-5030. **Shirt** by *Bobby Jones*, at better specialty stores and golf pro shops nationwide. **Sweater** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **Sneakers** by *Reebok*. "Lounge Acts": **Sleepwear** by *Robert Stock*. **Pants and shirts** by *Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's nationwide and at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Pajamas and robe** by *Joe Boxer*, at Bloomingdale's nationwide. **Silk and cashmere sweatsuit** by *TSE Cashmere*, at TSE Cashmere stores, South Coast Plaza, 3333 Bristol St., Suite 2519, Costa Mesa, CA and 129 Stamford Shopping Center, Palo Alto, CA.

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Page 28: "Bank at Home": **Electronic banking systems** by *Mastercard*, 800-232-8480. "Listen Up": **Voice recognition devices:** By *Voice Powered Technology*, 800-743-2000. By *Blaupunkt*, 800-950-BLAU. By *Goldstar*, 201-816-2000. By *Sanyo*, 818-998-7322. "Calorie-Free Vending": **Automated communication distribution centers** by *Sims Communications*, 800-678-3663. "Wild Things": **Car audio components** by *Pioneer*, 800-421-1404. **Video game system** by *Atari*, 800-GO-ATARI. **Computer software** by *Chipsoft*, 800-964-1040 ext. 6017.

CALVIN KLEIN

Page 102: All *Calvin Klein* merchandise is available at the following stores: Calvin Klein Stores: 100 Highland Park Village, Dallas; Chestnut Hill Mall, 1999 Boylston St., Chestnut Hill, MA; South Coast Plaza, 3333 Bristol St., Suite 2206, Costa Mesa, CA and 150 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, FL. Barneys New York nationwide. I. Magnin, 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

ON THE SCENE

Page 157: "Very Cool in the Shades": **Sunglasses:** By *Porsche Design*, at Porsche Design at the Forum Shops at Caesars, Las Vegas; 236 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills and 402 S. Galena St., Aspen, or call 800-521-5152. By *Dakota Smith*, at Dakota Smith, 5126 Clareton St., Agoura Hills, CA. By *Ray-Ban*, for information, 800-343-5594. By *Revo*, 800-843-7386, CA only, 800-367-7386.

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hands on a four-wheeled vehicle—a go-cart when he was ten years old—he crashed it into a gas pump while trying to take a shortcut. The birth of a career. Rosanne was with him every step of the way. She slept with him and cooked for him in freezing vans parked in the paddock at Formula Ford and Formula III races because they couldn't afford hotel rooms. She sold her new Mini to buy an old Maxi to tow Nigel's race car, and then spent hours holding flashlights for him in cold, dark garages while he changed the truck's clutch plates every week. While Nigel worked as an engineer by day and sold picture frames in pubs at night, Rosanne worked 80 or more hours a week demonstrating ovens for the West Midlands Gas Co. She turned her paychecks over to Nigel so he could pursue his conviction. Sometimes her pay went to hospitals, as it did the time he broke his neck before coming back to claim the British Formula Ford championship. His performance that year brought the offer of a paid ride in the same series the next season, but he turned it down because it wasn't a step up to faster cars. Instead, he and Rosanne sold their house and furniture, and with £6000 they purchased five rides in Formula III races, thinking it would lead to backing. "We must have been mad," Mansell says. "We were very silly. When the money dried up, the team kicked us out and said I was a wanker of a driver. We lost five years of savings in six weeks. We were left with nothing—no car, no house, no money."

But Mansell still had faith in his ability and he still had desire. He also still had Rosanne. With those three assets he found a job as a janitor. "I washed windows and Hoovered carpets, working three-day shifts. I never averaged fewer than 53 hours," he says. "That gave me three days a week to go around the country trying to find sponsorship." Four hundred letters produced 60 rejections. The rest never replied.

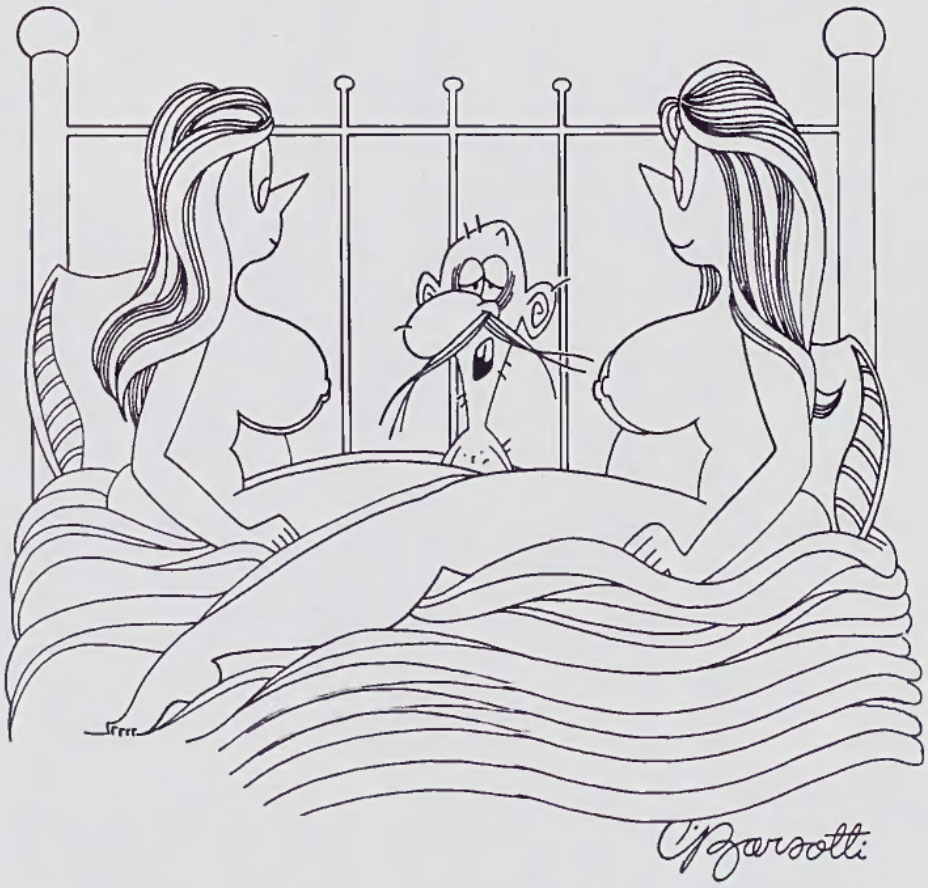
If the year had been a test of Mansell's determination, he squeaked by—literally, working a squeegee on office windows at five A.M. on English winter mornings. From this dark time came modest offers. One was to drive an underpowered Formula III car for £25 a week, for which he had to travel all over Britain and hustle auto parts. While he was elevating this car, and later a Formula II car, to positions higher than they deserved, he was noticed by Colin Chapman, the wizard of Lotus, who had made world champions of Jimmy Clark, Graham Hill and Fittipaldi. Mansell earned the job as test driver for Lotus, and on his first day, in his fourth lap on the extremely fast Silverstone circuit, he went quicker than anyone had ever driven a Lotus there—including Mario Andretti, who had won six races and the world championship for Chapman the previous year.

Recalls Mansell, "When I pulled in the pits, there were white faces all around. I thought, What the bloody hell have I done now? The manager leaned over me and said, 'I suppose you think you're bleeping clever, don't you?'"

The manager was kidding, but it set the tone for Mansell's Formula I career. In his first race the crew spilled gas down his back, and he sat in it until his engine blew. He had to be hospitalized for blisters on his thighs and buttocks. His life at Lotus was lovely for two years, but when Chapman died in 1982, Mansell's star went with him. The more he drove the next ten years, the more some people in Formula I thought he would never be the world champion Chapman predicted—because his driving was so unrestrained. The fans loved him for it—more than his team owners and managers and European motorsports journalists, who had their own notions of how a Grand Prix driver should look and act. He was accused of evils such as having a turgid Midlands accent and the appearance of a vacuum-cleaner salesman. "Now they're swallowing humble pie," says Mansell of those who dismissed him, "and they want me back."

Mansell's body language has sometimes invited as much ridicule as sympathy or concern. After his victory in the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch in July 1986, still the most memorable moment of his career, he took a victory lap despite a ban on such celebration—"for my fans," he said, of which there were 115,000, all of them screaming for Mansell. It had been a hot race under relentless pressure from Nelson Piquet, and Mansell's crew had forgotten to put a water bottle in his car. Observed Anthony Marsh, a British TV commentator and a Mansell admirer, "He was semiconscious during that lap, hanging out the car window like a rag doll, and loving every second of it."

Bad luck has plagued Mansell. When a rear tire blew near the end of the final race in Australia he was leading the championship by six points; he lost by two to Alain Prost. The next year he won eight pole positions and six races but crashed in practice at the next-to-last race in Japan and crushed a vertebra, ending his season flat on his broken back as second-best again, this time to Piquet. The Williams team lost its turbocharged Honda engines the next year, and Mansell chugged to ninth with a turgid Judd. Throughout his career he'd driven exclusively for British teams, but in 1989 he signed with Ferrari, lured by big money, big promises and high hopes. Mansell didn't find the speed he expected from the blood-red machines in Italy, but he did find a new cult during his two



"OK, one of you run out for a pizza, but hurry back in case I get horny."

years there: the fervid Italian fans who hang from the trees around Monza and drop onto the track, dancing in celebration, when a Ferrari does well. It was those fans who crowned him *il leone*.

After the 1990 season he announced that he was quitting—the joy of driving had been lost in the mud of Formula I politics and double-dealing. He was offered a lot of things to change his mind, and today, when he's asked which racing accomplishment he's most proud of, he replies that it was getting all those promises in writing before he went back to Williams in 1991. In 1992 the Williams-Renault was superior, and the circuit belonged to Mansell. His nine victories put him third on the all-time list with 30, behind Alain Prost's 44 and Ayrton Senna's 36.

"I could make a list as long as my arm of the people in motor racing who will never admit they were wrong when they said I would never be world champion," he says. Such a list would probably include the people he's fallen out with and doesn't think much of today: former Lotus manager Peter Warr, team owner Frank Williams and his designer, Patrick Head, and especially drivers Senna, Piquet and Prost, with ten world championships and more than 100 Grand Prix victories among them. All were once Mansell's teammates except for Senna, whose rigid claim to ownership of any spot on the track makes Mansell's seem downright mannerly. Senna is the only one Mansell has thrown against a wall, though he's come close to strangling the mouthy Piquet more than once.

If Mansell was a misfit in Formula I, it's because he lacks some special skills common to Senna, Piquet and Prost. "On a scale of one to ten, they're a ten in political maneuvering," he says. "I'm a one or a one and a half." The secret to success in any form of motor racing is simple—get the fastest car—but execution of that rule, especially in Formula I, often can involve opportunistic manipulation. "In Formula I it's considered a weakness to be straightforward and accommodating, which I always tried to be," says Mansell. "You can't even sit down and have a direct conversation. Everything you're told is a lie. But if you ask me a question, you don't have to wonder if the answer is true or not. I'm always me. What you see is what you get."

•

Talking about Mansell, Carl Haas chooses his words carefully, as if to avoid being quoted. "He's complicated," says Haas. "I think any really first-class driver is selfish and demanding. I think that's partly necessary. I haven't met any top driver who doesn't have periods of being difficult. But I think I'm able to understand and deal with Nigel's needs better than the last team he drove for in Formula I. He needs loving care."

"It's nice to feel wanted again," says Mansell of his new team. "What motivates me more than anything is the type of people around me. Coming to America to race Indycars has been like joining the club. When I went to Long Beach right after the crash in Phoenix, I couldn't believe the number of drivers who came up to wish me well. And the fans have been absolutely wonderful."

Indeed, a race weekend doesn't pass without several fans informing him that another baby has just been named Nigel, nor without Union Jacks waving from the grandstands at the start and finish of each race. When he's chauffeured on the back of a golf cart from the pits to the team's motor coach, fans stream along behind with outstretched programs and T-shirts for Mansell to sign, shouting things like, "Thanks for coming over and showing us how to drive, Nigel!"

The only problem with all this attention is that it's been hard on the ego of his senior but still hungry teammate, Mario Andretti. Their relationship has come full circle since Andretti was the golden boy at Lotus 14 years ago and Mansell was the distant and overlooked number three. Texaco commercials show Mansell and Andretti sharing a laugh, but on and off the track, the two are distant. Snapped 54-year-old Andretti, last year's Driver of the Quarter-Century, when asked for the umpteenth time about the impact of Mansell's arrival: "I've accomplished a hell of a lot more than he has, so what am I worried about?"

Meanwhile, Mansell ended his season on the sidelines, after coming together with rookie Mark Smith while lapping him in the final race on the Laguna Seca circuit in Monterey, California. Earlier in the race he had knocked the rear wing off the car of another rookie, Scott Sharp. Mansell wasn't too hard on Sharp for not moving over fast enough for him, but he angrily accused Smith of chopping him off. Witnesses, including those who watched from Mansell's own in-car camera, saw a picture that was much less clear. The contact jerked the Lola's steering wheel and reinjured Mansell's right wrist.

The next night at the PPG Indycar World Series banquet he collected his accolades and shook left hands. All was forgiven. A big silver championship trophy and $2.5 million will do that. And the people who had had their fill of Mansell during the season were now gracious: He'd won the Indycar World Series through hard work, determination, courage and an unprecedented display of skill. Even Mario was smiling as he collected his check for sixth place in the standings. "Nigel," he said, "once you get the hang of these ovals, you should make a pretty good Indycar driver."

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ADULTERY (continued from page 64)

"One perceptive woman noted, 'I trade 15 minutes in bed for a whole week of feeling wanted.'"

use with negative connotations—these affairs fit the bill quite perfectly.

Cathartic affairs allow a participant to vent feelings through the conduct of the affair (something psychiatrists call "acting out") as well as by having someone to talk with about troublesome or unresolved issues that are inadequately recognized or dealt with in his or her marriage. The extramarital partner in a cathartic affair often plays a pseudotherapist role, whether or not he or she realizes it. Unlike a therapist, however, the role of the partner is not meant to be objective: The person who is unloading his or her gripes and troubles wants a completely sympathetic listener, not someone who dispenses advice.

Intimacy reduction affairs help individuals who are conflicted by ambivalence over the intimacy demanded by their spouses. The affair is a buffer against too much closeness in a marriage: Sexual involvement outside marriage creates a safety zone of emotional distance within the marriage.

Kinky affairs make up only a small portion of extramarital relationships, accounting for well under one percent of such alliances. Here, the partners are complementary to, or tolerant of, each other's unconventional sexual needs. In one case we studied, the male was especially aroused by being humiliated or demeaned by a woman. After a considerable amount of searching, in which he was repeatedly rejected by women who wanted less bizarre behavior from their lovers, he managed to find a woman who combined his need for being ordered around with her own erotic impulses. The result was that she found a partner who would have sex with her in public places—at a baseball stadium during a game, in the stacks of a public library or under a blanket on a beach, surrounded by hundreds of other couples.

Reactive affairs are triggered by a person's need to redefine or reassure himself or herself in light of changing life circumstances. The male mid-life crisis is a prime example: This is frequently a time when men question their vigor and attractiveness and attempt to prove their youthfulness to themselves by turning to younger sexual partners. A similar example, which is also related to changes in self-perception, comes when a woman whose life has been focused on being a mother suddenly confronts the emotional void created by the empty-nest syndrome, when her children have all left the home. With free time on her hands, a lack of focus and a wish to reexamine and redefine her life, it is not so unusual for the empty-nester to discover her sexuality and to opt for the excitement and rejuvenation of an emotionally satisfying extramarital relationship. Reactive affairs can also occur at younger ages, as with women who find themselves rebelling against the role of mommy when their children are young.

"People who read books . . . next on 'Geraldo.'"

WHAT TRIGGERS AFFAIRS?

There is no question in our minds that the greatest difference between men and women in the motivation for having affairs is this: Men tend to seek sexual variety and excitement, while women look for emotional returns. Women enter extramarital affairs for numerous reasons, of course. But the vast majority explain their motivation in terms of a search for better feelings in the face of being emotionally dissatisfied with their husbands. Here's how one 38-year-old woman described it to us: "Tom decided some years ago that I wasn't a good sexual partner. Whenever we had oral sex, he told me I wasn't doing it right. When we had intercourse, I was always too slow or too cold or too mechanical. On many occasions he'd say to me, 'You're lucky I'm your husband—no other man would ever be interested in you sexually.' Little did he know that the three men I'd had affairs with in the past sang an opposite tune, telling me that my tongue was fantastic, my lovemaking was the most exciting they'd ever had and my sexual responsiveness was, as one of them put it, like a string of Chinese firecrackers."

Many women who have affairs subconsciously barter their sexual favors for a sense of being a desirable, valued person. As one perceptive woman noted, "I trade 15 minutes in bed for a whole week of feeling wanted. I don't think that's such a bad trade-off." The extramarital partners of these women generally are quick to recognize the rules of the game: Their expected role is to be attentive, warm and sympathetic listeners, even if their actual time together is limited. Men who fail to meet these needs for their extramarital partners are usually doomed to short-lived affairs. Men who are adept at reading their partners' emotional requirements are, in contrast, able to sustain longer affairs on their own terms.

In four decades we have encountered only a handful of instances in which men turned to extramarital involvements in order to punish a spouse, whereas the revenge motif figures prominently in a quarter to a third of women's extramarital forays. Undoubtedly, the most common factor is the discovery of a husband's infidelity. Here are several explanations that women have given us that are typical of their reasoning. A 29-year-old computer programmer: "After eight years of marriage, I had never even flirted with another man and would never have dreamed of doing

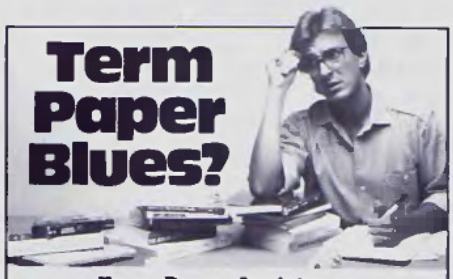
so. As far as I was concerned, almost everything about my marriage was good and solid. But then I found out that Dave had been having an affair with his secretary for more than two years. It made me so furious that I went out to a bar the first time he was away from home and let myself get picked up by a traveling salesman. I don't remember the sex very well, but I sure remember feeling, 'I'm getting even with that son of a bitch' the whole time the guy was on top of me." A 33-year-old schoolteacher: "I was brought up to think that extramarital sex was sinful. With two daughters and a seven-year marriage, an affair was the last thing on my mind. But after I discovered that my husband was messing around, I was madder than a bat out of hell. For revenge, I seduced his best friend and made sure he heard about it. What's good for the goose is good for the gander." A 42-year-old nurse: "I know that it's startling for a minister's wife to be telling you this. I can hardly believe it myself, because it's really out of character. But after John admitted to me that he had been sexually involved with several women in his congregation, something snapped inside, and I started to sleep around as sort of the ultimate act of revenge. I couldn't think of any other way to hurt him as much as he had hurt me."

It is, by the way, remarkable that in extramarital affairs involving two married people, the woman is usually the one in control. In contrast, when a married man has an affair with a single woman, the control is far more likely to be vested in the man. This is not only what we might call the operational control of the affair but also the strategic control over the longer-term outcome, especially whether or not the man leaves his wife. Clearly, the woman is most likely to decide if an affair starts, even if the man is the instigator. (In a substantial number of cases, women are the seducers rather than the seduced.) Once an affair is a fait accompli, it is usually the woman who decides how often, when, where and what the conditions for continuing the affair might be. Similarly, the types of sex permitted are virtually always governed by the woman rather than the man. The exception here may be if the woman wants to indulge in sadomasochistic action and the man demurs.

The explanation given by this 33-year-old female psychologist addresses another fairly common aspect of how revenge plays out in the battle between the sexes: "I had been married for a dozen years when I discovered that my husband had been moving money from his medical practice to an offshore bank account in his name alone. At first I felt betrayed. After all, I had sacrificed plenty while he was in medical school and serving his medical residency. Those were lean years, and now I deserved to reap the rewards of our improving position. Once I got beyond my initial reaction, I became outraged and angry. So I lashed out at him the easiest way I knew how: I seduced his partner and made sure my husband found out about it. In retrospect, this may not have been a smart or mature thing to do, but at the time I wasn't trying to accomplish anything but making him cry out in pain."

Many married women find, to their surprise, that an affair brings a taste of empowerment and self-esteem that they previously lacked. This boost to their self-esteem stems from at least four separate dynamics. First, the element of active choice replaces the sex-as-duty dullness that tarnishes many marriages. The married woman involved in an affair is likely to be treated with attentiveness and affection that kindles a feeling of being special and being wanted that is reminiscent of one of the most positive aspects of her courtship days. An affair almost inevitably endorses a woman's sense of attractiveness and desirability. And affairs give married women an alternate reality in their lives—a way of combating roles they have found unsatisfying and replacing them, even if fleetingly, with new ways of self-expressiveness and different patterns of behavior.

Of course, some women opt to have affairs simply because they are sexually dissatisfied and are looking for an innovative, physically stimulating lover. This is neatly shown by a few comments from women we have interviewed. A 34-year-old businesswoman: "My husband thinks sex is a lot like a two-minute drill on a football field: Although there's some body contact and movement, as long as he scores he's happy. How I feel or respond doesn't seem to enter his head." A 29-year-old physician: "My husband is a nice guy and we're basically happy together, but our sex life can only be described as boring. No matter how many times I've tried to show him or tell him what I like, he always seems to slip back into the same old patterns, and I'm the one left high and dry. I'm sure it would shock a lot of people, but I called my old college boyfriend and propositioned him, so now I get my sexual stimulation the way I like it, and I'm an easier person to be around." A 48-year-old housewife: "My husband is a successful accountant, a good father and an all-around good guy, but when it comes to making love, it's like he's doing tax calculations in his head: He's precise, mechanical and unexciting. I can live with this as long as I have a lover who can take care of my needs with a spicier kind of sexual interaction. The latest one is a kid who's almost ten years younger than me. I met him at a golf tournament last



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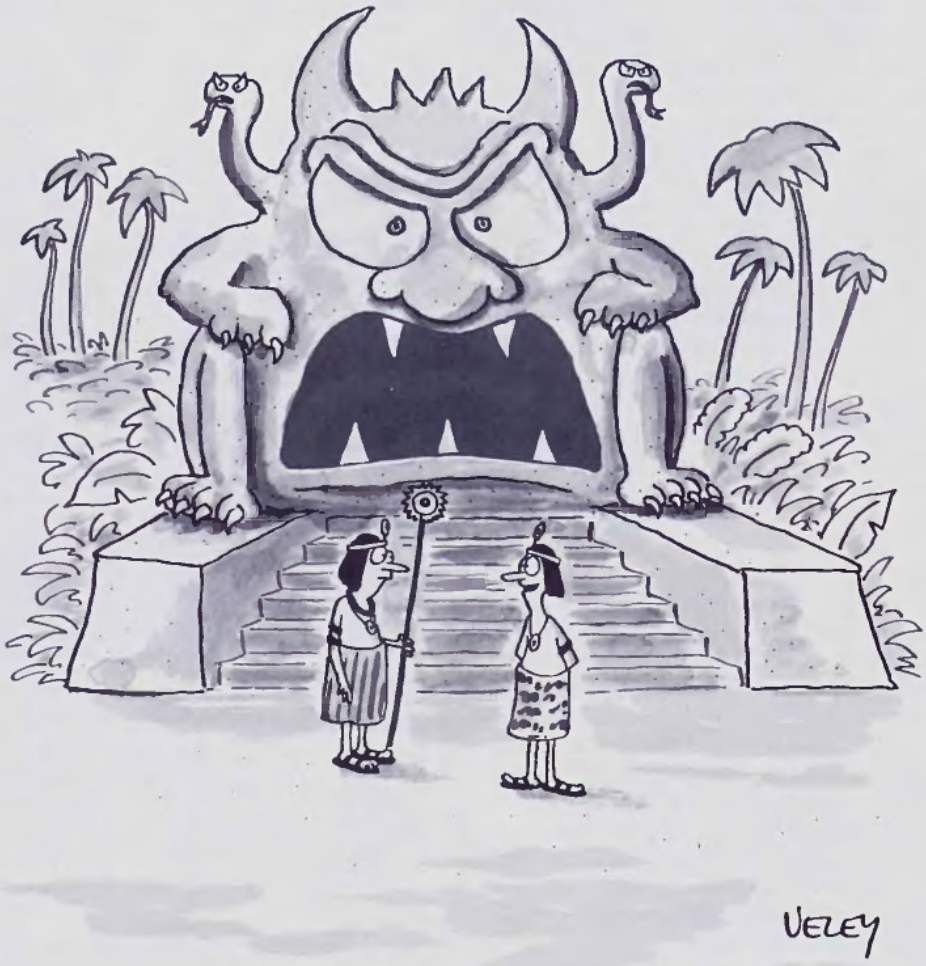
summer, and I let him think he was seducing me."

As we mentioned, with a high degree of consistency men seek extramarital liaisons for the sexual excitement and variety they hope to find. In fact, in a survey that we conducted recently of 200 married men who had had affairs, 87 percent said that their primary reason was sexual. Here are some typical comments: A 29-year-old stockbroker: "There's nothing wrong with my marriage, and my sex life at home isn't bad. It's just missing the sizzle that used to be there. Extramarital sex brings that sizzle front and center for me. As long as my wife doesn't find out about it, it's actually contributing to a better marriage, because I'm a happier, more satisfied person." A 46-year-old attorney: "I've been married for 23 years, and for 23 years I've had the same kind of sex. I finally decided that there had to be something more exciting, and I was right. I found exactly what I wanted: She's ten years younger than my wife, 20 pounds lighter and she gives great head, too."

Unlike women, few men deliberately turn to extramarital affairs for nonsexual reasons. While men's sexual involvements may lead to emotional involvements—after all, it is not always easy to separate sex from intimacy—the emotional bonds that form seem almost parenthetic to what men see as the purpose of extramarital activities.

THE EFFECTS OF AFFAIRS

There is an innate deceit involved in extramarital dalliances, and that deceit breeds numerous and often unanticipated complications. If a person's extramarital activities are discovered (which happens in a surprisingly large number of cases), there is a sizable risk that it will seriously undermine the trust and intimacy of his or her marriage. The uninvolved spouse (that is, the one who wasn't a participant in the extramarital sex) rarely reacts with casual acceptance unless he or she has had extramarital activities, too. Instead, the reaction is apt to be one of shock or outrage, and it is likely to set off negative consequences that reverberate through the marriage over time.



"This may sound crazy, but I've been thinking about starting a religion that makes people feel good about themselves!"

To some, extramarital sex is such a profound violation of moral and religious principles, it shatters a fundamental pillar of marital stability that can never be put back together again. In other marriages, the problems precipitated by the discovery of clandestine extramarital involvements have nothing to do with moral or religious beliefs but are strictly grounded in how the affair affects the dynamics of marriage.

A 33-year-old man who had been married for five years told us, "When I found out that Lauren had been having an affair, I felt like I had been raped." This comment points to another negative aspect of the discovery of an affair: It victimizes the uninvolved partner without giving him or her any prior warning or means of avoiding such victimization. This is not just a matter of fairness or equal opportunity, though some spouses might see it that way ("If I'd known what that bastard was doing, I would've had some fun of my own").

Uninvolved spouses may be victimized in a number of other ways beyond having their feelings hurt and their trust seriously eroded. For instance, they may have been exposed to sexually transmitted diseases or may have been victimized economically, too. The spouse who was sexually involved with someone else may have been paying for motel rooms, dinners, weekend trysts and little (or not so little) romantic presents, or may have had an arrangement in which substantial sums were being paid for rent or other forms of support. In addition, the uninvolved spouse has been victimized in another way: He or she has had a substantial element of the balance of control in the marriage taken away in a unilateral and selfish manner.

To examine the nature of extramarital sex without recognizing its inherent selfishness (except when it is done openly and with mutual advance consent) is to miss one of its core features, a feature that contributes greatly to its negative impact. Selfishness is not always inimical to a good marriage or to good sex, but selfishness played out surreptitiously, while pretending to be loving, selfless, considerate and monogamous, is a form of theft. What is stolen is the bond of trust and its attendant consent to mutual vulnerability between spouses. Such vulnerability is based largely on the assumption that neither partner is out to hurt the other. It is not so much the extramarital sex that is destructive as it is the unprincipled deceitfulness of the behavior. Perhaps this is why, in another era, many wives were relatively unconcerned by their husbands' visits to brothels: The risk of emotional involvement was minuscule, so the nonmarital sexual activity per se wasn't threatening.

ANTHONY HOPKINS

(continued from page 60)

this, this is an important career move." I don't give a shit about anything. Because I don't care about it anymore, something else has come into my life, which is a real profound enjoyment of it.

PLAYBOY: Lao-tzu said, "How do you clear muddy water? You don't stir it, you let it settle to the bottom."

HOPKINS: That's it, it's a feeling of settling. The funny thing is that everything is coming to me.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the critical acclaim of *Howards End*?

HOPKINS: I wasn't. I thought it was going to be a good film. It was received well in England, and that surprised me, because the English don't like anything. They knock everything. They always have a go at Ken Branagh—and he's the only filmmaker we have in England.

PLAYBOY: Is there much of a film industry in England these days?

HOPKINS: No film industry at all in England. I don't think people care, they don't give a damn about it. The British are television addicts. And yet the cinemas are beginning to fill up, but it's all American movies. We don't have any British movies much to speak of. I think the first British actor who really worked well in cinema was Albert Finney. He was a back-street Marlon Brando. He brought a great wittiness and power to the screen. The best actor we've had. Burton had it as well. The problems with the British film industry started in the Sixties when directors made films for their friends, not for the public. They were making films about washing lines and brass bands in North Country towns. So what? Who cares?

PLAYBOY: You've expressed your admiration for Finney. Who else have you found extraordinary?

HOPKINS: I suppose Olivier was, in his way. He represented something.

PLAYBOY: What about Mick Jagger, who acted with you in *Freejack*?

HOPKINS: I was only with him for a few days. He's just an ordinary guy, very pleasant, easygoing.

PLAYBOY: If Jagger is ordinary, what does that make Elvis and Madonna?

HOPKINS: Madonna and Elvis are self-creations. That's their genius, they invented themselves. I don't know if they're human. I'd like to have met Orson Welles. He was a mess at the end of his life. It's not worth it, is it? Loneliness, sheer loneliness. And I'd like to meet Brando, though I know nothing about him except what one reads in the news.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an opinion about Brando and George C. Scott rejecting their Oscars?

HOPKINS: It's insulting. It's criminal. It's fucking pompous of them. Who the hell do they think they are? People in a good industry that has been very good to them and they make a lot of money, they're very rich in a luxury business. People who get the Oscar and use it as a doorstop for the toilet door—what are they trying to prove? It's like somebody who gets up to get the Oscar in an evening suit, a tux, and wears tennis shoes. So, big deal, you're making a gesture, you're showing us what a rebel you are? You're showing us what a conservative arsehole you are. They are assholes. I admire Scott and Brando, they are terrific, great actors. Why do they demean themselves? Why do that? Why insult people who want to see them? Why turn on them and piss in people's faces? That's what they're doing. They are turning around and farting in people's faces.

PLAYBOY: What actors do you most admire?

HOPKINS: Faye Dunaway, she's one of the best American actresses. I like Pacino very much. De Niro. Michelle Pfeiffer, Jodie Foster, Johnny Depp, Winona Ryder. My favorite actors are American actors.

PLAYBOY: You're leaving out last year's Oscar winner and your fellow countryman, Emma Thompson.

HOPKINS: She's a really great actress. I don't know what it is about her. She's one of the most intelligent actors I've worked with because she keeps it all simple, direct and clear.

PLAYBOY: Does she work at all the way you work?

HOPKINS: We work in exactly the same way. I've done two films now with her. There's no bullshit with her. That's a compliment to myself, isn't it? We get on so well together because we seem to keep it light. You get into the character and then you do it. She asked James Ivory, "How should I age?" Then she came up with something brilliant. All she did, she wore brighter lipstick, had long, very varnished nails, and smoked a cigarette. It was a hardness and it was extraordinary. That was her contribution.

PLAYBOY: Actors like Pacino and De Niro seem to spend a lot more time than you do getting into their roles.

HOPKINS: Pacino and Dustin Hoffman and De Niro work very intensely, and they produce wonderful performances. I can't do that. For example, on *The Remains of the Day* I thought I had better go and study some butlers. A friend of mine introduced me to a butler at the Palace. I expected to meet a dummy. He was a very nice young fellow, didn't speak with a kind of upper-class accent, not vain. Just an ordinary, straightforward guy. And he was one of the top butlers. So I thought, well, that's the way it is. This butler I'm playing, Stevens, is a unique butler. He's so intent on being the perfect butler he just waves goodbye to his whole life. He's a bit of a fanatic, a perfectionist. He's over the top, he tries to do everything so precisely. His

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tragedy is he can't forgive himself and he begins to slip as he's getting older. He has longings, yearnings, and he can't understand them, because he's so closed. And that's his problem. He's so lacking in self-knowledge, it's heartbreaking. When I read the script for *Remains of the Day* I started looking at scenes and putting them together. Once you've learned the dance steps you're free. I don't go along with the idea that you have to wait for the lines to come. I don't think they come to you, you have to learn them. Maybe that's why a lot of American actors say all English actors are facile. Maybe they have a point, but for me, I have to learn the text. That's the most important thing, because in the text lies all the essence.

PLAYBOY: What tricks do you use to help you learn your lines?

HOPKINS: I take sections of the script and write it all out in longhand. Then I tape it to the washbasin and I learn it in parrot fashion. Say it out loud 20 times. I have little marks in different colored pencils that look like cartwheels—a four-stroke asterisk surrounded by a circle, which means "five." I put them in my notebook. They're the number of times I've gone over them. It's an obsession, really. I know that if I've done it 150 times I really know it well. Sometimes I learn the end of the play first.

I also do old magic tricks, like knock myself on the head three times in order to remember something. I know the text so well that I don't have to act it, and when the other actors have it you start playing tennis with it, hitting the ball back to one another. Everything starts to flow and your body responds because what you've done is concretize your thoughts.

PLAYBOY: It certainly seems that your life has been like a game of racquetball, bouncing off four walls and the ceiling.

HOPKINS: I love the bizarre arrangement of life, the choreography of life, where you don't know what's going to happen next. And my life has been a choreography. It's been such a series of dreamlike events.

PLAYBOY: Is that the wisdom of Anthony Hopkins: Life is choreography, expect nothing?

HOPKINS: Ask nothing, expect nothing and accept everything. That's it. I say to myself every day, like a meditation: "It's none of my business what people say of me or think of me. I am what I am and I do what I do for fun and it's all in the game. The wonderful game, the play of life on life itself. Nothing to win, nothing to lose, nothing to win, nothing to prove. No sweat, no big deal. Because of myself I am nothing, and of myself I've been nothing."

PLAYBOY: Where is that from?

HOPKINS: I made it up—it came to me at a moment of severe depression ten years ago, sitting in a hotel in Rome. I was having an ego problem because I hadn't got what I wanted. I was sitting in a garden with a notepad, trying to write a book, and I wrote that down. It became clear to me. I repeated that to myself like a mantra. Ever since, a lot of extraordinary things have happened in my life.

PLAYBOY: And you haven't been depressed since?

HOPKINS: Well, I suffered through a sort of clinical depression about six years ago, and Jenni said, "Maybe you're always depressed. You're Welsh, you're an actor, maybe you ought to accept that's what you are." And I said, "No, I can't accept that. This is a role I'm playing." We play roles in our behavior, emotional games with ourselves. If we act as if we're depressed, then we'll be depressed. If we act as if we're troubled, then we'll be troubled. Too much thinking can wreck you. I can sit in the sun and think my way through the universe and just make myself miserable. People have too much time on their hands, too much time in order to get bored. All my problems come from arguments with myself. And recently I stopped fighting with myself.

PLAYBOY: Did you go into a depression when your father died in 1981? Were you at peace with him? Or were there things left unsaid?

HOPKINS: I was never very demonstrative emotionally or affectionate with my dad. I didn't trust emotions or feelings at all. I gave his hand a squeeze before he died, and said "I love you." That's the first time I'd ever said that in my life and I kind of muttered it and he gave my hand a squeeze and then he died. It was funny going to the hospital to see him and I thought, Well, that's the end of that. Kind of a sobering thought. It does slow you down for a moment.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever kiss your dad?

HOPKINS: When he was dead.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any fears about your own death?

HOPKINS: I don't. I know that in the end there's a peace, a real peace, and maybe darkness and nothing. I don't have morbid thoughts about it. I'm in a state of grace, I suppose. Maybe it's Zen. My epitaph, if I ever have one, will be, "What was that all about?"

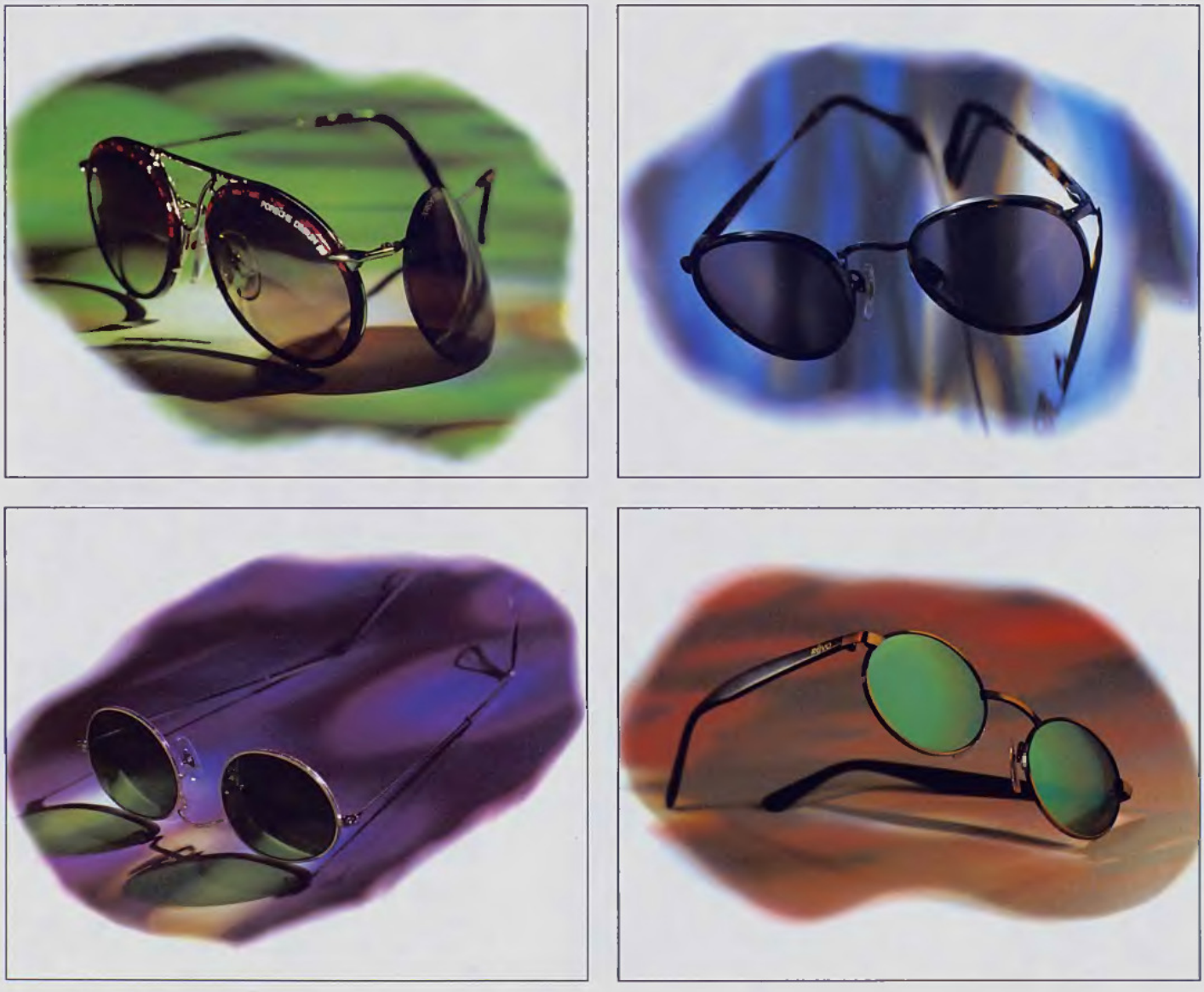
*"You mean all these are pre-*PLAYBOY*?"*

VERY COOL IN THE SHADES

There is more to today's sunglasses than meets the eyes. Sure, your peepers are protected by lenses that eliminate ultraviolet rays, but the frames also have a lot going for them. Porsche Design's Variation model comes with extra rims and additional lenses in different colors, while the frames for Ray-Ban's Classic Collection One are sterling silver. Currently, retro-look small ovals in metal or tortoise are hot, especially when combined with green lenses. Antireflection lens coating is available for night driving and computer work; so are scratch-resistant treatments. For the latter, check out Ray-Ban's Survivors series. Its Diamond Hard lenses are ten times more scratch-resistant than ordinary glass ones, and the styles are targeted for outdoor activities.

Top row, left to right: Each pair of Porsche Design's Variation sunglasses with interchangeable rims and lenses is numbered for identification, $360, including a case for housing it all. Chevy model tortoise sunglasses, by Dakota Smith, $130. (Tom Cruise wore Dakota Smith eyeglasses in *The Firm*.) Bottom row, left to right: Ray-Ban's Classic Collection One sunglasses feature a sterling-silver frame that's been coated to prevent tarnishing, about $160. Sexy and stylish Shapes Collection antique-gold-framed sunglasses with jazzy green lenses, by Revo, about $215.

JAMES IMBROGNO



Where & How to Buy on page 149.

GRAPEVINE

Nice and Spice

Rappers SALT-N-PEPA return to the charts with their fourth LP, *Very Necessary*. Socially conscious and concerned about safe sex and teen pregnancy, Salt-N-Pepa have put their money and mouths together.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

The Corpus Christy

Meet new pop diva LAUREN CHRISTY, whose self-titled LP is moving up the adult-contemporary charts. A star is born.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

At Play with Shea

Look for actress CHERILYN SHEA in *Beverly Hills Cop III* and Nick Nolte's *Blue Chips*—two big steps up from an earlier effort, *Giant Metal Insects*.

© ANDY FRANKMAN

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Pearls Before Swine

Pearl Jam's EDDIE VEDDER isn't too keen on celebrity, but he likes making music. *Vs.* debuted at number one on the charts. Is Eddie ready?

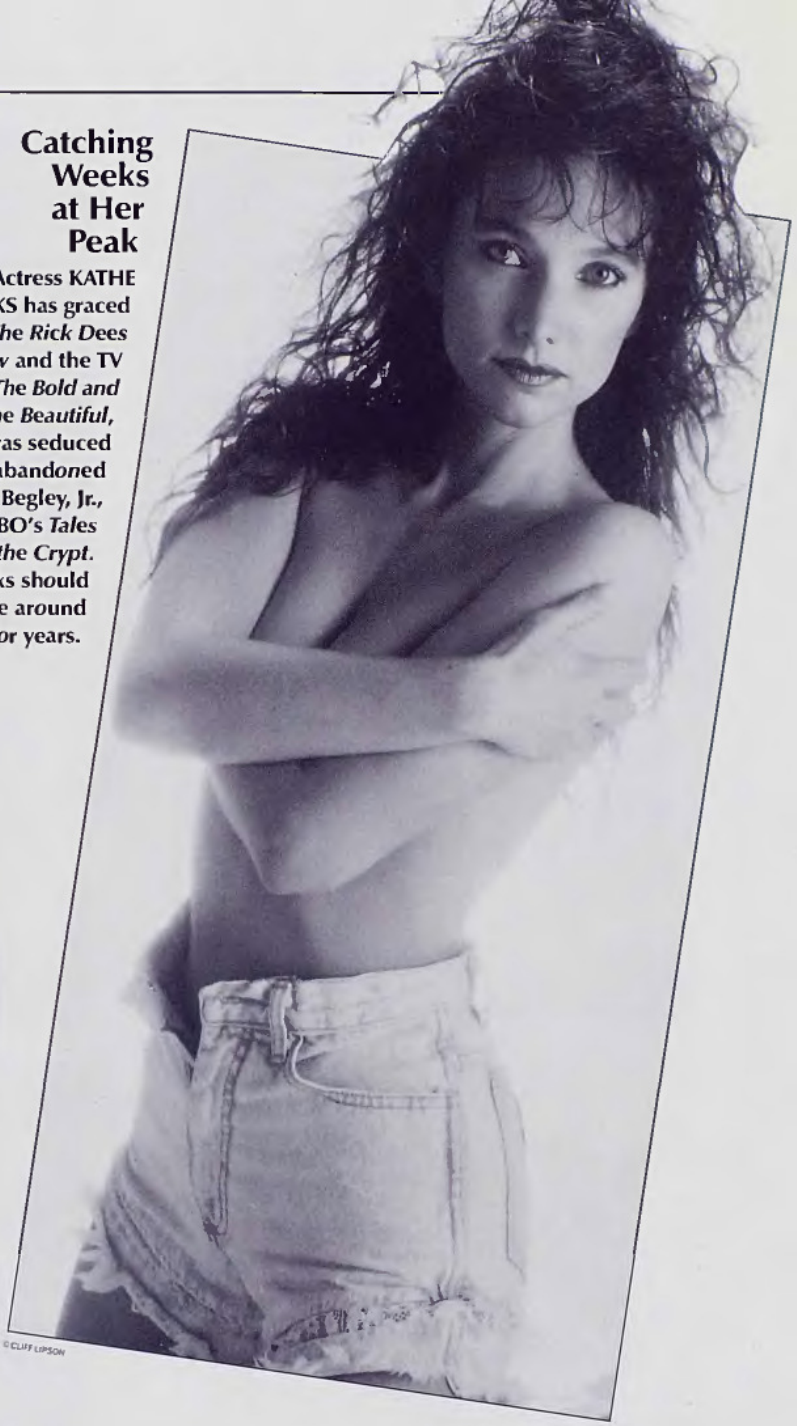
© PAT POPE/RETNA

Smashing Success

Chicago's SMASHING PUMPKINS' LP *Siamese Dream* has gone gold on the charts. Lyricist Billy Corgan says, "We tried to make the band big." It worked.

Catching Weeks at Her Peak

Actress KATHE WEEKS has graced *The Rick Dees Show* and the TV soap *The Bold and the Beautiful*, and was seduced and abandoned by Ed Begley, Jr., in HBO's *Tales from the Crypt*. Weeks should be around for years.



© CLIFF LIPSON

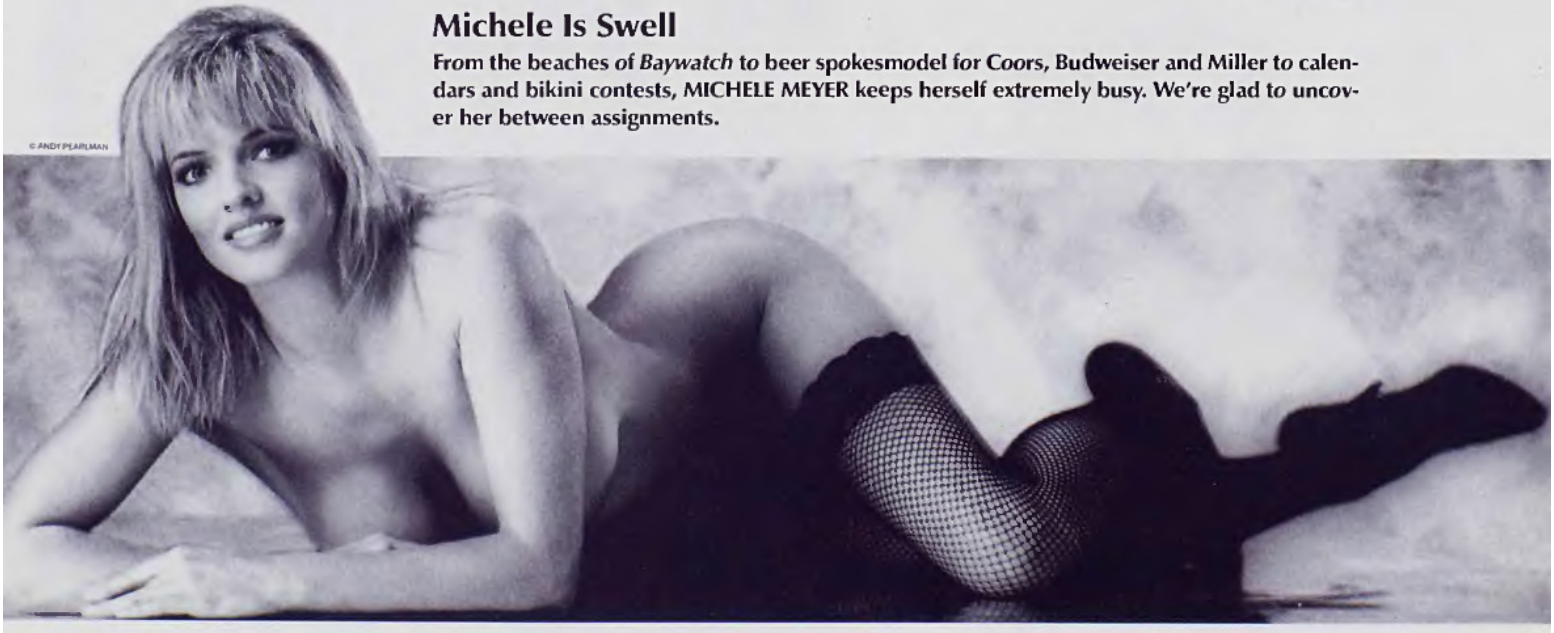
Take Two Aspirin and Call in the Morning

Actor WILLEM DAFOE is cavorting with Madonna on video and with Miranda Richardson in *Tom and Viv* onscreen. Next up is a movie with Lena Olin. Lately, he's been getting all the girls. It's making him cocky.

© MARK ANDERSON/RETNA

Michele Is Swell

From the beaches of *Baywatch* to beer spokesmodel for Coors, Budweiser and Miller to calendars and bikini contests, MICHELE MEYER keeps herself extremely busy. We're glad to uncover her between assignments.



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BALLS TO YOU

Tired of spending more time in the rough looking for golf balls than on the fairway hitting them? Check out the Gopher, which, according to its manufacturer, Lil' Orbits, works "like a high-tech divining rod." All you do is extend Gopher's antenna and walk in the general direction of the ball. The antenna will automatically swing on its hinge and point toward your ball—and anyone else's. The price: $84.50, postpaid. Call 800-228-8305 to order.

HIP CLIP-ON

When a woman slips into an Ibiza swimsuit, there are no strings attached. The one-piece style pictured here will cling to her body by means of a gravity-defying design that has to be worn to be believed. And, no, it won't pinch her in the wrong places. Sizes small through large are available in black and gold for $90 each, postpaid. Other one-piece styles are available. You can also order a two-piece suit in the same sizes for $40 to $70, depending on fabric and whether you opt for a bikini or a G-string back. (Men's bathing suits in small through large are available for $35, postpaid.) To order, call Ibiza at 800-921-6111.

YOU'VE GOT THAT LOVING FEELING

"You are expecting a career-making phone call. You and your lover are making love when the phone rings. Do you answer it?" That's just one of the questions in Lovers & Liars, a card game that invites players to talk—and lie—about their love lives. As is often the case in life, the winner is the biggest bluffer. Catalyst Game Corp. in Winnipeg, Manitoba, 800-267-8181, sells Lovers & Liars for $22.95, postpaid. "Do you have sexual fantasies you wouldn't share with your lover?" is another question. We'll take a pass on that one.

WAY OUT WESTERN

From the fringed looks favored by Buffalo Bill to the rhinestone glitter of Porter Wagoner, *100 Years of Western Wear*, by Tyler Beard (with color photos by photographer Jim Arndt and others), captures the sartorial lore and lure of the Wild West. "Nashville Meets Hollywood," "The Fall of Western Wear" and "Western Couture Goes Wild" are some of the chapters. There's also a guide to Western retail stores and custom tailors and a list of museums that display vintage Western wear. The price: $30. Gibbs Smith in Layton, Utah is the publisher.

SOUND EFFECTS GO CD-ROM

Want to add yeeoow, burrp or 998 other sound effects to your multimedia presentations? Interactive Publishing in Spring Valley, New York has released *1000 of the World's Greatest Sound Effects* on CD-ROM. Recorded in 8- and 16-bit formats, the data-base sounds range from "aerosol spray" to "zipper up." Plus there are 38 different footsteps and four vampire howls. All for $49.95 in computer stores.

ABBIE SENNETT

THE FINE ART OF CHAMPAGNE

In 1983, the house of Champagne Taittinger introduced a collection series of vintage brut champagne bottles decorated by famous artists. This year a 1986 vintage champagne, decorated by lyrical abstract artist Hans Hartung, has been added to the series. (The bottles are produced in limited numbers before the mold is destroyed.) Price: about $150. Act fast—prices in the collection have soared.

BETTIE PAGE SPECIAL

Christmas comes early this year. Special Editions Limited has just released a 31″ x 25¼″ limited edition Ilfochrome print of Bunny Yeager's famous photograph of Miss January 1955, Bettie Page. (An Ilfochrome print that is properly stored should last at least 500 years.) Only 750 numbered prints will be available and each will be signed by Hugh M. Hefner and Bettie Page. (It's the first time PLAYBOY has reissued a Centerfold in a limited edition autographed by Hef and the Playmate.) Price: $512, postpaid, from Special Editions Limited at 800-285-1995. (Source code 40003; item BP-020.)

SMALL TALK

Think of French miniaturist Patrick Richard's creations as tiny three-dimensional time capsules that showcase hobbies, sports, professions and lifestyles. For example, *Le Garage Voiture*, pictured above, measures 11″ x 22″ x 4″ and sells for $616, postpaid. (The car is an E-type Jaguar.) Other one-of-a-kind "shadow boxes" made by Richard at his studio, Ruée Vers L'Art, in Barbizon, France, are priced from $200 to $1200. Call Richard's American agent, Anita Casey, at 302-427-8382 for more information.

RETURN OF THE MINI MAN

The first renderings of a pint-size creature nicknamed Funny Little Man appeared in German commercial art early in the 20th century. He smoked, drank, dined and eventually became a popular image appearing in posters, periodicals and other printed materials here and abroad. Now, Virginia Smith, a professor of art at Baruch College, has written *The Funny Little Man: The Biography of a Graphic Image*, an entertaining history of the ebullient "baby man" that includes about 200 illustrations. The price: $34.95. Look for it in bookstores nationwide.

NEXT MONTH

RUSSIAN MOB

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ENCHANTING ELIZABETH

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LAURENCE FISHBURNE HAS DIGNIFIED THE TOUGH-LOVE FATHER AND TRANSFORMED IKE TURNER'S BLIND AMBITION INTO A BRUISING CHARACTER STUDY. IN A SPIRITED 20 QUESTIONS HE TALKS WITH **DAVID RENSIN** ABOUT ACTING, WOMEN AND PEE-WEE'S PLAYHOUSE

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THE RUSSIAN MOB—THE AGE OF PERESTROIKA BROUGHT FREE SPEECH, GOODWILL AND PREDATORY GANGSTERS. **ROBERT CULLEN** REPORTS ON THE INFLUX OF BLACK-MARKET ENTREPRENEURS WHO ARE BEGINNING TO INVADE AMERICAN TURF

MODEM SEX—WHERE A RIDE ON THE INFORMATION HIGHWAY CAN END IN THE VIRTUAL ARMS OF AN E-MAIL LOVER. FLIRT WITH YOUR FINGERTIPS AND FUCK WITH YOUR BRAIN ALONG THE COMPUTER BYWAYS OF EROTICA—BY **MATTHEW CHILDS**

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